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# A RAMBLE ROUND THE WORLD

A

# RAMBLE ROUND THE WORLD,

1871.

60226

BY

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TRANSLATED BY

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*IN TWO VOLUMES.*

VOLUME II.

London:

MACMILLAN AND CO.,

1874.

LONDON :
R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS,
BREAD STREET HILL.

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# PART II.

# JAPAN—(*continued*).

# A RAMBLE ROUND THE WORLD.

## CHAPTER IV. (*continued*).

### *YEDO.—FROM THE 14TH TO THE 18TH OF SEPTEMBER.*

Conclusion.—A Dinner at the Restaurant Yaozen.—Audience of the Mikado.—The English Legation.—Departure.

*September* 14.—It rains in torrents. They are the first autumn rains—the disagreeable season for the inhabitants of Japanese houses. The damp pervades them all. The paper partitions become unpasted: there is no longer any protection from the wind; and although it is mild out of doors, inside one shivers. In summer one suffers terribly from the heat; in winter there is no way of guarding oneself from the cold. It is only during the short spring and towards the end of autumn that one finds oneself really comfortable.

I have been hunting after old books in several libraries. In the last few years the price of books is very much fallen. The only sale is for encyclopædias, translated from English, French, or German. I have purchased an illustrated description of the town of

Kiyôto, in eleven volumes, for which I have paid four *bous*—that is, a little over five francs. Last year this edition was worth six *rios*, or upwards of thirty-six francs.

*September* 15.—It is a fine day, and we want to give ourselves a Japanese dinner at the famous Japanese restaurant Yaoen. It is the "Café de Paris" of Yedo. The house is situated behind Asakusa, at the opposite extremity of the town, and at eleven or twelve miles from the legation.

Our hostess led us to a pretty room on the first floor, made us take our places on some fine matting, and advised us to simplify our toilets. A Japanese always makes himself comfortable and at his ease before eating. The sash alone is indispensable; other garments are accessories; he wears them or takes them off according to the season and the weather. The taste of the people is to aim at simplicity. They like to play, it is true; they surround themselves very often with heaps of superfluous objects; but they are just as willing to do without them, if necessary; and they have always all they need, for, whether in good or bad times, they are content with what comes within their reach. The dinner was excellent—every kind of fish, raw, cut in slices, boiled, or broiled; a delicious fish soup; various kinds of sweetmeats; and at the end, a dish of vermicelli, made with a root of which I do not know the name; the whole being served in little porcelain cups, placed before each guest on a small lacquered tray resting on four legs. Near us four young girls, richly dressed, played the

newest pieces on an instrument like a lute, to which they added occasionally vocal accompaniments. In the *entr'actes* they talked and laughed; but there was nothing that went beyond the strictest propriety. These girls are very careful of their reputations, I am told, and are never known to forget their position, unless tempted with an extra glass of *saki*. Even then it only makes them rather more noisy; and this exuberance of spirits disappears with the fumes of the liquid. Two other girls danced, or rather acted, a kind of pantomime. They tried to express, by gestures and *poses*, the words of the singers. The music did not follow the dance; it was rather the dance which completed the song. The subjects of these pantomimes were all tender scenes. A young man goes and visits his love in secret. To show the hidden nature of the meeting, and at the same time the resistance which the young lady makes to the entreaties of her lover, the dancer bends forward and hides her face and neck behind her fan. At last she listens to the young man. To express the departure of the lover, the dancer imitates the movement of a samurai, when he slips his two swords into his waistband, and puts on his hat. At last, to denote the happiness of both, she counts on her fingers the number of times of meeting. The dancer could not have been more than fourteen, but she was already a woman. She had beautiful eyes, and a rather delicate look, regular features (as far as the Mongol type will allow), an expression of soft melancholy, and an extremely modest manner. Her attitudes were full of grace, though in some ways rather exaggerated, showing the analogy in this respect

with all Japanese productions. Her toilet consisted of a bluish-grey silk gown, fastened round the waist by a scarlet sash. In the course of the evening she and her companions retired two or three times to change their costume. The entertainment went on. The first singer, who was rather older than the rest, took a more prominent part in the recitative. She had pretty features, and the easy, elegant manners of a woman of the world. A startling event had lately happened in this quarter. An actor had carried off a married woman. The couple had been seized and thrown into prison. To be sent to prison in Japan means death, or at any rate the extremity of misery. It is true that a commission, accompanied by one of the students of the English legation, went recently to Hong Kong to see the penitentiary of the English colony there, which is a model of all the perfections that philanthropy has invented for the incarceration of criminals. But this question is only in embryo, and in the meantime the prisons are the most horrible dens imaginable. Unless they have iron constitutions, those who are shut up there must die either of hunger, cold, or disease.[1] A man sent to prison is, therefore, and with reason, a subject of commiseration to his fellow-citizens. Our singers, therefore, were eloquent in deploring the fate of the unhappy actor; but—and this is a characteristic trait—they approved of the imprisonment of the woman; because, they said, when a woman says to a

[1] According to the last news (September 1872) great ameliorations have been introduced into the great convict prison of Yedo. The prisoners, though all condemned to forced labour, are sufficiently fed, and treated with greater humanity.

man that she loves him, what can the poor devil do but yield to her wishes? To act otherwise would be to violate all the laws of gallantry; it would be disgraceful; it would be mean. What do you say to this code of morality? There is another fact which I do not like to omit, as it throws a strong light on the movement which is now going on in men's minds, especially as represented by the youth of Yedo. The indefatigable Satow, while chattering to these fair ladies, carefully transcribed in his note-book the songs which we have just been listening to. Among the rest here is a specimen:—"Ah! would that I could travel by telegraph! for the jinrikisha is terribly slow; it drags along painfully, bruises your limbs, and crushes you if it falls." This is an echo of young Japan; progress, imitation of Europe, despising of native things.

On our way back we were shown, from a distance, the house of the chief of the *Etas*. It is situated not far from Asakusa, on the left bank of the Sumidagawa. The house seemed very tidy and well kept, and in no way betrayed the abject position of its proprietor. It was impossible to visit it. We should have been considered tainted for ever, and our *bettos* would have left us on the spot. These *Etas* are the pariahs of Japan. They live amongst each other, and are employed as gravediggers and in all other trades which are considered infamous.

*September* 16.—My audience with the Mikado, which was fixed for to-day, gave rise to several interviews with M. Satow and Iwakura. The words that the emperor would address to me were duly commu-

nicated to me, and I had to supply answers. I also had sent me the plan of the pavilion where my audience was to take place, on which were marked not only the throne, but all the places which each of us was to occupy on the occasion. As to the etiquette, it was regulated after the precedent furnished by the previous audience granted to Mr. Seward, the former Minister of Foreign Affairs in the United States.

This morning, accordingly, a chamberlain came to fetch us in a kind of phaeton, built at Hong Kong, probably the only carriage belonging to the imperial court, where the use of such vehicles is unknown. The Mikado never goes out.[1]

At twelve o'clock, Mr. Adams, M. Satow, and I left the legation, preceded and followed by the English orderlies on horseback and by about twenty Japanese cavalry. The *bettos* ran on foot by the side of the carriage. The distance which separated the castle from the suburb of Takanawa is about four miles. All along the road the cross streets had been barred by cords to prevent the influx of passers-by: sentinels were placed at short distances. The guards at their respective posts presented arms. A dense, curious, but not hostile crowd stood closely packed behind the barriers.

Arrived at the gate of the first inclosure, we found

[1] Some months after, in consequence of the advice of the New Reform Ministry, the emperor showed himself in an open carriage to his amazed subjects. This summer (1872) he was seen driving through the streets of Yokohama in a *hired* conveyance! The son of the gods wore a fancy European dress, half of an admiral and half of an ambassador!

troops under arms, and the same at the entrance of the second court and at every avenue leading to the palace. Armed and partly dressed in European fashion, these soldiers looked well, only a little embarrassed by their new uniforms. On the other hand, the Yakunins and the other military and civil officers, who wore their native arms and costumes, were really magnificent to look upon. After having crossed the last bridge, thrown across the deep ditch or moat which runs round the castle, we alighted, and were conducted to the private garden of the Mikado, strictly inclosed and hermetically sealed from ordinary mortals, with the rarest possible exceptions. This garden is a narrow, circular space, which on one side surrounds the castle, and on the other is bounded by the moat. But neither moat nor castle is visible. They are hidden behind a double curtain of bamboo and other trees planted by Taiko-Sama; fine coniferous specimens with their red trunks; maples with their fine starred leaves, evergreen oaks, cryptomerias, laurels, and fruit-trees, chosen for the beauty of their flowers, the only ones to be found in this enchanted spot. There is no attempt at flower-beds, and only one path through the thick, fresh, nicely-kept lawn. The ground is artificially formed into a mountainous region. Here and there they have built little *châlets*, like the summer-houses that we had seen in the gardens of other palaces. We had been walking for about five minutes when we were received by Sanjo, the President of the Council; by Iwakura; and by three other members of the Privy Council, Kido, Okuma, and Itagaki, the delegates of the Chosiu,

Hizen and Tosa clans, who, with Saigo (the chief of the Satsumas, and unfortunately absent at this moment), effected the great revolution of 1868.

We found ourselves, therefore, in presence of the men who, according to the views of opposite parties, will be the regenerators or destroyers of Japan. I have already spoken of Iwakura and Sanjo. Both look what they are—men of the highest class. Okuma, who on the eve of the revolution was only a poor student at Nagasaki, is become, with Kido, one of the leading men of the day. The others, before their promotion to their present posts, were simply samurais or *kôtos*, and their elevation has not given them manners. But they have interesting heads—more interesting even than those of their noble colleagues. Intelligence and boldness are stamped on their countenances, with the assurance of the gambler, who, feeling himself in a good vein, is determined to play his last card. Certainly their nails are not cared for, and their rough, abrupt movements are wanting in the graceful ease of the Japanese of high rank. But they are not the less the masters of the position. On them rests, in a great measure, the final issue of this struggle between those who will gain by the reform and those who will lose. I shall speak at greater length on this subject when examining into the political position of the empire. It is enough to say that, thanks to their popularity, these four counsellors, three of whom are at this moment sitting opposite to me, decided their clans to take up arms in 1868 and to continue to support the radical reforms which are to change the face of Japan.

After a short conversation, they came to announce that the Mikado was ready to receive us. We resumed our march, and, accompanied by these dignitaries, who all wore grand court dresses, we arrived at the open door of the pavilion called "The Cascade." In spite of my extreme curiosity to see the emperor, I could not help casting a glance around me and admiring the poetic beauty of the site. The pavilion is placed on the edge of a little circular plain backed by gigantic trees. In front, some granite blocks, exquisitely grouped, form a steep rock, over which falls a stream which gives its name to the kiosk.

We are conducted to our places in the inside, and find ourselves in the presence of the son of the gods. The audience chamber was about 24 feet long and from 16 to 18 feet wide. The floor was covered with the finest matting. There was no furniture save the pedestal about two feet high occupied by the Mikado. On coming in, the room seemed dark; but by a lucky chance, a ray of sunlight, gliding between the blinds and a crack in the paper partitions, threw a vivid glow over the person of the emperor. In the rare official audiences which are always given in the castle itself, a half-lowered curtain hides the head of the sovereign from the indiscreet gaze of the persons who approach him. Here, no such precaution had been taken. He was seated on a footstool, his legs crossed, and holding his hands leaning against one another. It is the exact attitude given to all the statues of Buddha.

The emperor is twenty years of age, but he seems to be thirty. His surname is Mutsuhito. I had a good deal of trouble to find this out. M. Satow alone

could give me the required information. Among the people, the sovereign is never known but by the generic appellation of "Mikado." It is only after his death that he will be given the name by which he will be recorded in history. The features of Mutsuhito bear the character of the Japanese race: his nose is large and flattened; his complexion is sallow; but his eyes are sharp and brilliant, in spite of the immobility which etiquette prescribes. I had often met faces like his in the streets of Yedo. His costume was as simple as possible—a dark blue tunic, almost slate colour, and wide scarlet trowsers. His hair was done in native fashion; but he wore a colossal aigrette, made of bamboo and horse-hair, which, fixed behind the right ear, rose vertically at least two and a half feet above his head, and shook violently at the least movement. This is the insignia of supreme rank. Neither the Mikado nor any of his ministers wears jewels. Except at the moment of speaking, his Majesty held himself as immovable as a statue.

Behind him, a great dignitary bore the sword of state carefully thrust into its sheath. Woe be to him who should behold it naked! It would be his death. To the right of the throne, leaning against the partition, stood Sanjo and the three members of the privy council; to the left, Iwakura. Mr. Adams and I, accompanied by M. Satow and the court interpreter, were placed in the middle of the room, in front of the emperor, and at a few paces from him. During the first few minutes, a deep silence reigned in this little pavilion, which at that moment held the arbiters of the future destiny of a great empire. Nothing was

heard but the buzzing of the flies and the chirp of the grasshoppers.

Mr. Adams, who had been requested by Iwakura to proceed with the presentation, then spoke and stated that, in the absence of the Austrian representative, who was a resident at Shanghai, he had the honour of introducing me to his Imperial Majesty. The Mikado replied in a few courteous words, and then turning to me, congratulated me on having crossed both oceans without accident—to which I made some answers suitable to the occasion. Then the Mikado spoke again.

"I hear," he said, "that, for a long time, you have filled important positions in your own country, and that you have exercised the office of ambassador on several occasions. I do not exactly understand what has been the nature of your occupations. If, from the results of your experience, you have learned things which it would be useful for me to know, I beg of you to speak without reserve to my principal counsellors."

In accordance with etiquette, the emperor, when speaking, only murmured the words between his teeth, emitting almost inarticulate sounds. Sanjo repeated them in a loud voice, and the dragoman of the palace translated them into English. Our answers were translated into Japanese by M. Satow. Each time that the emperor spoke, he turned towards us, and, looking at us straight in the face, his features assumed a kind and benevolent expression. But when he closed his mouth, his face again became grave and serious, or rather, insignificant.

When it came to the moment of retiring, the em-

peror remained immovable, but fixed his eyes upon us. Neither on our arrival nor at our departure did he bow to us. The ministers followed us out and made us take a turn in the garden. They showed us a little model farm, whereby they hoped to make their sovereign understand and give him some ideas upon the cultivation of the soil by his subjects. I was also allowed to scramble up the sides of the moat, from whence I enjoyed a beautiful view over Yedo. After this, a delicate luncheon was served to us in one of the pavilions. It was impossible to help admiring the symmetry and elegant simplicity with which the table was served.

At the moment when we were about to rise from luncheon, Sanjo, acting under his master's orders, begged me to give him my ideas upon Japan. I excused myself on the plea of my ignorance, while all the while applauding the efforts of the new minister to ameliorate the condition of the country and introduce salutary reforms. "The wisdom of the eminent men whom I see around me," I added, "will guide them in this arduous task. They will take into account the habits and ideas of their countrymen; they will understand that many things which are good in Europe cannot be so in Japan; they will avoid precipitating radical changes; and will proceed with extreme circumspection."

Thus ended my audience. The dignitaries of the court accompanied us to our carriage, and at three o'clock we found ourselves once more returned to the legation.

In the evening the Mikado sent us some boxes filled

with sweetmeats and preserves of a curious shape, and a quantity of sugarplums of different kinds. These boxes were of plain wood; for in the imperial court, in accordance with an old tradition, they disdain to paint or have lacquered wood.

I do not think I shall ever forget the scene of this morning: that fairy-like garden; those mysterious pavilions; those grave statesmen in their gorgeous court dresses, walking about with us in the shrubberies of those beautiful pleasure-grounds, and that oriental potentate who presents himself like an idol, and who believes and feels himself to be a god. It surpasses a tale in the "Thousand and One Nights."

*September* 17.—I met this morning one of the four members of the council who had assisted at the audience of yesterday, and we had a talk over public affairs. "The heads of the reform movement," he said, "are sure of success. They say and believe it, and I share their opinion. We do not anticipate any serious opposition. In three years the work will be accomplished." (This is exactly what Iwakura had told us.) "Perhaps we are not quite sure of the south, nor of the Satsumas in the island of Kiushiu; there, I think, we shall have a good deal of opposition; but they will end by yielding. As for me, I have never doubted of our final success. One of our great plans is to unite the small clans into one great one, and to divide such clans as are too large, and in consequence too powerful."

I was struck by the analogy of these proceedings with what often takes place in Europe. Provinces are divided into departments, and the electoral districts

are changed. In Japan a similar fate awaits the clans, who are the historic elements of which the nation is composed.

"Already," continued my interlocutor, "we have suppressed the rights of the daimios, the feudal principalities; there remains the grave question of the samurais, those gentlemen of each clan attached to the persons and service of the daimios, and who, until now, have lived on the rations of rice and the liberality of their chiefs. This is our proposed plan: 'We shall reduce their incomes by one-third; the two other portions will be paid them for ten years as a pension. The remainder, with compound interest, will make a public fund with which to liquidate the pensions.'[1]

"All the daimios without exception will be compelled to live in Yedo, or to establish themselves here for a certain part of the year with their families. They will have leave to visit their properties and to travel in foreign countries.

"Our reforms are a response to the prayers of the nation. Many of the clans had addressed petitions to us in this sense, and what we propose to do is exactly what they asked for."

The truth of this is, that the central leaders give the word to the leaders of the clans, who draw up petitions under their dictation, which pretend to emanate from the free initiative of the clans themselves. Who is not struck by the resemblance of these

[1] This financial operation has been simplified. I hear from Japan (April 29, 1872) that the rations of rice of the two-sworded gentry have been almost all suppressed.

proceedings with the means employed by our European Radicals?

I ask myself if this be the natural fruit of certain tendencies and circumstances, or of foreign influence acting in secret? I fancy that both causes are at work, only I find it hard to persuade myself that Europeans or Americans would interfere, even indirectly, in the movement going on in Yedo. No doubt the Japanese ministers, who are extremely anxious for all the information they can glean on European matters, have taken the habit of consulting the envoys of the great powers on such or such an administrative or financial measure; and I have been told that when thus interpellated, these diplomats have not always refused to give their advice. The future will perhaps prove that they would have been wiser to have abstained; for the givers of counsels are always looked upon as morally responsible, although, in reality, they can only be answerable for their ideas in proportion as they may have been called upon to carry them out, which is not the case here. But on this point I suspend my judgment. I am only making a general observation, and not a disguised criticism, on the conduct of such or such a minister accredited to the Mikado. Of one thing I am firmly persuaded, and that is, that not one of these diplomats, if even he had been consulted, would have taken upon him to encourage the Government to rush into the unknown, or to furnish a programme for the future constitution of Japan, based on European models. However disposed one may be to see the country inaugurating wise and necessary reforms, it is impos-

sible not to understand that these attempts, however laudable in themselves, may, if they should fail, bring about a serious reaction, and that this reaction might very easily compromise the interests, the prosperity, and perhaps the lives of the European residents. Nevertheless, the analogy between the proceedings here and those employed by our Radicals is so striking, that I repeat one cannot deny the action of European and American influences. These are, I expect, the first-fruits of the journeys of the Japanese in foreign parts. Already these influences are making themselves felt. They will be still more powerful when all those young Solons return from Europe and America.

In the evening, Kido, whose acquaintance I made yesterday at the palace, dined at the Legation. He is the leader of the Chôshiu clan, one of the principal movers in the revolution of 1868, and the author of the celebrated petition to the Mikado by which the daimios asked for their mediation. He has the look and manners of a man of the people. In fact, before filling the place he now occupies, he was a simple samurai. But I have not met any face so clever or intelligent in this country. When he speaks, his whole features light up; he expresses himself with readiness and ease. No one can look at him without seeing that he is a man quite out of the common. We made him talk a good deal after dinner, and the summing-up of his conversation was, unlimited confidence in the work of reform. He also declares that three years will be sufficient to displace all hereditary rights, to change the habits and transform the ideas of his countrymen!

The British Legation at Yedo is composed at this moment of Mr. F. O. Adams, minister; of a second secretary, now absent, whose place is supplied by Mr. Dohmen, vice-consul at Tsukiji; of Mr. E. Satow, Japanese Secretary of Legation, and although scarcely thirty, one of the best Japanese scholars living; and of four "students," who, placed under the care of the interpreter-secretary, are learning the language of the country. They live in some nice cottages in the inclosure of the Legation, and their pay during their studies amounts to £200 a year. On the mail days they work at the office, which initiates them into the routine of business. As soon as they are sufficiently advanced, they are placed as interpreters either at the Legation, or at one of the five treaty ports. The consular service is equally open to them; but they enter into an engagement only to serve in Japan. This system produces excellent results. These young men, full of zeal and emulation, make rapid progress, become passionately fond of the country where the greater part of their lives will be spent, and will contribute some day to bring light into the darkness which still enshrouds the empire of the rising sun.

But it is not only the students who care to learn the language. This wish is shared by every member of the Legation. They speak nothing but Japanese and of Japan. The unknown always piques one's curiosity; it is a puzzle which one tries to decipher. Besides the diplomatic corps, there is a doctor, an inspector, and four orderlies who follow the minister on horseback on state occasions, or when there is a question of danger. Their business is to watch over the

safety of the members of the Legation within the inclosure, and alternately to do the night service.

Until the new embassy is built, which is to be erected at Soto-Jiro, the English Legation occupies a yashki, situated in the neighbourhood of the Takanawa suburb, at about a mile from the western gate of Yedo. Like all these habitations, it is a group of little houses in wood, or paper, united by passages, raised two or three feet above the soil, opening on one side to the courts, and on the other to a large and beautiful garden. A strong wall surrounds the whole. There are, certainly, one or two weak points on the side of a sacred wood, belonging to an old temple; but the orderlies keep it in sight. The principal buildings are in the centre. Some beautiful trees do not let you forget that you are in Japan. In fact, both house and garden are thoroughly characteristic of the country. Close to the house stands the pole which bears the British flag; outside, in front of the great porch, which is always an important feature in the yashkis, is placed a guardhouse, occupied by thirty yakunins, or soldiers, whose business it is to watch over the safety of the members of the Legation, and to accompany them when they go out. I have often tried to slip through them and go out without being perceived. Vain attempt! Three or four men, throwing down their cards or pipes, and quickly slipping their great swords into their waist-bands, spring forward and dodge my steps. To escape them I jump into a jinrikisha and cry to the coolie: "Quick! quick! to the Shiba!" But, alas! scarcely have I reached the tombs of the Sioguns, than three other carriages follow

in hot haste and deposit on the pavement my three yakunins. They bow profoundly and smile somewhat maliciously, then surround, follow, and never leave me till I have again reached the gate of the Legation.

The approach to this palace is not easy. A long and steep hill, broken at intervals by some wide steps, brings you to the door. Luckily, both horses and carriages are used to it. The garden, although without flowers or any kind of luxury, is nevertheless very beautiful. It has a fine avenue, and is situated on a rising ground, from whence one discovers, above the heads of the trees, the Gulf of Yedo, the maritime forts, which are now dismantled, and, in the horizon, the blue hills of Kanagawa. In this solitary spot it is delicious to pass the hot hours of the day, enjoying the fresh sea-breezes, and listening to the sound of the gongs of the temple calling to their gods, and to the thousand strange, confused sounds, which, tempered by distance, mount up from the gulf, and the lower parts of the town to these aerial heights.

These are my last hours in Yedo, and we are all sad at the prospect of our approaching separation.

The guest or the fellow-traveller of Mr. Adams for more than a month, and enjoying besides the daily intercourse of M. Satow and the other members of the Legation, I feel painfully the termination of a visit so full of interest and enjoyment. My regrets are, I think, shared by my host; for in this brilliant but distant exile one has rarely the opportunity of meeting persons with whom one can talk of men and things in Europe. Great distances affect the mind as a gauze

curtain does the eye. Home news, cut short and imperfectly rendered, as it often is, in telegrams, arrives first by the electric wire and two months after by the mail. In the interval, very probably, the whole position of things in Europe has changed. It is hardly worth while to read the newspapers, the cream of which has been already given one by telegram.

Such is the state of mind of most residents in the extreme east. The news of their country comes to them just as the sounds of a concert, in a house with the windows shut, do to the passers-by in the street below. They hear the big drum, but the finer parts of the music escape them. Your heart may still be in your native country, but you despair of being able to follow the rapid course of events there. Certainly the lives of these courageous and devoted men are not always enviable. The merchant comes to make his fortune; the missionary, faithful to his vocation, is supported by the inward satisfaction consequent on a life of self-abnegation and sacrifice. But the diplomatic and consular functionaries are neither attracted here by the love of gold nor by the hope of those eternal rewards reserved to apostles and martyrs. Except for some doubtful chance of ultimate promotion, only a feeling of duty can induce them to remain at a post of such danger. Yes, I repeat it, a post of danger! Look at this English Legation, the only one which inhabits the Japanese capital. The Gulf of Yedo, owing to its shallow waters, is inaccessible to men-of-war. And even supposing that some gunboat were in the roadstead, waiting to receive you, it would be necessary to cross some of the most crowded streets

before you could get down to the shore. Without a miraculous interposition of Providence it seems to me that in case of a sudden rising of the populace or of the troops, no member of the Legation could possibly escape with his life. Their existence depends absolutely on the loyalty of the Japanese Government, on the means it may have (*or not*) of defending them, on the incalculable and more often mysterious movements of its political leaders, and on the conduct of the opposition, which to-day is silent and contained, but not resigned, and which, at any given moment, and when it is least expected, may very likely rise and strive to regain the power it has lost.[1]

At this moment I am quite willing to believe what everyone tells me, that there is no danger. But in Japan more than anywhere else days succeed, but do not resemble each other. At Yokohama there are more guarantees for the safety of the life and property of the residents. The troops and the European men-of-war in the harbour would probably insure sufficient time for embarkation in case of attack. Comparatively, but not absolutely, you are there in safety. But the diplomatic corps has already furnished several victims. M. Heusken, Secretary of Legation of the United States, was massacred in the heart of the city of Yedo, close to the famous bridge of Niphon-bashi. Sir Rutherford Alcock, the predecessor of Sir Harry Parkes, was scarcely installed in a temple not far from

[1] This spring (1872) a body of armed men penetrated into the palace of the Mikado. After a desperate fight with the guards they were overpowered and massacred. It was a desperate attempt, but it proves that the fire is still smouldering below.

the actual Legation, than he was attacked at night by a body of armed men, and one of his orderlies and his cook were killed. Mr. Oliphant, the clever writer, then Secretary of Legation, was severely wounded a few days only after his arrival from London. Honour and glory then be to those men who accept these perilous situations, who fill them with such devotion, who watch over the interests and safety of their countrymen, maintain the honour of their country's flag, and by their arduous studies of the language and customs of Japan open new roads for the conquests of science!

## CHAPTER V.

### *ÔSAKA.—FROM THE 19TH TO THE 22ND SEPTEMBER.*

Kobe and Hiôgo.—The Bar of Yodowaga.—Ôsaka.—Its commercial importance.—Its general appearance.—The Street of Theatres.—The Castle of Taiko-Sama.—The Chi-fu-Chi.

*September* 19.—At four o'clock in the afternoon I went on board the *Costa Rica,* one of the fine steamers of the Pacific Steamship Company, which keep up a regular service between Yokohama and Shanghai, touching at (Kobe) Hiôgo and Nagasaki. These vessels start and arrive four times a week. The English P. and O. Company and the Messageries Françaises follow the older and more important line between Yokohama and Hong Kong; but they only run twice a month. But every week one has the opportunity of going either to the north or south of China. Very few Japanese take advantage of it, except the tourists and students sent by the Government; but a great many of the southern Chinese come this way to Japan, and their brethren in the north (natives of Kiangsu and Shantung) are beginning to follow their example. Little by little

the Chinese element increases in the treaty ports, and especially at Yokohama and Nagasaki. When the interior of Japan shall be open to strangers, the children of the Celestial Empire will pour in in masses; for the expansion of this race is only equalled by its activity, perseverance, and extreme frugality. If the reforms which have been lately inaugurated in Japan should be accomplished without a revolution, and the interior be consequently accessible to everyone, Europeans will find the Chinese formidable competitors in the commercial working of the country.

Some of my friends have come on board to see me off. How they envy me! But he who is leaving is not disposed to feel light-hearted. To quit a country with the certainty of never seeing it again is always painful. You look back and you feel that this episode in your life is closed for ever. It is like a foretaste of death. Anyhow, it is a solemn moment which calls for serious reflection, and, when one has been loaded, as I have, with kindnesses and hospitality, for the deepest and warmest gratitude.

Towards nightfall we are out of the gulf. By the dim twilight we distinguish the outlines of the Island of Enoshima and the two peaks of Hakoné. An Olympic brightness inundates Fujiyama.

*September* 20.—The Japanese seas have a bad reputation especially at this season, which is the time of the change of the monsoon. It is the most dangerous in the year on account of the frequency of typhoons. But by a rare exception, the weather is

glorious and the sea like glass. What adds to the perils of navigation in these waters is that they have no good nautical charts. The captains follow a certain course where they are sure to keep clear of shoals or rocks; but if a gale or the changeable currents, which are little known, drive the ship from the beaten track, all is left to chance. At this moment France and England are making a hydrographic reconnoitring of these waters, and the publication of their charts is impatiently looked for.

We are only a small party on board, and of not very interesting materials. But the fore-deck is loaded with Japanese passengers. There are a few also in the first-class cabins. They are all going to Kiyôto or to the Island of Kiushiu. As soon as they go on board a foreign vessel they drop their usual ceremonial, and they are quite right to do so; but when they affect to adopt European habits, they are simply insupportable.[1] Of course, I admit that there may be exceptions.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we near the shore, which is, in all points, like Yokohama; with rugged mountains covered at the base with luxuriant vegetation.

*September* 21.—At two o'clock in the morning, the *Costa Rica* was at anchor before the establishment of Kobe, situated a mile to the west of the Japanese

[1] Mr. Medhurst, the English consul at Shanghai, makes the same observation on the subject of the *Europeanised* Chinese. He calls them *most insufferable creatures*. See "The Foreigner in Far Cathay." London; 1872. P. 176.

*ken*, Hiôgo. The distance from Yokohama is 342 miles (60 to a degree). Kobe is one of the five treaty ports. It has only been opened for three years; but already the "Concession" is covered with fine houses and spacious shops. The number of inhabitants, even counting the floating part of the population, does not exceed 200 or 300; but there is a future for Kobe, for it is in reality the port of Ôsaka.

Mr. Gower has been kind enough to offer me the hospitality of the English consulate, of which he is the chief. His house is a perfect gem of comfort and good taste. On the side of the mountain, he has a Japanese house, which he had transported from Ôsaka; it is surrounded with a garden, and from thence you enjoy a beautiful view over the gulf. Behind this little Tusculum, a staircase leads to a temple half buried in the foliage.

I have here made a very interesting acquaintance. The P. Monico, of the *Missions Étrangères* at Paris, who is at the head of the Catholic establishment in this growing town, gave me a deal of curious information on the sad and yet glorious position of the Japanese Christians, and on the cruel persecutions of which they are the object.[1] This devoted and excellent priest is a native of Tarbes. He is a perfect type of a missionary—pale, melancholy, but noble features, with an expression of the greatest sweetness and resignation. When he speaks, his face

[1] I shall profit by it in treating, later, of this subject. Father Monico, who died only a few weeks after my visit to Hiôgo, leaves a terrible gap in the missions of this country and universal regrets in the circle in which he exercised his holy and devoted ministry.

becomes animated, and a rather sarcastic smile lights up the thin lips of the ascetic. The residents of Kobe, although mostly Protestants, speak of this holy man with the greatest veneration. He is also an excellent Japanese scholar.

The Gulf of Ôsaka runs inland from south to north. Hiôgo and Kobe are situated on its western shore. Towards the east, the great town, the *Fu* of Ôsaka, stretches along both banks of the Yodogawa, which, running from north to south, after having traversed the *Fu*, flows into the gulf a little below the town. From Kobe to Ôsaka by sea, in a straight line, they reckon fifteen miles, and twenty-two by land, *i.e.*, making the round of the gulf. A multitude of little steamers belonging to native companies, but commanded by Englishmen, ply between the two towns. One of these boats (of which the different parts were built in Germany) takes us in an hour and a half to the Bar of Yodogawa, which is always difficult to cross, and sometimes dangerous. A few minutes after, we arrive at the first houses of Ôsaka, and at eleven o'clock in the morning, after a passage of two hours, at what is called the "Concession," which is small enough. Inside the bar, and a little above its mouth, the river is very narrow, and in consequence deep and rapid. The houses on its banks, like all the buildings in this town, have only a ground-floor. On both shores, before the houses, double and triple rows of junks of all sizes narrow the bed of the river, and add greatly to the difficulties of the navigation. Ôsaka (one of the three *Fu*) reckons from 400,000 to 500,000 inhabitants. The ground on which it stands

is less extensive than Yedo; on the other hand, there are fewer yashkis here, fewer temples and sacred woods, fewer private gardens, and less cultivated ground. I should, therefore, be tempted to think that half a million was below the truth. Three branches of the Yodogawa and another smaller river traverse the town. These water-courses are joined by a network of canals. There are more than 260 bridges, almost all of wood: some are of great length. Ôsaka is the commercial capital of Japan. All the foreign merchandise destined for the interior passes through it. In spite of the bar and the slight depth of this part of the gulf, the influx of native boats is incredible. In fact, the busy activity on the Yedo river seems to me less than that which one meets with here. Steam begins to play a great part in Ôsaka, and in this respect the Japanese are ahead of their Chinese neighbours. These last have never yet learned to work a steam-engine or direct a steamer, but the Japanese is capable of both. The Prince of Tosa (Isle of Shikoku) possesses several fine steamers, of which both captains and engineers are natives. We saw outside the town three fine steamers at anchor. They belong to this daimio, and trade between Yokohama and the little ports in that inland sea. As the price of the passage is so much less[1] than that of the American company, they are always overloaded with passengers.

[1] The passage from Kobe to Yokohama is, on board the American steamers, for first class 30$, and only 18$ on Tosa's boats. In these last it is fair to say you are not fed, you go slower, and you run the risk of foundering or being blown up. But, nevertheless, they are always full.

From Ôsaka the foreign merchandise is carried up the river Yodogawa to Fûjimi, and from thence by land to Kiyôto. Other boats, going still higher up the river, reach the great central lake known under the names of Biva or Omi.

I was welcomed by Mr. J. J. Enslie, the English vice-consul. Although still young, he is one of the oldest of the British consular staff in this part of the world. He has been in the country for ten years, is well acquainted with the language, and especially with the men and things in this part of Niphon. He is going to have the kindness to accompany me to Kiyôto. This is an enormous favour, for in this country, still closed to strangers, and where there is not a ghost of an interpreter, good or bad, as in Egypt or Turkey, one would be compelled to give up any attempt at travelling in the interior without this effectual official protection.

The quarter allotted to foreigners, entirely surrounded by the river or by canals and carefully guarded, is situated at the southern extremity of the town. It contains two or three European houses, the British Consulate, which is established in a pretty Japanese yashki, and some native huts adapted to the use of the "white barbarians." A few fine trees are the sole ornament of this exile which bears the stamp of a somewhat Americanised "Young England." In this settlement there are about twenty Europeans and Americans; an equal number employed at an exchange which has lately been built at the southern extremity of the town; and four or five French masters who live at the castle—in all, about fifty

whites. White women are not to be seen. There is neither church, priest, nor minister. The spirit of the native population would not bear the public exercise of the Christian religion. Besides, the right to erect a church in the "Concession" seems doubtful. Ôsaka is not a treaty port, only a town which has been opened to a few strangers. Everything here struck me as precarious and provisional. The foreign merchants do very little business. Their best customers were formerly the daimios, who used to reside here for some months in the year. But since the downfall of the Siogun, they do not come any longer. The native merchants are jealous of strangers, and the authorities (secretly, it is true, for fear of provoking demands for redress from the consular agents) throw every possible obstacle in their way. The little colony, therefore, remains stationary, and many residents talk of leaving. The population, formerly secretly excited against the foreigners by the government functionaries, have remained hostile. When walking in the streets, one sees parents whispering words of abuse to their children, which these latter, who dodge one's footsteps, repeat in a loud voice. The soldiers of the new imperial army, whom everyone strives to avoid, are remarkable for their insolence. Thanks to the energetic representations of the foreign ministers, however, the authorities have received orders to put a stop to these hostile demonstrations, and at this moment, there is consequently a better state of things.

I had hardly crossed the threshold of the Consulate, when the governor of the town, who had received notice of my arrival by a special courier from Iwakura,

announced his visit. A few minutes after, he made his appearance accompanied by the vice-governor and an interpreter. He was a type of the great Japanese official—courteous, dignified, rather awkward, which, however, did not misbecome him—with his features contracted for the occasion, according to etiquette, whereby his face assumed a certain set and stupid expression. This is rather like the conventional style of our Foreign Office, which is neither brilliant nor remarkable, but which has the advantage of subordinating the character of the individual to the exigencies of the affairs of which he treats. Besides, with Japanese officials, after having exchanged the usual commonplace phrases, their faces relax, their natural expression, which is generally gay and often benevolent, returns; and they set aside the official mask, only to resume it at the moment of departure. The Chi-fu-ji [or governor of a *Fu*], with a headdress of lacquered black paper, wore his great court dress, an ample robe with large stiff sleeves, of a rich stuff embroidered in silk and gold. His two sabres, one of which was of an enormous and the other of an ordinary size, were richly carved. His companion had a good open face, a sonorous voice, and a frank, hearty laugh, which made one forget the extreme irregularity of his features. He wore a colossal Phrygian cap of lacquered paper, and a dress of violet silk embroidered with pink roses. The governor congratulated me with effusion on the unheard-of honour I had received of being allowed to approach the Mikado; and told me that the emperor had given orders that during all my travels in his country I was to be considered as his majesty's guest.

These great personages having taken their departure, we started in jinrikishas to see the town. Mr. Enslie sent away the yakunins, which in Yedo would have been impossible; so we had the pleasure of going alone through this enormous *Fu*. The inhabitants of this busy town are evidently equally determined to work and to amuse themselves. The look of the place is somewhat uniform; but its animation makes up for its monotony. The streets are all in straight lines, very narrow—not above four to eight feet wide—very clean, very long, and meeting at right angles. There are some quarters where, being all shops, the houses are composed of long low parallelograms divided into open courts with projecting pent-houses. Above, a species of attic serves as a shop, and supports the heavy flat roof. To the eye they seem like one great block furrowed by a network of streets. Black and grey are the predominant colours. Nothing can be sadder, or less graceful; but one has not time to study the houses. One is absorbed by the riches, the variety, and, I would add, the strangeness of the objects exposed for sale, and by the motley crowd of foot-passengers. Amidst this mass of human beings, who are perpetually crossing one another, though without disorder, there are very few horsemen or jinrikishas. One of these streets, running from south to north and crossing several bridges, traverses the greater part of the town. It is the Oxford Street of Ôsaka. In a parallel street rise two large and very ancient Buddhist temples. They belong to the sect of Montô, which is important enough to require careful handling by the Yedo innovators. One of the ministers said to me;

"We dare not touch them yet; for among the Montoïtes are some very important persons." Shaka, the Buddha of the Japanese, reigns, therefore, here supreme. No one interferes with him, nor with his under-gods, nor with his sanctuaries. His temples go back to the early ages. Neither painted nor lacquered red and green, like the other temples I had seen before, they have preserved the natural colour of the wood, which, in the lapse of centuries, has changed from reddish brown to a light grey. The sculptures in the interior are rich, but sober. There are no alto-relievos, nor any of that *baroque* Italian taste which struck me so much in the buildings erected under the auspices of Taiko-Sama and his immediate successors. Their heavy roofs, like felt hats turned up at the sides, give a feature to the town, and break the monotony of its aspect. We quit our little carriages to climb up on foot the steps leading to the upper town. Now we are in the street called: "Of the Theatres." Along the whole length of these buildings, hung above the gallery which runs along the façade, are pictures, in vivid colours, painted in *gouache*, and representing scenes from the plays most in fashion, especially historic dramas. At the doors there is a dense crowd of all ages and both sexes struggling for admission. I see some quite old men breathless with their efforts to make way for themselves. A sort of feverish impatience could be read no their pale, emaciated faces. All of a sudden a body of dancers and musicians, the former highly painted, with their hair ornamented with three or four pins, and wearing rich silk stuffs, approach the great entrance. Five or six of them form a special band.

The crowd gaze on these privileged beings with curiosity and benevolence, and do their best to make room for them. In the meantime we are almost carried away by the current. The throng is enormous, but they do not hustle one another. Here, as elsewhere in this country, the colour of the crowd is blue and bronzed flesh. Among the people are many men of high rank, but not one woman of the upper classes. It is not their dress which would distinguish them—for that is alike for all; but their clearer and more delicate skins, their carefully kept nails, and especially their high-bred appearance. We see also a good many of the two-sworded gentlemen. Above this human chaos, and the pictures hung to attract visitors, is a perfect forest of poles, standing out against the sky, ornamented with festoons, flowers, and flags of different sizes and colours, waving in the breeze. All the world seems gone mad with a thirst for the play! It is a strange sight! where eloquence and grotesqueness walk side by side; but where, as a whole and in the details, good taste and propriety predominate.

At the end of this street we scrambled up some more large stone steps, and came into the "Street of Temples." In the pleasure quarter there was plenty of life, but in the gods' quarter complete solitude. On both sides, the outside walls of the inclosure, pierced with great gateways, showed the little courts in front of the sanctuary. However narrow these may be there is always room for some magnificent *ichôs*—some cedars or cryptomerias, of which the twisted branches, stretching over the street, give a pleasant shade to the passers-by. On the threshold of the doors sit the

bonzes, their heads shaved, in dirty dresses of yellow and violet silk. They smoke their pipes, and look at us out of their little eyes in a curious, malevolent manner. It was in one of these temples that the English, French, American, and Netherlands ministers were lodged when the events of 1868 brought them to these coasts, which no European before them had ever visited.[1]

We have arrived at the highest point of the town. It is occupied by the castle, which, built by Taiko-Sama,[2] has so many times, and quite lately, at the downfall of the Siogun, played so great a part in the history of Japan. It is a double inclosure, formed of cyclopean walls, of which the houses, slightly bulged, are ranged in curved lines. Two enormous ditches, walled in the same fashion, protect it; but from incredible ignorance of fortification, two large solid bridges facilitate to besiegers the access to the fortress. In the middle of the second inclosure, and on the highest point, stood the palace. The Siogun burnt it in 1868 when he found he would be compelled to evacuate it. On that occasion, too, he also burnt to the ground the great yashki of Prince Satsuma, on the banks of the Yodogawa, as he considered him one of the causes of his downfall. The palace is completely destroyed, but the second inclosure is still intact. From one of the four towers that flank it, the panorama is magnificent. This immense town is stretched at our feet, crossed by an infinity of water-courses and

1 Some years before, Sir Rutherford Alcock had passed there, but without stopping.

2 In 1590.

streets, looking in the distance like so many white ribbons. Above this confused mass, the roofs of the two temples are seen, as in profile, against the silvery waters of the vast gulf. Beyond are the mountains, gilded by the setting sun, and here and there, shadowed by the light clouds which the evening breeze scatters on the azure and rose-coloured ground of the sky. Such is the view to the south-west and north-west. To the north, a large flat valley opens out, which is the bed of the Yodogawa and our future road to Kiyôto. To the east, the green mountains, with their graceful outlines, rise near the town. A narrow and well-cultivated strip of plain separates them.

In front of the castle, on the other side of the stream, proudly rises the new Exchange, built at the expense of the government by English architects, and directed by officials belonging to the same nation. It is an enormous edifice, which has cost millions. The furniture of the pavilion destined for the reception of the Japanese functionaries has alone cost 10,000 dollars! They will want time to learn how to sit in those gorgeous arm-chairs and sofas covered with Lyons velvet. The rest is in accordance with it. The Exchange begins to work; the new *rio* has answered very well.

We ended our walk by a return visit to the governor, who received us in his official yashki, placed on the canal in the centre of the town. Here we enjoyed one of those magic effects of light which are only possible in this latitude and in Japanese houses. The great doorway leading into the court, which had been

hastily opened for us—for etiquette does not allow people of rank to pass through the postern-gates—is painted black, and the flooring is of bricks of the same colour. In front of this portal, the vestibule, also framed in black, is wide open. Beyond, in the interior of the palace, a beautifully fine yellow matting is spread, while the partitions are, as usual, in white paper. The sun's disk, visible between the houses which are on the opposite side of the canal, touches the horizon. Its rays, which are nearly horizontal, pass through the wide gateway, glide over the pebbles of the court, fill the vestibule, and light up that and the rooms beyond with a fiery glow which is almost insupportable; tints of dead and shining gold illumine the yellow matting, while all around is a transparent halo of light, with the deep-black background of the dark walls. It was a picture never to be forgotten.

We passed through a multitude of offices, which at this moment were deserted; a labyrinth of rooms, where they have just placed, for the use of the clerks, some tables and chairs. This is in itself a complete revolution. The Japanese writes standing or squatted on his knees, his head bent forward. He holds his brush vertically, so as to enable his Chinese ink to flow freely. If he sits against a table, he must necessarily slope his brush backwards. It would be necessary, then, to replace his Chinese ink with ours, and anyhow to substitute a pen for a brush, although a pen does not lend itself easily to tracing Chinese characters, which are wide and fine at the same time. He must, therefore, adopt other methods, and introduce European writing—a revolution which

would hardly tally with the essence of Mongol languages. I dwell on these details, puerile though they may seem, because they have in reality a great signification, and give an idea of the almost insurmountable obstacles to be encountered by the imitators of European fashions.[1]

The Chi-fu-ji received us in a room opening on the garden. He invited us to sit round a table. Another functionary, not without the previous prostrations, took his place by our side. Two pages, who are never wanting in the houses of the great, and three two-sworded knights, were squatted on a matting at a respectful distance. The conversation turned on the culture of the tea-plant, on which the governor gave me some very interesting information. The province which grows the best sort is Udji; the next is Kiyôto. Then he gave us a lesson as to how we should make it; and joining practice to theory, he made the pages place on the matting the tea-tray and teapot, squatted down beside them himself, and gave us some of the Udji tea, which was the most delicious and finely perfumed I ever tasted. Here is his receipt:—Make the water boil in an earthenware pot, and not in a metal one. Then you must calculate exactly the quantity of leaves and water required for each cup; drink the tea scalding hot, immediately after the infusion, and never

[1] According to the American papers (September 1872), a professor of Newhaven, accompanied by about a hundred teachers, had been sent for to Japan, to establish seven normal schools in different parts of the empire. The government of the Mikado had decided that English should be the learned language taught; and that in the native tongue the Chinese characters should be replaced by the Roman alphabet.

make a second. They gave us different kinds of sweetmeats, which I thought rather insipid; but they all had a delicate, refined, perfumed taste, which answered to the smell of different flowers. Japanese palates are less *blasé* than ours in Europe, and are, therefore, more apt to seize the shades of taste which escape us.

Our return to the settlement was made by water on a delicious evening. The palace of the governor is, as I have said, in the centre of the town. Nevertheless, in spite of the speed of our rowers, we were nearly an hour in getting home. A number of tea-boats, lit by coloured lanterns, and full of young men and singers, glided alongside of our barque. We also met a quantity of junks returning from Kiyôto, overloaded with passengers. At the angles of the canals were a number of tea-houses, brilliantly lit up, and flooded likewise by the magic rays of the full moon. Everywhere we heard laughter, joyous cries, and songs, accompanied by flutes or guitars.

## CHAPTER VI.

### *KIYÔTO.*[1]—*FROM THE 22ND TO THE 25TH OF SEPTEMBER.*

On the Yodogawa.—Fujimi.—The Capital of the West.—The Palace of the Mikado.—The Castle of the Siogun.—The Temples.—View of Kiyôto.—Guion-Machi.

*September* 22.—Besides the great rowing boats employed in the transport of travellers and merchandise, some small steamers leave Ôsaka every morning, and, according to the variable state of the Yodogawa current, arrive (or do not arrive !) towards evening, or in the night, at Fujimi. The captain, engineers, and sailors are all natives. This accounts for the frequency of the accidents on board. Luckily of late there have been no explosions. Accordingly, on board one of these little steamers we embarked at seven o'clock in the morning. Thanks to the intervention of Mr. Enslie, our guard of honour has been reduced to two civil functionaries, two officers, and four soldiers. The cook and servants belonging to the consul complete our suite. The Chi-fu-ji, in spite of my pro-

[1] Kiyôto is marked Miako on European maps. In Japan this name has fallen into disuse.

testations, had reserved the quarter-deck for us entirely, as well as the cabins of the ship. We are therefore very comfortable. We pass before several palaces. The largest is, or rather was, that of Prince Satsuma, burnt, as we have seen, by the Siogun, at the moment of his retreat. The walls of the inclosure alone are left standing. Further on, we pass by the imposing buildings of the new Exchange. At last the houses yield to fields and gardens. The banks are too high to admit of our seeing the whole of the ground; but what we do see gives us a wonderful idea of the fertility of the soil. Soon the banks of the Yodogawa begin to get flatter. We are steaming between tufts of bamboos and fine groups of maples, larch, and weeping willows. Market-towns, great and small villages, all looking populous and prosperous, succeed one another at short intervals. Whilst they put down and take up passengers at these different stations we watch various little scenes of village politeness. They accompany the departures and welcome the new arrivals at the piers with every demonstration of respect and friendship. They make little groups, and talk to one another in the attitude required of people who have been well brought up: that is, the legs bent and the hands resting on the knees. Solitary spots, where woods and thickets replace houses, are rare, and of a thoroughly bucolic character. But on the river the scene is always busy and gay. The boats are furnished with one large single square sail, formed of narrow bands of junk, arranged vertically and bound together by a slight cordage. Both light and wind pass through them. Curious and singular sights meet

you at every turn and remind you that you are in the heart of Japan, where everything seems new to you, because everything is strange. By special favour of the stream we arrive at four o'clock at Fujimi. A brilliant reception awaited us. The authorities in court-dress received us at the landing-place, and led us to a beautiful apartment, ornamented with flowers and carpets, and where chairs and tables even had been placed for the occasion. These useful articles, which the governor has been obliging enough to place at our disposal, will follow us throughout our journey.

Fujimi has often been mentioned in the history of Japan. It was there that was fought, only three years ago, the battle which decided the fate of the Siogun. Other remembrances are attached to this town. St. Francis Xavier lived here, when, a crucifix in his hand, a wallet on his back, frozen feet, and a body covered with ulcers, he boldly presented himself, with two catechumens, at the court of the Mikado.

The road from Fujimi to Kiyôto winds up a gentle declivity, on both sides of which houses are built without interruption. One leaves Fujimi and arrives at Kiyôto without finding out where the one ends and the other begins. The whole road is but one long street of three *ris*, or a little less than eight miles. The country preserves the idyllic character of the Yodogawa Valley. On our road we visited two celebrated temples of great antiquity. In the first, Inarino-Yâjiro, a little building dedicated to the Sintoo rite, there were a quantity of foxes sculptured on the beams and the wainscot. At one *ris* further on is the large and ancient Buddhist temple of Tô-fu-

Kuji, founded, if we are to believe our Japanese friends, by the Siogun, Yoritomo, at the beginning of the thirteenth century. The greater part of these Japanese temples have been rebuilt several times. This one, to judge by the colour of the wood and the sculptures, must be very ancient. A sacred wood surrounds it, and a bridge is thrown over a deep ravine, shaded by gigantic maples and *ichôs*, which would seem to be as old as the temple itself. Followed by a crowd of functionaries and officers, with an escort of thirty soldiers, sent by the Chi-fu-ji of Kiyôto, Mr. Enslie in a *norimon*, and I on his beautiful Japanese pony, we make our way slowly through a mass of people who have rushed along our path to enjoy the rare spectacle of two European travellers. At six o'clock we enter the capital of the west, and half-an-hour after arrive at the door of a fine hotel in the south-east quarter of the town. Under our balcony flows the Kanagawa River, which at this hour of the night is full of pleasure-boats. The Dai-Sanji, or vice-governor, comes to pay us his compliments, and to announce the visit of the Chi-fu-ji, the following morning at seven o'clock; adding that the governor had chosen that early hour so that we might see the town before the great heats of the day.

The distance from Ôsaka to Fujimi is ten *ris*; from thence to Kiyôto three *ris*—in all about thirty miles.

*September* 23.—The two Ôsaka functionaries have just taken leave of us and been replaced by the vice-governor, Dai-Sanji, and another personage, both commissioned to do the honours of their town and accompany

us in our walks. They come at sunrise and unroll before us a paper six or eight feet long, on which are marked the names of the different temples we are to visit. It is with some difficulty that Mr. Enslie persuades them to cross out some of them. The chief of our guides is a little gentleman with a commonplace countenance, and a face terribly marked by the small-pox, but with bright, quick, intelligent eyes. He wears a cap of lacquered black paper, which looks like a plate with a point in the middle, and he has covered it, after the fashion of the Anglo-Indians, with a great veil of white muslin. A tunic of violet silk with a white border, and trousers and boots of European fashion, make up his costume. By an ingenious contrivance he has passed his two sabres through the gussets of his waistcoat, which takes the place of the ordinary handsome Japanese waistband. One of these swords, which is a masterpiece of chasing and incrustation, has belonged to his family ever since the reign of Taiko-Sama. Altogether, the appearance of this little gentleman is highly comic. He is also a perfect type of a bureaucrat of the first water. Very respectful towards his superiors, and of an exquisite politeness towards us, he is stiff with his subordinates, and sucks in with evident delight the profound salutations which he receives from the people. His second, more advanced than himself in the path of progress, wears his rough, stiff, and badly-brushed hair in the European fashion. His greatcoat and trousers fit abominably; the use of a shirt or a cravat is still unknown to him; his varnished boots are evidently a misery to him, for whenever he can he replaces them with the sandals of

his country. He is a young man with a frank, open countenance, and if dressed like a Japanese, would be a good-looking fellow; but the costume of the "barbarians" makes him appear both awkward and vulgar.

At seven o'clock precisely the Chi-fu-ji appears at the hotel. On his arrival there is a regular *kow-tow*. Everyone prostrates himself before him, and we hear the noise of all the foreheads knocking against the ground. This great man overwhelms us with civilities. Intimately connected with the authors of the reform movement, he has only occupied his present post for a short time; but he has already done great things for public education, and opened several schools for young girls. Until now, with rare exceptions among the upper classes, women were never taught to read or write. Like Iwakura and Kido, he affirmed that the transformation of Japan would be accomplished in three years. I admire this strength of conviction; it is a pledge of success, if success be possible.

To go from our hotel, which is in the south-east quarter of Kiyôto, to the castle of the Mikado, which is at the extreme north, we have to cross the town in all its length. At the head of our procession marches the functionary belonging to the governor, a samurai mounted on an enormous big black horse, which, according to the taste of these two-sworded gentlemen, has been trained to caper and kick out at his neighbours. Six guards on horseback immediately precede us. The sanji and his second are on each side of the Europeans. The *bettos* follow on foot. It is with great difficulty that we prevent their seizing the

bridles of our horses. Six yakunins with two swords and on horseback and a body of foot-soldiers form our rear-guard. Altogether we are more than forty people, so that our triumphal march produces a great sensation. The passers-by stop, the merchants and shopkeepers rush to the doors of their houses. All prostrate themselves before the sanji, and salute the other officers to the ground. Towards the two barbarians they make attempt at civility. We are stared at with curiosity and coldness; in certain quarters, inhabited, I suppose, by conservatives, or by *wrong-thinkers*, as our sanji says, the looks cast upon us are anything but friendly; decidedly, we are not popular. My eyeglass makes a great sensation. When we halt, the principal persons draw near and ask permission to try it. They pass it from hand to hand, and having excited the admiration of some hundreds of persons, it is given back to me with endless demonstrations of respect and gratitude. The Mikado's palace occupies a vast space. The servants' quarter and the lodgings of the smaller officials and samurais are built within the first inclosure, and are only distinguished from the rest of the town by that solemn calm, that indescribable court atmosphere which one generally breathes in the neighbourhood of royal residences. Here, in the same way, everyone seems to feel his own importance, and to take part in the splendour of the emperor whom he serves, but whom, unfortunately, he has lost for ever.

In the second space, *i.e.* that comprised between the first inclosure and the second, and called "Of the Nine Doors," which, in fact, form a very high wall, are the palaces of the court aristocracy, the Kugés.

Their yashkis, like those of the daimios, are surrounded with little gardens, where laurels alternate with dwarf cedars, and with the very largest weeping willows I have ever seen.

One of the principal objects of my journey to Kiyôto was to visit the emperor's castle, the *pied-à-terre* of this mysterious personage, whose real home is in Olympus, since he is the son of the gods. To compare his palace with the magnificent residences of the Sioguns at Yedo, Ôsaka, and Kiyôto even, would be, I hoped, to lift a corner of the veil which still hangs over the relations between the Sioguns and the Mikado, and which are so little understood. But at Yedo and at Yokohama, everyone had said to me: "Don't think of it. The abode of the gods is inaccessible to mortals." That might be very true; but I did not despair. Thanks to the amiable and always efficacious intervention of Mr. Adams and M. Satow, after a good many hesitations, Iwakura had furnished me with a letter for the superintendent of the palace, containing an order to let me see within the "nine doors" of the second inclosure; that is, to admit me within the kugés' quarter. "From thence," he said, "you can see the palace perfectly."

But, arrived on the spot, and finding that through these famous gateways, which were fortunately open, one only saw another wall and not a sign of the palace, I insisted upon entering the second inclosure, which led to the third. The sanji could not conceal his surprise, not to say his displeasure. What unheard-of pretension! That may be; but still, I insist. The matter becomes serious. Our friend is

evidently shaken. His remonstrances give place to entreaties, to forced laughter, and finally to an embarrassed silence. At these symptoms of indecision I put spurs to my horse and pass quickly through the forbidden portal, dragging after me the two great functionaries and our whole escort.

Arrived in this second court, we look at one another in silence. Consternation is depicted on all these countenances. A great sacrilege has been committed! That is evident. But they accept it at last as an accomplished fact, and we make the tour of the third and last inclosure called of "The Six Doors." We pass successively before the great portal called "The South;" before that of "The Sun," which faces the east, and those of "The Garden," "The Mikado's Wives," "The Kitchens," and the "Functionaries;" turning to the north-east, north-west, and south-west. All these doors resembled the portals of the temples. They are made of wood, which has become grey under the influence of centuries. Here and there are remains of sculpture and gilding which is hardly perceptible; but there is neither lacquer nor painting. The inclosure consists of a basement of cut stone on which rises a sloping wall, made of wood, covered with cement, painted grey and divided into compartments. A little roof of black tiles protects it from the rain. It was impossible to see anything of the palace save some gables and a few trees. Some of the six doors were closed; others were half-open. Whenever I tried to peer into the sanctuary, the imploring looks of the sanji stopped me. Mr. Enslie in vain exhausted himself in arguments which might

overcome his scruples. The answer invariably was: "The superintendence of the palace is not in the province of the administration; the superintendent belonged to the old court party who were hostile to the present ministry, to progress, and especially to Europeans." As a last favour the sanji leads us to the door of the kitchens and lets us see, above the low roofs of certain small houses, the gable end of the great hall of the palace. "Well, are you satisfied?" he exclaimed with a forced laugh: "on your return to Europe you will be able to boast of having seen what no one sees—the emperor's palace." And he hastens to turn his bridle, adding that it is late; that the Chi-fu-ji was waiting for us at the castle; that the road was long; that it was very hot; and that it was time to think of breakfast. "No," I replied, "I am not satisfied with your conduct. How! You imitate our customs, you dress yourself up in our costume, you think yourself in the full vein of civilization; and yet you are superstitious enough to exclude us from the residence of your sovereign! How they will laugh at you in Europe when they hear that the permission to cast a look at the Mikado's kitchen is all that your pretended civilization amounts to!" Mr. Enslie had scarcely translated these words than a complete silence fell upon them all. As far as his Mongol tint will allow, the sanji blushes. A short conversation in a low voice takes place between him and his subordinate. "You are right," he said at last, "they would laugh at us." He then offered to go and find the superintendent, adding, however, that he did not expect any favourable result from this step,

as, except Sir Harry Parkes and his three colleagues, whose short apparition produced such a ferment and occasioned the massacres, no European has ever set foot within this inclosure. In the meanwhile we rest under a magnificent lime-tree. A group forms itself round us at a respectful distance. They are the servants of the kugés. We are struck by their costume and by the coquettish coiffure of the maid-servants. In the rest of the inclosure there is not a soul: nothing but the monotony of the walls. The eye involuntarily rises towards the summit of the trees and the blue mountains which form the horizon.

Half an hour passes like this. At last, our ambassadors joyfully return. We are to be admitted. The superintendent and his assistant only beg leave to be allowed time to put on their court dresses. After another quarter of an hour's delay they make their appearance. They look very sulky; but they put a good face upon it and allow us to cross the threshold of the forbidden city. We enter by the "Functionaries" doorway. In spite of a broiling sun, everyone bares his head. As for us, we are requested at least to fold our parasols in token of respect. The men in our suite throw themselves on the ground and pick up the little pebbles with which it is strewed, inviting us to follow their example. These stones are talismans, which are thought to preserve them from illness. We find ourselves in a spacious and solitary court. A profound silence reigns here. In the shade of a doorway, three guards, like statues, are seated immovable on their heels. Behind them, a great screen, ornamented with paintings on a gold ground,

prevent profane eyes from penetrating into the interior. At this moment, a kugé, in a great robe of cloth of gold, with wide stiff sleeves, crosses the court with measured steps, passes before the guards, who do not budge, and disappears behind the screen. This court, like all those we have seen, is surrounded by a covered gallery which follows the line of the wall. The columns are painted red and white; one finds the same colours in all the temples of the Sintoo rite. Arrived at the end of the gallery, the superintendent, whose embarrassment and bad humour are on the increase, is about to make us go back the same way we came. But this time our sanji openly takes part with the barbarians; he gesticulates, screams, and gets crimson with rage. Mr. Enslie backs him up; and in spite of the angry protestations of his subordinate, the scruples of the superintendent are at last overruled. Similar scenes are renewed at each door; but fortunately all are open and I go boldly through them, as soon as I see the authorities beginning to waver or give way. I had been told at Yedo: "The Japanese bureaucrats are stupid and heavy, and delight in creating difficulties; but with patience, civility and firmness you can get over them." This advice stood me in good stead to-day.

We are in the court of honour, at the bottom of which, in front of the southern gate, is a great isolated building, called the hall of audience. A projecting piece of wall serves as a screen to this sanctuary and protects it, even when the door of the inclosure is open, from the curious eyes of the passers-by. It was in this hall that Sir Harry Parkes and

his three colleagues, with their suite, were admitted to the emperor's presence; the first, and until this moment the last time that Europeans had set foot in it. The diplomats are introduced by the great door and are re-conducted by the same way. The other parts of the palace remain, consequently, inaccessible. The hall of audience is of wood; the flooring is raised four feet above the soil and a large staircase leads to it. The building is a parallelogram. One side looks on the court and makes a handsome façade. The roof is double, very high, very heavy and overhangs the walls by several feet. The ends of the beams which support it are richly sculptured and gilt. The wood-work, according to the taste and traditions of the court of the Mikados, is neither painted nor lacquered. This hall was rebuilt about twenty years ago. There are no interior fittings save the usual fine matting on the floor. The darkness of the room did not enable us to examine the ornaments on the panels, if there were any. Round the court of honour there is another gallery painted red and white.

In an isolated pavilion had been preserved, from time immemorial, the mystic insignia of supreme power among the Mikados, namely, the sword of state, a casket and a mirror. These precious objects were last year transported to Yedo. After fresh discussions, ending by fresh concessions, we passed into the court which leads to "the Portal of the Sun" or the east. To sum up all in a few words, the Mikado's palace, which, if you leave out the two kugés' and servants' quarters, covers but a small space, is only distinguished from the yashkis by rather

larger dimensions and by the essentially sacred character of its architecture. It is a labyrinth of courts, of narrow passages formed by separate buildings, of pavilions, corridors and simple partitions. The roofs, like those of all the Sintoo temples, rest on horizontal beams, lacquered white and red and gilt at the extremities. They are likewise ornamented with little sculptures some of which are real *chefs-d'œuvre*. At the angles of each building are projecting pieces of wall serving as screens, built of stone, or wood, and covered with cement. The partitions are like those in all the other houses: *i.e.* movable and covered with little square pieces of white paper. Sometimes they are protected by wooden gratings. I admired their design, which was at the same time varied, simple and elegant. The shutters have also kept the natural colour of the wood, only varying with age, from pale mahogany colour to light grey. Here and there the sameness is relieved by rods of black lacquer. The effect of the whole is indescribable. The sober and soft harmony of the colours, the beauty of the details, the finish of the ornaments, which seem to be kept in the background rather than startle the eye, the exquisite taste, the elegance and noble simplicity which pervade this mysterious and inaccessible place, make you forget the barbaric character of the architecture. There is nowhere the smallest trace of those open-work sculptured alto-relievos which we admired in the Shiba of Yedo, and in general in all the buildings erected by Taiko-Sama; the taste and the Sintoo traditions of the Mikados probably disdained them.

"But where are the living rooms, the bedroom of the emperor?" "In the garden." "Let us go then into the garden." "Impossible. Two doors alone lead to it. One, the door of honour; this one is not to be thought of; it would wound the susceptibility of the people beyond bearing. The other is nailed up. Therefore, you see, it is absolutely impossible." "We never thought of pretending to the honour of entering by the great door. We are modest people. But nothing is easier than to pass by the one which is nailed up. A pair of pincers and a little good will are all that is needful." This time, I own, before the visible despair of the sanji and the superintendent, and before the scarcely-repressed rage of his subordinate, who, in a low voice, was evidently conjuring his chief not to yield, I was disposed to stop and give up any further attempt to penetrate into the holy of holies. But Mr. Enslie had no idea of being so easily discouraged. He enters into conversation with our Cerberuses and actually succeeds in wheedling them. We therefore enter the garden by the postern gate. I need not add that, as to the nails, they had only existed in the fertile imagination of the steward.

The Mikado's garden contained nothing but a little pond affecting to be a lake. On two sides there are some fine old trees. On the third a wall: and on the fourth, two low houses, resting on beams and united by a corridor. This was the residence of the Mikado and of his wives; we did not see the inside: they told us that all the mattings and the precious objects which it contained had been sent to Yedo. A zigzag bridge was thrown over the little lake. This

strange shape, which is very much the fashion in China, is intended to resemble a serpent and indirectly a dragon, the symbol of supreme power. The state of neglect in which we found the garden of the son of the gods sufficiently explained the extreme reluctance of the steward to let us in. The whole place spoke of the absence of the master. The little piece of water was covered with dead leaves and vegetable matter. Grass was growing over the walks: only a few flower-pots arranged before the houses, testify to the existence of a gardener. But even without dwelling on the absence of care, everything here is small and mean, excepting the trees. What a contrast between the truly imperial park of the Yedo palace, the work of the Sioguns, and this miserable tea-garden of the son of the gods!

On leaving the palace, we went to the Castle; it is situated in the western part of the town. To arrive there we had to cross Kiyôto in all its length, and that in a heat which was almost unbearable. I will only briefly mention what struck me most in this other curious and magnificent building. Rebuilt from the ground by Taiko-Sama, it bears the stamp of the genius and power of this great man. Before it is a vast esplanade bordered on one side by magnificent trees. The outside wall is like that of the palace, only more solid. The entrance door, in grey wood, leads into a spacious court. In front is the portal of the main building; I admire the *sopra-porta;* it is most richly worked with birds and flowers in high relief, painted and gilt, reminding one of the windows of the Shiba.

The apartments, which are a repetition, only on a larger and finer scale, of those which one sees in the palaces of the daimios, are specially remarkable for their height; for in Japan the houses are ordinarily low. Everything here breathes of the splendour of that epoch which was the golden age of the Sioguns and the golden age of the arts.[1] On ceilings of dead gold, the sculptured beams cross one another in a kind of chequer-work, and rosettes of gilt bronze elegantly carved, are placed at the intersection of each square. We passed through several rooms before arriving at the great hall, which is eighty feet long, thirty feet wide, and twenty-two feet high. The ceiling, which is in the same style as the one I have described above, is of rare beauty. On the walls and movable partitions are painted great trees in a free, bold style, but not altogether without the exaggerations which are according to the taste of the country.[2]

Round this hall runs a lobby, of which the windows pierced high up in the wall, like those of the Shiba, are of a wonderful richness and variety. There is the same style, although less rich, in the apartments where the Sioguns in old times received the daimios and the

[1] This epoch embraces about half a century, from 1580 to 1630.

[2] I took advantage of a moment when our host was absent to make a sketch of this hall, which I compared later with a drawing made by Englebert Kaempfer, in 1691, and which is precisely the same. Perhaps it was in this very room that the Dutch Legation had their audience, at which the clever German assisted. We know that the Mikados often lived in the castle, especially during the visits of the Sioguns, to whom it belonged until the dignity was abolished. See the French "History of Japan," by E. Kaempfer. Translated from the German. The Hague, 1729.

kugés. The room which the Siogun himself occupied is ornamented with panels in old lacquer-work and contains some valuable pictures, which refute the generally admitted supposition that the Japanese were ignorant of the rules of perspective. The Siogun emblem, a trefoil surrounded by a ring, is here repeated *ad infinitum*.

After a collation served in the great hall, the Chi-fu-ji took us all over the apartments in the castle, and then through the official rooms, which within the last few days have been fitted up with chairs and tables. The clerks were sitting at them awkwardly enough, writing as quickly as they could, for, of course, on the appearance of their chief, etiquette alone would have prescribed redoubled zeal. In each room is a stand for the swords of the company. That is an important piece of furniture; for they do not play at swords in this country; and such of the officials as belong to the military took care not to let you forget that, before everything, they were gentlemen. The sabre is the essential—the pen, or rather pencil, is the accessory. There was a little circumstance which happened two or three months ago illustrating this feeling. Two members of the diplomatic corps of Yokohama came to Kiyôto. In a little town in the neighbourhood, during a halt, one of them, by accident, touched the sabre of a yakunin with his foot. This man thought himself dishonoured. His colleagues first, and then the idlers of the town, all began to pity the unfortunate yakunin, who declared that he could not survive such an affront, and that he must perform *hari-kari*. The position of the Euro-

peans was becoming critical, when one of the Japanese interpreters had the happy inspiration to say to the yakunin: "You left your sword on the mat and not in the stand as you ought to have done. It was, therefore, by pure chance that the stranger lord touched your sword; and with no intention of offending you. Your honour is safe." This interpretation satisfied everybody, especially the officer, who was spared having to open his belly, and the two travellers, who hastened to leave a country where the population were so ticklish on a point of honour.

The governor was amiable enough to have a dinner prepared for us at the town hall, which, according to his programme, was one of the places we were to visit. In a fine hall of this building they had laid the table, which was covered with a silk carpet, and ornamented with an immense nosegay of flowers, five or six feet high, such as we see in the temples; an English carpet covered the matting, and on the chairs they had thrown some beautiful shawls. Places were laid for the two Europeans and the two sanjis. The officers of the suite dined in the same room, seated on the floor, and the others in the adjoining rooms. The repast was copious and the dishes were very varied. The principal one, of course, was the famous Tay fish. It is cut in slices alive, and they hastened to put it on the table, pouring into its eyes some drops of vinegar. The muscles give a convulsive movement. The slices wriggle asunder and the wretched animal seems to expire. This time the experiment did not succeed; but several Europeans have assured me that

they were eye-witnesses of this cruel and disgusting spectacle.

" Ma io nol viddi, nè credo che sia."

Alongside of the dining-hall is the school of the quarter—a great room filled with great and little girls and great and little boys, all busy in blackening paper which was already black enough. In Kiyôto there are sixty-four schools. The present governor, who is a man of progress, has the merit of having opened the greater number.

After having paid a visit to the Sintoo temple, Kitano--tenjin, consecrated to the memory of a celebrated warrior of the fifteenth century, we passed through some interminable streets, always going westward. At last we got out of the town. Long avenues of fine trees, growing on the banks of a stream, lead to a chain of wooded hills. Above, and at a distance of some miles, high mountains close the valley of Kiyôto towards the west. We have come to the end and object of our walk : one of the richest of the Buddhist temples, named Kin-kaku-ji, and dedicated to Tojimizu, one of the heroes of Japan. This building, erected towards the year 1420, is only distinguished from the other temples before Taiko-Sama by the beauty and extent of its shrubberies. The art of Japanese gardening is brought to the greatest perfection here, but at the same time goes to the utmost limits of the grotesque. To give an example, they have turned a colossal pine into a boat, the trunk being the mast, the upper branches forming the yards, and the lower ones the oars. The real poetical charm of this place

consists in its wonderful solitude, and the beautiful peeps one has of the neighbouring country, while the town is entirely hidden behind a thick curtain of foliage.

At a little distance is a rising ground, from the summit of which I feel sure there must be a beautiful view of Kiyôto. Unfortunately, this spot is not marked in the governor's programme. The good sanji points this out to me by unrolling the paper on which is our itinerary. But emboldened by my success in the morning, I quietly go up the Mamelon by myself, leaving Mr. Enslie to pacify the guards. Seeing that I was thus determined, they hastened to dismount and follow me, irreverently fastening their horses to the balustrade of the temple. The ascent is very steep, but the view amply rewards us. At our feet was spread the whole town and valley of Kiyôto. The centre looked like an ocean of black roofs, surrounded by an equally wide ocean of green trees. The frame of the picture was composed of mountains bathed in tints of grey and pink. But what a rose-colour! and what pearly-grey tints!

In spite of our putting our horses at a quick trot, we took an hour and twenty minutes to reach our hotel. It is pitch-dark when we arrive. On the river, like yesterday, there is a kind of Venetian *fête:* pleasure-boats, with their coloured lanterns dancing on the water; songs, music, cries of various kinds—the whole shrouded in the soft darkness of a mild summer's night.

*September* 24.—The best artists of the town came to us to-day, bringing a heap of curiosities; amongst them there are some real *chefs-d'œuvre.* Unfortu-

nately, the rich people in Japan like collecting too, so that the prices are exorbitant. The things in modern lacquer and the ivory sculpture seem to me infinitely superior to those one sees at Yokohama or even at Yedo. As to the bronzes, they are quite exceptionally beautiful. I chose a cup and a metal box, incrusted with gold and silver, both of them the work of the famous Goroza. An inscription on the back gives the name of the artist, and it is said that this illustrious family of goldsmiths, the Cellinis of Japan, has flourished for nine generations.

At seven o'clock we resume our walks round Kiyôto, Nishi-hon-guan-ji, the great Buddhist temple of the Montô sect, erected in the thirteenth century, and almost entirely rebuilt by Taiko-Sama, is composed of two separate buildings united by a gallery, and standing at the bottom of an oblong court. There is only one tree, but it is the growth of centuries. Two doorways give access to this vast inclosure. The two temples are of the era of the great Siogun. One is consecrated to Shinranshôzo, the founder of the Montô sect, the other to the goddess Amida.

We enter the great hall, which is in the form of a parallelogram, 124 feet long by 56 feet wide. The lower end is filled by five separate chapels, divided one from another by partitions. The middle one is the sanctuary. One would think that the artist had studied and imitated the gothic churches of Florence. In front is a passage railed off from the hall by a balustrade. The roof is supported by columns without capitals, in the natural colour of the wood. The temple was full of men and women dressed in white. Even

those who had nothing, but a piece of linen round their loins wore a little bit of white paper in their hair. White is the colour of mourning. They were allowed to pass through the passage by turns. They prostrated themselves in the sanctuary, said the prayer for the dead, which was an affair of a moment, and then poured out to the right and left, laughing and talking. In spite of the enormous crowd, there was neither press nor confusion. The faith and devotion of these good people were a source of great amusement to our sanji. Like all men of his stamp, his object was to make us see how little he believed in any religion. The panels of the chapels and the backs of the doors, which were all wide open at this hour, are richly gilt and ornamented by *sopra-portas*, also finely sculptured and gilt. The sanctuary is really magnificent. On the altar, which is lacquered black, stands a bronze *tempietto*, or tabernacle, richly chiselled and gilt. It is closed, but I conclude that it holds the idol. Before the altar is an oblong table, covered by a silk carpet, richly embroidered in the Byzantine style. On it stands the incense-burner, two tablets, and two beautiful china vases, one of which contains an immense nosegay of fresh flowers. Six low stools in black lacquer, ornamented with gilt arabesques, are placed symmetrically on both sides of the altar. The panels of the sanctuary are ornamented with paintings on a dead gold ground. Four great lamps, hung from the ceiling, and also gilt, mingle their pale lights with the reflection of the sun's rays from the court outside, glide through the forest of columns in the hall, and concentrate themselves in the sanctuary,

which they flood with a brilliant glow, like an illumination.

The residence of the goddess is like that of the god. This great and celebrated temple, one of the glories of this ancient capital, and at the same time one of the most venerable sanctuaries of the empire, is richly endowed. Until lately, it was served by a multitude of bonzes. But notwithstanding the consideration which the importance of the Montöite sect requires of the ministry, financial embarrassments have prevailed over the rules of prudence, and the respect due to vested rights. The Government has consequently reduced the number of these priests, confiscated part of their revenues to the profit of the state, and appropriated to itself some of the finest buildings belonging to the temple. At this moment they are being converted into apartments for distinguished guests. In one of these was a beautiful picture representing three women going into a palace. It is worthy of one of our finest old masters, and the perspective is excellent. All these buildings, temples, and houses, excepting a little gateway, evidently much more ancient, bear the stamp of the *baroque* style of Taiko-Sama and his immediate successors. The emblem of the great regent,[1] is again found here: only it is composed of three trefoils, which meet in the middle and are inscribed in a circle. The shape of the leaves is heraldic, and not of that natural kind

[1] Taiko-Sama was never a Siogun. His name was *Toyotomi Hidiyoshi*, and his official title *Kuambaku*, which means regent. When he abdicated in favour of his son, he took the title of *Taiko*, or regent in retreat.

which the Japanese know so well how to imitate. The sacred wood, which stretches a long way behind the temple, is supposed to be the finest and largest in Japan. Its palms and bananas give it a tropical look. Everywhere one meets with *souvenirs* of the life and actions of Taiko-Sama. Here he rested during the heat of mid-day; there he would stand to look at the full moon; there two birds, which are nearly rubbed out on the wall, are *his* painting, &c.

I have paid a visit to a multitude of other temples, which I pass over in silence. The most remarkable is Higachi, in the style of the one I have just described, and also the work of Taiko-Sama: a fire has lately destroyed a large portion of it. Mr. Enslie possesses a MS., giving the dates of the foundation of these sanctuaries,[1] several of which, if this document is to be believed, date from the ninth and tenth centuries.

In spite of the interest attaching to these temples, one very soon tires of them. Heaps of questions present themselves to one's mind: but no one can answer them. Our knowledge of the sacred and mythological history of Japan is still very incomplete. On the other hand, the bonzes, in a suffocating heat, make you rush up and down, scramble up perpendicular and very shaky ladders, plunge into caverns, and all this to show you a stone, a kiosk, or a hut, to which some absurd miracle is attached or some ridiculous legend, deprived of all historical interest.

[1] The oldest dates are 839, 870, 950, 1162, 1185, and 1240. According to this MS. the Temple of Taiko-Sama, which I have just described, was built in 1578, and the Higachi in 1592.

The temples of Kiyôto and its neighbourhood are really innumerable. Some of them are endowed with lands, and at this moment these are being mercilessly seized by the Government. Others have a subvention from the State, which consists of rations of rice; but a large number of the priests live upon alms.

One curious fact, attesting the great part once played by the Sioguns who were Buddhists, in the residence and under the very eyes of the Mikados, who officially at least are Sintooites, is, that Kiyôto reckons more than 3,000 Buddhist temples.

To the south-east of the town, beyond Kanagawa, are the Guiōn-machi and Shima-barra quarters, consecrated especially to houses of entertainment and pleasure-gardens. They cover the sides of the mountains which bound the Kiyôto valley towards the east. The most elegant tea-houses (the favourite resorts of young men and dancers) succeed one another without intermission. We turned towards Guiōn-machi, and there fancy-fairs and feasts seem permanent institutions. Everywhere you saw poles ornamented with flags, festoons of flowers, or strings with little bits of paper, stretched across the streets from house to house. The sound of guitars and flutes mingles with the songs and noisy laughter of the guests. A very steep path led us up to the most fashionable of these tea-houses, from whence the view is really magnificent. I need not dwell on the "imperial" repast which the Chi-fu-ji, in the name of the Mikado, had prepared for us at the "Rocher de Cancale" of Guiōn-machi; nor on all the delicacies served to us by the master of the establishment, accompanied by an endless number of *kow-tows*.

On leaving this elegant feast, we passed before a little sanctuary, where about a dozen bonzes, squatted on the ground and ranged in one line, sang litanies, each beating a big drum. Close by, the crowd was amusing itself, without paying the smallest attention to the priests. Under a shed, a little further on, an old man offered me some photographs. He had never seen a European before, and had learnt his art from a native. From a technical point of view, his photographs perhaps might have been improved, but he possessed another talent, which is heaven-born; and that is, the art of seizing objects by their prettiest and most picturesque side.

At a little distance is the temple of Chionin, which is become historical by the residence of Sir Harry Parkes, during his short apparition at the court of the Mikado.

On our return they made us follow the route which witnessed the procession of the British Legation to the imperial palace, on the 23rd March, 1869. Mr. Enslie, who was one of the eye-witnesses, showed me the very spot where the attack was made. Sir Harry, on horseback, like all his secretaries, wore the full dress of an envoy; but to conform to the custom of the country on such occasions, and to prove the pacific character of his mission, he had given his sword to one of his suite. Thirteen English orderlies on horseback preceded him. Fifty men of a line regiment, from the garrison of Yokohama, brought to add to the *éclat* of the embassy, and, if necessary, to protect it, followed the chief and the members of the legation. A mass of Japanese functionaries, samurais, and soldiers closed the column. There were between a

thousand and twelve hundred men in the procession. An enormous crowd was tightly pressed against the houses. The first half of the escort and the minister himself had just turned the corner of a narrow street opening on one of the great thoroughfares, when signs of disorder appeared at the head of the procession. Two great swords flashed in the air. In an instant nine out of the thirteen orderlies fell grievously, though not mortally, wounded. One of the assassins, a samurai, brandishing his bloody sword, then rushed upon the envoy. Sir Harry, though not armed, with that wonderful intrepidity which he gave proof of during his terrible captivity in China, did not betray the least fear. Already his assailant had lifted his sword ; but at the moment of striking, he slipped his foot and fell. All this was the affair of a moment. Covered with wounds, the samurai crawled away and took refuge in a shop. Some Japanese soldiers pursued him, dragged him from his hiding-place, and dispatched him. The other murderer, a bonze, equally badly wounded, was spared, thanks to the intervention of one of the envoy's secretaries. He was afterwards, however, tried in a native court, condemned, and executed. Mr. Enslie, who was in the suite of the minister, had not turned the corner of the street. He heard confused and sinister sounds and guessed there was some mischief, but could not advance. Looking back, he saw only the fifty English soldiers, whom the obstruction—caused by the horses and orderlies stretched on the ground—prevented from being able in any way to help the minister. The functionaries, samurais, native troops, and inhabitants, who, a moment before, crowded the

streets, had all disappeared as if by magic. A void had been made round the Europeans, who hastened to regain the temple which they had left. While this horribly bloody scene was taking place in one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the city, the Mikado, seated on his throne in his palace, and surrounded by all the great dignitaries of the empire, waited in vain for the envoy of the Queen of England. The whole population were in a state of silent ferment; a repetition of the attack was to be apprehended. However, the audience took place; after which the envoys returned to Ôsaka.

The judicial inquiry which was soon after set on foot, and other information gathered from the best sources, prove that this attempt, like all those directed against the Europeans at Yedo and in the neighbourhood of Yokohama, arose from political fanaticism. A sudden inspiration, perhaps a stronger libation of saki than usual, arms these murderers, who have already made the sacrifice of their own lives. It is evident that for two men to attack a column of more than a thousand men, all armed, they must have made up their minds to die. The presence of the English Legation had stirred up that hatred against all foreigners which is so universal among the upper classes in Japan, and nowhere more than in the former residence of the Mikados. These two men had simply made themselves the interpreters of the popular will in attacking the English with the rapidity of lightning and the boldness which a resolution to perish alone could give. It is always the same story. Two samurais drink together in a tea-house. They begin talking of

the foreigners. One gets excited and says, "I am quite determined to kill one of them." Another gets up and cries, "I'm your man—we'll go together." They go out and with their swords, which are as sharp as razors, they cut in pieces the first white man they may chance to meet. They do not for a moment forget that their own lives will be forfeited by the act. They make up their minds beforehand to sacrifice them. They know very well that they shall be executed, and if they are nobles that they shall have the privilege of performing *hari-kari*.[1] But in any case, they are dead men. Never mind! Their name will go down to posterity, their tombs will never lack branches of trees or incense, and the veneration of future generations will surround their memories with the aureola of heroes and martyrs. This fanaticism, which is essentially political and not religious, seems to come out of the very bowels of the nation. It is clothed with the veil of chivalry among the nobles, and justified in their eyes by the contempt of death; while it strikes its victims with an unheard-of boldness and rapidity. This is, for Europeans, the only real danger of journeys into the interior.

Kiyôto, situated in the province of Yamaskiro,[2] has been, according to native historians, the residence of the Mikado ever since the eighth century, that is, in 798. But this very ancient Kiyôto has well nigh

[1] An edict, published in consequence of this attack, and which was first put in force in 1872, deprives the samurais who shall have killed a foreigner of the privilege of committing suicide.

[2] This central portion of Japan is called Gôkinai. It consists of five provinces: Yamaskiro, Yamato, Idsumi, Kavaji, and Setsu.

disappeared in consequence of a succession of fires. Before the transfer of the court to Yedo this town reckoned more than 400,000 souls. In the last two years this number has fallen to 200,000. I need not repeat that these statistics rest on approximate calculations. The streets traverse the town in a straight line from north to south, and from east to west, crossing one another at right angles. Seven of these streets being wider and inhabited by the higher classes, are distinguished by numbers, No. 1 belonging to that which leads to the imperial palace; they are from twelve to twenty feet wide, and their length varies from three to five miles. The cross streets, which are less wide and not more than two and a half miles long, are honoured with names. The houses are all built of one story, like all the other towns in this country. Each contains a shop. Since the departure of the court a great many proprietors have followed the emperor and shut up their habitations at Kiyôto, but they have not dismantled them. I have already described that second inclosure of the palace, the "Faubourg St. Germain" of the kugés. One hundred and twenty of these noble lords have remained here with their families. The rest have gone to settle in Yedo. Excepting the two or three great thoroughfares I have mentioned, the streets of Kiyôto are not very lively. The principal source of its prosperity has dried up, and its very life is waning. Only foot-passengers are to be seen, no jinrikishas, no carriages, very few horsemen. Sometimes, though very rarely, one meets carriages drawn by black oxen. The inhabitants are of a much fairer tint than the

population of Yedo, and the women seem to me to deserve their reputation for beauty. For the last fortnight, two Europeans in the Japanese service have been living at Kiyôto; one, an English engineer, employed in the preliminary plan of a railroad, which is to unite this town with Ôsaka; the other, a Prussian schoolmaster, who has been sent for to teach German to the children of the Rising Sun. I regretted very much not having seen either of these two pioneers of civilization.

According to what they tell me, opinions are very much divided among the upper classes at this moment. The reformers scandalize the old conservatives in a thousand ways; they go so far as to defile themselves by eating meat at Kiyôto. As at Yedo, a butcher's shop has just been established, and once a week the innovators may eat beef. The Japanese, in general, have a perfect horror of meat. They live on barley, rice, fish, and only on rare occasions, allow themselves poultry or pork, which already in the eyes of the orthodox is a great sin. Bread, which they scarcely ever touch, is called *pan* (pão). This is the only trace which the Portuguese have left of their passage in the sixteenth century. The princes of Tosa and Chôshiu are among the reformers. Chôshiu had ordered his soldiers to eat meat "to give them strength," as he announced in his edict. This innovation created a tremendous opposition, and it required energetic measures to overcome the objectors.

The Prince of Tosa wished to replace the straw sandals of his soldiers with leather shoes; but as any contact with the skin of an animal is looked upon as

a defilement, excepting for *etas*, who are themselves impure, no one could be found who would undertake to make shoes of this kind. The prince finally overcame this resistance by promising, by an edict, titles of nobility to such shoemakers as should second his views of civilization.

During these two days, which have been entirely spent on foot or on horseback, we have gone to every part of the town and visited an immense number of temples and monuments, but unfortunately not half of those which the governor had inscribed on our itinerary. Our sanji, in consequence, is very much put out. He fears the displeasure of his chief; and besides, he personally had set his heart on showing us certain stones and mystic inscriptions which had worked prodigies; for, strange to say, or less strange, perhaps, than one might fancy, this man, all free-thinker as he is, believes in the most absurd miracles. But in spite of his regrets, he took very good care not to press us to stay. If it be true that Kiyôto is the hot-bed of the conservative and anti-European opposition, we ought to congratulate ourselves that no disagreeable adventure has troubled the sojourn of two white travellers like ourselves wandering alone in the heart of Japan.

## CHAPTER VII.

*THE LAKE OF BIVA.—FROM THE 25TH TO THE 27TH OF SEPTEMBER.*

Otsû.—The Lake.—Ishiyama.—The Governor and his Dai-sanji.—Ôwaku.—Udji.—Return to Ôsaka.—The Arts in Japan.

AT peep of day the sanji and his subordinate make their appearance in my bedroom. They are come to wish me good-bye, and have resumed their handsome Japanese dress. We can hardly recognize them, so completely have they the look of high-bred gentlemen in their natural costume. I cannot help complimenting them on the subject, which does not please them at all, as they pique themselves on their likeness to Europeans.

We started at eight o'clock. Preceded, surrounded, and followed by an escort of guards of honour, and spies (who drove us to despair), we crossed the great bridge of Kanagawa, and entered a mountainous gorge to the east of the town. In less than forty minutes we have attained the highest point of the defile, and turning to the north, descend rapidly towards a little plain. That part of the Tokaido

which we are now following is like the high street of a populous town. Nothing can be more busy than the scene: foot-passengers, travellers, messengers, (those Mercuries of Japan), men bearing great baskets of fish, which they have brought from the great lake, or the Northern Sea, coolies with their long bamboos, women, pilgrims, and a great number of carts drawn by oxen. The road is very well kept. Flagstones, placed transversely, preserve it from the ravages of the mountain torrents and heavy storms which are so frequent at certain seasons; the wheels of the carts leave deep traces on the stone.

The great suburb of Yamashina occupies the centre of a little table-land formed by the two crests of the mountain-chain, which, running from south-east to north-west, divides the Kiyôto valley from that of the great lake. We leave the Tokaido to take a shorter cross road, which, however, is more mountainous. We are going in the direction of north-north-west. The country has the general character of Japan, but it is less smiling. However, one sees everywhere cultivated fields. Following the windings of a narrow gorge, of which the flanks are cultivated up to the top by a succession of little terraces, and passing by rice-fields, which seem to be hung between the rocks, with thickets of bamboo, laurels, and maples, we reach the second crest of the mountains at about half-past nine. Then, after a short but very steep descent, we arrive at the great temple and first houses of the town of Otsû. The distance from Kiyôto is three *ris;* or a little more than eight miles.

The temple of Midêra, of the Tendais sect, is one

of the most considerable Buddhist establishments in Japan. Its foundation dates from the ninth century. Its revenues are 50,000 *kokus* of rice, representing a value of 40,000 *rios*, or more than 120,000 francs; an enormous sum, if you consider the present high price of specie. The Government, in consequence, is about to remodel the convent, and to reduce the bonzes to 300. Long, steep stone staircases lead up to the temple. The sanctuaries, the priests' houses, and the pilgrims' quarters are admirably kept up. Round the whole are the usual magnificent trees, like all the other sacred woods, but which one is never weary of admiring. Our yakunins told us laughing that women are only admitted into the garden once a year, for fear they should trouble the devotions of the priests. The great curiosity of this place and the glory and joy of the monks is a huge bell covered with inscriptions in Japanese characters, which dates from the first centuries of our era. Like all the bells of these temples, it is placed on a high wooden scaffolding; a kind of weighted battering-ram, hung close by, replaces the clapper. Whilst we are lounging about, enjoying the cool shade of the beautiful trees, curious and somewhat lugubrious sounds fall on our ears, softened by distance, but evidently coming from the neighbouring heights. We are told that they are the trumpets of the *tendaïte*, priests who are wandering over the mountains seeking for and calling on their gods. But what most of all attracted my attention was this great mysterious lake, so rarely beheld by Europeans. The *ken* of Otsû, which is the capital of the province, is placed on the slope of the mountain

which runs down to the lake. The lower part of the town stretches towards the shore. Seen from our present point, Otsû only presents a confused mass of grey and black roofs. Immediately after the last houses, to the east and south, rise magnificently-wooded mountains, the narrow gorges of which give access to the town. Before us, from west to north, above the sombre roofs of the houses, lies the lake, placid, silent, and solitary; not a sail enlivens its grey waters; only in the far distance we perceive to our surprise, a black, spiral column of smoke from the funnel of a steamer which is approaching. To our left, towards the north, low promontories richly cultivated, and groups of trees, forming a succession of little bays, break the line of the lake. They are the last spurs of the mountains, and prevent our seeing the extreme northern end of it. In front of us, towards the east, is spread a line of low hills, surmounted by the peaks of a high chain of mountains called Shigarakidane, which, running from south to north, forms the eastern border of the basin. These fantastic-shaped rocks, barren and bare, and, which is rare in Japan, without trees,—though, I am told, covered with lichens,—fall sheer down into the lake, their precipitous sides surmounted by peaks or domes. Thus, while the western shores of this sheet of water have all the charms of an idyllic poem, the opposite banks revel in a kind of wild and savage grandeur. To the north-north-east, and on the limit of the horizon, is another distant chain of mountains. One can clearly distinguish their outlines in spite of the distance and their blue tints, which are nearly as

light as the sky. This chain forms a kind of natural dyke against the furious blasts of the North Sea which dashes against its base.

The Lake of Biva—literally, "*a lute with four strings*,"—which in the old Jesuit maps of the sixteenth century is marked *Oits* (Otsû), and some modern charts call *Omi*, form a kind of irregular square, of which the length and breadth are from eighteen to nineteen *ris:* or forty-five to forty-eight miles. Its shores are tolerably well peopled. The most important points are the little towns of Hadjemanje on the east bank, and on the northern, Hikoneno-Mayebara, and Kaitsu. From this last place to Tsûruga, the nearest port to the North Sea, the distance is not more than seven *ris:* or about seventeen miles. A traveller leaving Otsû in the morning by the steamer, and walking the rest of the way, would easily reach Tsûruga in the evening. The distance from Ôsaka to Kiyôto is twelve *ris;* from Kiyôto to Otsû three *ris;* from Otsû to Hikoneno eighteen *ris;* from Hikoneno to Tsûruga seven *ris;* in all forty *ris;* or one hundred English miles. One must deduct the windings of the road, which are very considerable in the mountains; and those on the Yodogawa River, whereby the distance from Ôsaka to Tsûruga would be much diminished. Thus the heart of the principal islands of Japan, which extend in a diagonal line from the 34th to the 42nd degree of latitude, is composed of a great sheet of water separated from the two seas only by a narrow chain of mountains—strange configuration! of which the globe, I think, contains few other examples.

On the northern bank of the lake silkworms are largely cultivated. The cocoons are sent to Otsû, and from thence to Ôsaka and Hiôgo. For some little time a company of native shareholders has established three steamers which leave Otsû in the morning, make the tour of the lake, and return at night. They have absorbed all the traffic, and are the cause of the disappearance of the sailing ships.

At Yokohama the fertile imagination of certain speculators has conjured up a wonderful picture of the fertility of this soil, the possible development of trade, and the superabundance of population in these regions, which they have never visited. To believe their statements, this enormous amount of produce only needs an outlet. It is a sort of Promised Land which must be opened to civilization and European commerce. The Government of Yedo, entering, to a certain extent, into their views, has sent, as we have seen, an English engineer to Kiyôto. He is employed to make a plan for a new line of railroad from this town to Ôsaka, and to prolong it eventually to Tsûruga. Without wishing in any way to prejudge the development of which the agriculture and commerce of this part of Japan may be susceptible, I own that this solitary sheet of water, surrounded by rocks and rice fields, and to the north only, by some mulberry plantations, that this much vaunted lake, I say, of which the whole traffic is easily done by three little steamers, does not seem to me to accord with the brilliant hopes of the speculators of Yokohama; or to be likely to reward the pecuniary sacrifices, which these

projects, if realized, will entail on the state treasury, already so impoverished from other causes.[1]

A little boat took us to the other side of the lake. On running along the southern shore, we passed by a great feudal castle. The proprietor, one of the principal daimios of the province, and a partisan of the new ideas, has asked for and obtained the permission to demolish his old castle and its appendages in order to bring the land under cultivation. Everywhere one meets with signs of the working of reforms in men's minds. We are nearing the spot where the Yodogawa rises out of this lake. It is here called Setogawa, and flows first towards the east, bathes the feet of the mountains which divide Kiyôto from the lake, crosses the province of Udji, of which it takes the name (Udjigawa), then turns towards the west, till it arrives at Fujimi, to flow afterwards towards the south under the name of Yodogawa, and then empties itself near Ôsaka into the Pacific. At a little distance from its rising in the lake it forms a little island, which the Tokaïdo crosses on two bridges. These bridges and this spot are exactly described by Dr. Kaempfer.[2] We passed under one of these bridges, and coasting along the delicious banks of Setogawa, arrived at a little village coquettishly placed on the edge of the water at the foot of a steep

[1] These details about the Lake of Biva were given me by the bonzes of Midêra, by the Vice-Governor of Otsû, and by several other competent authorities in this town. They are identical with the accounts I obtained at Kiyôto and Ishiyama. I therefore have every reason to think that they are founded on truth.

[2] In 1691.

rock, surrounded by large trees, and bearing on its summit the old and celebrated temple of the granite mountain, Ishiyama. The distance from Otsû is two *ris*, or five miles.

This temple, of which the foundations are lost in the night of ages, is like the Asakusa of Yedo, consecrated to the goddess Kwanon. Its antiquity is shown by the simplicity of its construction, the grey shade of its woodwork, and the absence of all ornament in the columns which support the roof. But on consulting my notes on other temples and the chronological information given to me, I cannot believe that the actual temple is older than the twelfth century. A *tempietto* with two roofs put on like parasols, the lower one ending in a flat cupola, charmed me by the elegance of the design and the clever way in which the architect had made the beams work into each other, the ends being richly sculptured and forming the sole but graceful ornament of this little gem. The merit consists in the way in which the architecture is adapted to wood, as I have often before remarked. A little house, raised above the ground, on poles, several feet high, holds the archives or *dépôt* of their holy scriptures, and strikes us by its simple and ingenious construction. I had never seen anything like it. Mr. Enslie, who has visited the ports of Manchouria and the Russian establishments in the North Pacific, tells me that this little building is of the same type as the cottages in Siberia. If it be so, the fact is very curious, and, like many other things in this enigma of Japan, lays down problems which no one at present can solve.

From the summit where we are now standing, the view embraces the northern shore of the lake. We admire, as we did at Kiyôto, the clear, transparent, soft tints of the atmosphere.

Before the temple we met three young girls, dressed with great elegance and evidently belonging to the upper classes. In passing before us, they turned their heads and hid their faces behind their fans; an indispensable precaution, according to the imperial functionaries, for young girls who have not yet blackened their teeth or pulled out their eyebrows; prudence requiring that their wonderful beauty should be hidden from the looks of bold barbarians.

The little village of Ishiyama is, what it appears, a simple place of pilgrimage. It consists of a single row of houses backed by the mountain and looking upon the river. Almost all the houses are inns, and very well kept. Before them is an avenue of dwarf conifers, and at short distances, stone lanterns and little altars, which add to the essentially ecclesiastical character of the spot. Here and there are some small sheds where they sell rosaries and miracle pictures of the sanctuary. Little children are playing in the streets; men are lounging about under the pine-trees. Pilgrims come and go. Everybody looks with stupefaction but not with malevolence at the two strange beings comfortably installed in the veranda of the tea-house, and seated, not on their heels, but on chairs and round a table ornamented with vases filled with flowers. They are the same articles of furniture with which we made acquaintance at Fujimi, and which have been, ever since, our

useful and inseparable companions. A profound stillness reigns over air, earth, and water. Everything breathes of the *sanctitas loci.*

On returning at nightfall to Otsû we received the visit of the Chi-ken-ji (governor of the *ken*). He was a silent and timid young man. Before speaking or answering our questions, he looked anxiously at the dai-sanji, who was his right hand, probably also his factotum, his mentor, his spy, and the being whom he seeks, fears, and detests the most; the man who embitters his days, but without whom these very days of office and power would perhaps be counted! Alongside of this specimen of timid official authority, the ease and ready talk of the dai-sanji formed a marked contrast. But the one is necessary to the other, and I suppose that at Otsû, as elsewhere, public affairs go on smoothly enough.

*September* 26.—At seven o'clock in the morning we return the visit of the Chi-ken-ji, which brings us back to the temple of Midêra, for it is there he is lodged. He occupies the apartment of the high priest, since the Government has taken possession of part of the convent on the ordinary pretexts: "We want room for the public offices and there are more monks than are necessary. Besides, the pontiff is an absentee—he is always making excursions." I committed the indiscretion of questioning the governor on this subject and the dai-sanji had the goodness to answer. In other countries, when they suppress religious houses, similar explanations are given. Only, in Japan they are more frank. "And the high priest," I asked the governor,

"is he pleased at seeing you installed in his apartment?" The poor ken-ji looked at his sanji with a scared expression. This last answered smiling: "No; but we are the strongest."

To-day we are to cross a country hitherto unvisited by any European.

Departure from Otsû at twenty minutes past eight o'clock. Direction south-east. Arrival at the village of Oiwaki at nine o'clock.—Here we left the Tokaïdo to turn towards the east, to the Udji district, famous for its tea, which is the best in Japan. I am travelling on horseback and it is pouring with rain; but the temperature is soft and pleasant. We passed by a great market-town, Daijingoji, where we saw a great temple in the middle of a sacred wood of great extent and surrounded with a fine white wall. We went on through a succession of villages and temples inclosed in the like manner and all bearing the stamp of an old and refined civilisation. At eleven o'clock we halted at Tissômura, another considerable market-town. Departure at midday. Half-an-hour after we are at Ôwaku—that is, before the portal of one of the most renowned Buddhist temples. It consists of the usual amount of courts and separate buildings. In one of the largest halls is an altar, in the form of a table, on which are the ordinary objects:—a great vase in the centre, with the branch of a tree; before the vase an incense-burner. On either side, a small and a large candlestick; at the two extreme ends, other vases of a purely classic design, filled with the most beautiful flowers. Behind the altar on three isolated pedestals or terms, in the Italian *baroque*

style of the seventeenth century, are three large statues of gilt wood: the one, a colossal figure in the middle, representing Shaka, the Buddha of Japan: the two others, as large as life, his two favourite disciples, Anan and Kashu. Buddha is sitting: but they have not given him his usual *pose* of supreme quiet: he is lifting his right hand to give benediction. A great aureola or nimbus in the form of an elliptical conch-shell, starts from the pedestal and forms a sort of niche round the god. The two disciples are absorbed in adoration. Anan turns his face towards his master lifting up to him his clasped hands. Kashu has his hands bent and his head slightly inclined forward. The attitudes and expressions of both figures may be seen in any Catholic church. All along the lateral walls of the hall are seated, on a kind of platform, eighteen statues, nine on each side. They are also of gilt wood, and the size of life. In these *chefs-d'œuvre* of Japanese statuary may be traced all that characterises art in this nation—respect for truth, a strong feeling for nature, technical perfection, a taste for contortion, and with the grotesqueness, a certain decided amount of *humour*. Some of these heads are monstrous, and yet true to life—terrible, and yet ridiculous at the same time. But such as they are, no one can deny their artistic value.

We leave the temple at one o'clock. The weather has cleared, and we enjoy the beauty of the scenery, always composed of the same elements, but to which, since leaving Ôwaku, tea-plantations are added. A large dike is carried across them, and leads us to the banks of the Udjigawa, which, flowing precipitately

through a narrow-wooded gorge, runs through the plain, which it does not leave till it empties itself into the sea. In front is Udji, the chief town of the district, which produces the best tea in Japan. A ferry-boat takes us to the opposite side. Before visiting the plantations, we rest in a pretty little hotel adjoining. I must say that nothing can be more ugly than the grounds devoted to the cultivation of tea;—rows upon rows of stiff little bushes, arranged in squares, the spaces between full of manure, and everywhere the most detestable and mephitic smell.

At Udji our guard of honour left us to return to Otsû. It is a grave infraction of their orders, for they were told to follow us to Ôsaka. But, thanks to the eloquence of Mr. Enslie, we have got rid of them, and now breathe freely. One can scarcely believe the importunity of these men. Neither during the journey nor during our halts will they leave us in peace for a single instant.

At half-past three we started in a boat. The shores get flatter as the river gets wider. After having glided gently between islands covered with grass, we passed under the Fujimi bridge; and the darkness not allowing our wretched boat to go further, we disembarked towards seven o'clock on the right bank of the stream, which already here takes the name of Yodogawa. From this solitary spot to the village of Yâvata they reckon half a *ris*. Our servants having gone on before us in another boat, Mr. Enslie decided to remain in charge of our property till I could send him back some one to fetch it; and so I started with two of the boatmen, carrying a lantern, hoping to reach

the village on foot. The night is dark; it rains in torrents; the only road is at the top of a high dike, hardly a foot wide, with the river running on one side, and a marsh on the other. The ground is soaking. At every step I slip, and leave my shoes in the mud. At last one of the boatmen takes me on his back. Resting his hands on the back of his comrade, who walks first to find out where it is safe to place one's foot—always on the point of falling either into the river on one side or the marsh on the other, and stumbling at each step, this good fellow still goes on without falling. After this procession had lasted twenty-five minutes—it seemed to me an hour—we perceived in the distance a bright light. This was the inn. I was received with open arms. Men, women, and children, cluster round me, look at me with immense curiosity, ask me half-a-hundred questions, which I don't understand, and overwhelm me with care and kindness. In half-a-minute, and in spite of my protestations, I am, *coram populo*, deprived of my streaming clothes, and plunged into a bath of water hot enough to boil a lobster. Then they pour cold water over me. This is the Japanese fashion, and it is a capital one. I am wrapped up in a new tunic belonging to the innkeeper, and left on a fresh matting in the best room, where some cups of boiling Udji tea set me up altogether.

The distance from Otsû is eight *ris*, or twenty miles.

*September* 27.—We are rapidly going down the river. At twelve o'clock we had reached the first

houses of Ôsaka, and at half-past one we had landed in the foreigners' quarter. This will give an idea of the extent of this the third town of the empire.

Whilst our little junk was gliding quietly between the banks of the Yodogawa, and I was lying at the bottom of the boat, I began to think over the art treasures I had seen in this country, and jotted down in my note-book the following reflections :—Kiyôto, Kamakura, and Yedo possess the temples most renowned for their antiquity, richness, and beauty of construction. The sanctuaries of Kamakura have been partially destroyed. Among the tombs, those of the Shiba hold the first rank, and are, with the *château* of Taiko-Sama and the two temples at Kiyôto, the greatest *chefs-d'œuvre* of Japanese art. Round the two capitals of the east and west are grouped a number of sanctuaries of the first class. The districts to the east of Kiyôto, between the Lake of Biva and the north of the Yodogawa valley, are covered with sacred woods and temples. That of Ôwaku is the pearl of the whole. At Nikkô, to the north of Yedo, there are some Siogun tombs, and to the east of Kiyôto some of the Mikados, which I could not manage to visit. But saving these two necropoli (very inferior, they tell me, to that of Shiba) I have seen all the most celebrated monuments of Japan. As to the different art productions, Kiyôto is their great centre. Yedo only holds a secondary rank. I was able to see and examine a mass of different objects. Nagasaki has the monopoly of the manufactory of vases, but which, in the actual state of this branch of commerce, can hardly be counted among works of art.

Now we will sum up our impressions.

*Architecture.*—This word perhaps is misapplied. The temples, castles, palaces, middle-class houses, and poor cottages, all are composed of the same elements —a flooring raised a certain number of feet above the soil (which is a necessary precaution against damp and reptiles), then four or more vertical beams, and a heavy roof. The partition walls are only frames covered with paper, running in a groove. The outside wall is replaced by wooden shutters, fastened during the night. In the temples, castles, and yashkis, there is, besides, a real wall of stone, covered with cement. All the rest is in wood. It is the most primitive construction possible, and at the same time the most suited to the climate, and to the financial position of the nation. It resists earthquakes and typhoons infinitely better than the stone houses of the Europeans. It is more exposed to the danger of fire; but even if injured or destroyed by fire, wind, or the earth's convulsions, the evil is remedied both promptly and easily. The terrible typhoon of the 24th of August in this very year, had destroyed in Yêdo half the suburb of Takanawa; it had also done much damage at Yokohama, in the European quarter, and especially at "The Bluffs." One of the English government buildings, the residence of the judge, was entirely uncovered, and threatened with actual ruin, in spite and perhaps on account of the solidity of its walls. The repairs will last for months, and cost considerable sums; while the reconstruction of the Takanawa houses was nearly completed when, only nine days after the disaster, I returned to Yedo. Architecture, then, in the

ordinary sense of the term, does not exist at present among the Japanese; but they adapt themselves to circumstances, and possess, in the highest degree, the understanding of the material which they most employ —that is, wood.[1]

*Sculpture.*—The greatest *chefs-d'œuvre* which Japan has produced in this line, in my opinion, are, the Daibutsu, near Kamâkura, a work in bronze; and the wooden statues of Ôwaku; also, though in another way, the figures representing the forty-seven *ronins*. Those of Asakusa also deserve mention. The Greek sculpture of the golden age aspired to absolute beauty, and tried to realise the ideal of human perfection. The great Italian masters of the Renaissance followed a more complex idea. They, too, sought for ideal beauty, but with an *arrière-pensée;* they wished to subordinate beauty to a symbol indirectly expressing the dominant idea of the times or of the individual who had ordered the work. Thus, for example, Michael-Angelo, who was employed to execute the tomb of Julius II., compares this Pope to Moses, who becomes, under the hand of the master, the symbol of divine inspiration and superhuman strength. On looking at this unique creation one feels seized, as it were, by fear. One looks down, surprised and intimidated at the sight of the supernatural. Beauty and

[1] Last spring (1872) a fire destroyed another great quarter of Yedo. The Government ordered that the houses should be rebuilt in the European style. This innovation supposes a change of climate, a total transformation in the habits of the country, and, what is more serious, a great increase of pecuniary resources, which at present are altogether wanting.

truth are sacrificed to grandeur. The Japanese sculptor tries to render the different emotions of the soul; the absolute quiet of Shaka (Buddha), the ecstasy or the profound recollection of his disciples; a gentle and yet sarcastic melancholy; fear, anger, hatred, surprise, gaiety, rarely tenderness. The naked form, that great problem of ancient statuary, has no interest for him; he only produces it as a portrait. But when he sets himself to do it, he succeeds. Not that he has studied anatomy, of which the very name is unknown to him; and besides, no Japanese can touch a corpse without being defiled. But he has the nude constantly before his eyes; living bodies whose muscles are constantly stretched either in carrying weights, or in handling an oar, or in lifting some heavy object—not models whose *pose* is always forced and put on for the occasion. His works consequently, however imperfect they may be in other ways, have a quality which is often wanting in our modern statuary; they have animation, real life. In general, a Japanese artist looks for truth before beauty. Like the painter and the poet, he is, they say, a humorist. But his *humour* makes itself felt less in the attitudes of his subjects than in the expression of their faces. He exaggerates, it is true, but it is only in a certain degree and without sinning against taste. In his reproductions of animals he excels; he knows how to give to their faces and even to their attitudes a reflection of human passions and affections. No one can look at these productions, which are at the same time droll, touching and childish, with an astonishingly technical *maestria*—no one can look at them, I

repeat, without feeling inclined to laugh; only this laugh is kept back by surprise and admiration and a feeling of half sadness. But that is precisely what constitutes *humour*. They seize at the same time the comic and the grave side of everything. The result is a conflict of feelings which pique the curiosity and please the eye; and hence a kind of tension of mind mingled with an agreeable stirring of the soul. It is like something in cooking, between sweet and sour, or between cold and hot. Anyhow it is a great refinement which one is astonished to find in a half savage nation.

*Goldsmith's work—Bronzes.*—It is at Kiyôto, especially, that these two arts have been the best preserved. The bronzes manufactured for the English market and sold at Yokohama are miserably inferior. They are slop-work, of which the only merit formerly consisted in the difficulty of procuring anything better; but which now has no business to exist.

*Painting.*—It treats of heaven and hell, earth and water, creatures both animate and inanimate. Indian theology, passing from the banks of the Ganges to China, from China to the Corea, and from the Corea to Japan, left some of its terrors behind it and accommodated itself to the taste of this childish race, which likes to laugh and cry at the same time. More than this, the world has changed. The gods have left the ethereal heights of Olympus; and if they are not gone down to the very last scale, if no Japanese Offenbach has yet been found to make them dance to the profane sounds of his bow, it is not the less true that the days of their reign are numbered. I have not found a single

man of rank or education, who, when talking of religion, did not use the language of the great philosophers of the last century. "Shaka? The gods? bah! They are all the invention of the priests! We have a little more sense than to believe in them, and laugh both at the priests and their gods; but it is very good for the people."

One understands that with such Mæcenases, religious art and sacred painting and sculpture can scarcely be said to flourish. They still manufacture and sell to the common people, for half a *tempo*, a quantity of images of gods in a rage, with green or red faces, seated on a dragon, vomiting flames, brandishing their swords, or fighting to the death. But the gentlemen who wear silk tunics, especially if they have any pretensions to learning, make a mock of them all. I saw plenty of proof of this when I was shopping at Yedo and Yokohama. We must leave then the representations of heaven and hell, or rather of purgatory, for Buddhism will not admit the doctrine of eternal punishment. Let us pass to real life, to the art of painting, such as it is practised to-day, without excluding the old pictures, none of which seem to me to be anterior to the seventeenth century. All that I have said of sculptors applies equally to painters, with this difference, that with the latter *humour* has a wider field. But even their exaggeration and love for the grotesque is kept within bounds by a respect for truth and an earnest desire to copy nature.

There is one point on which I ought not to be silent. It is generally believed in Europe that perspective is unknown to Japanese artists. I have seen and men-

tioned above several *chefs-d'œuvre* of art; three pictures of the date of Taiko-Sama which prove the contrary. How are we to believe that artists so clever in reproducing and copying nature exactly had no eyes for the effects produced by distance? This is inadmissible. There is no doubt that they are ignorant of the laws of geometry, and in consequence, of the strict rules of perspective; just as their sculptors have no idea of anatomy, which does not prevent their modelling very correctly; but if their painters would, they could reproduce, with more or less exactitude, all the effects of a landscape as it is presented to the eye. There are in Europe a number of landscape-painters who have never studied perspective, but who, by intuition or the habit of copying, arrive at producing correct drawings. For my part, I believe that the Japanese painter purposely sets aside the rules of perspective. With us, art is put to the service of the Church, of the state, of the rich and elegant world, of all classes in easy circumstances. Here the painter works for everybody: he wishes to and must be understood by the people. Well, the people in all countries understand little or nothing of perspective. On the part of the artist as of the public, perspective supposes and exacts a certain amount of mental work and cultivation of mind. Put before any ordinary peasant a picture of his own village—the fountain, the old trees, and above, the spire of the belfry. The man, quite puzzled, will not understand what you show him, and will be vexed at not finding in the picture the whole church, or the town-hall, or such and such a building which is the glory of the inhabitants. You strive in vain to explain

to him that this is impossible, as these objects are hidden by the trees and the fountain. He will not be the less disappointed. Then, to satisfy this good fellow, you get upon a high ground from whence you can look over the whole village. You can then bring in all the principal buildings; but take care not to represent them as you see them—that is, in a bird's-eye view. The villagers do not understand the foreshortening of objects. To satisfy them, therefore, you must set aside all rules of perspective. This is even more necessary in interiors, which are so much liked by the Japanese public, for here the artist must unite in one small space several groups of persons; and unless you paint them all of a row, or one above the other, one group must hide the others. This explanation is only a hypothesis, and as such I note it down in my journal. But I affirm that Japanese painters all know or have understood perspective.

There are three kinds of painting—historical, landscape, and screens. As to lacquered objects and vases of modern china, they cannot be reckoned amidst art productions. Historical paintings, besides the mythological subjects mentioned above, perpetuate, according to certain traditional forms, facts and events known to the people. Then there come illustrations of the most popular novels, pictures which are in themselves perfectly innocent, but which represent scenes that are not so. A great number of these drawings and sketches represent only a woman or a girl's head. They are always portraits, most often of courtesans, done by or for their adorers. It would never occur to any of them to order an artist to paint the face of a

woman only for her beauty, not even a Gabrielle d'Estrées, unless he were her Henry IV. Pictures of certain celebrated beauties are now and then to be found in shops; but they owe their origin, not to the worship of abstract beauty or artistic feeling, but to some personal or family motive.

Their landscapes, both in design and colouring, are very inferior to their figures. But as "collective portraits," if I may be forgiven the expression, they are invaluable. I bought a great number of these coloured drawings, rather coarsely done, of which the subjects are taken from the streets of Yedo. They are not views: vainly have I hunted for any places that they may represent! Such places simply do not exist; though the painting admirably renders the general character of the subject. Houses, bridges, canals, trees, figures, everything is there. Looking at these drawings, anyone who knew the place would exclaim, "Here we are at Yedo!" Even as a likeness (though always generalized) the finest of M. Beato's photographs will not bear a comparison.

Fan-painting demands a separate notice, for its productions are spread among every class in the nation, from the Mikado down to the poorest coolie. It is a trade; but it is also an art, where you find reproduced all the characteristic signs of Japanese statuary and painting. Cheapness is the first consideration. If some of the fans are dear, I never myself saw any. The carved ivory fans, which pass in Europe for being Japanese, are all made in China. Those painted in this country are all of paper, and represent every conceivable subject: scenes from

novels, Fujiyama, the plants and trees of Japan, the four seasons, works of agriculture, the temples of Yedo and Kiyôto, the plans of these towns, and other similar subjects. All these come naturally. But there are other designs still more simple and graceful which excite one's curiosity, and strike one by the contrast presented between the scantiness of the principal object and the immense space given to the ground-work. As an example: a stork holding a fish in its beak. It skims over the waves of the sea, of which the horizon is lost to sight—which adds to the impression of the infinite. Another fan: a starry sky, or else a dark sky with the sun setting on one side and the moon rising on the other,—one, two, or three little birds are flying—one asks oneself where they are going. The effect is always curiosity mingled with anxiety; and it is produced by the simplest elements: a little bit of triangular paper, some Chinese ink, and three or four colours at the outside. Add that these little *chefs-d'œuvre* are sold for a few centimes. I have then reason to say that art has penetrated to the lowest classes.

I have already mentioned in my first volume, that art is cultivated by the upper classes, and that you find artists among women; but I also remarked that their productions are more like a clever trick, in which certain subjects are learned by heart, or varied according to the inspiration of the moment. I do not think I am mistaken in thinking that the best of the modern drawings (saving some caricatures of locomotives, telegraph posts, strangers in European costumes, with red whiskers, &c.) are simply feeble

reproductions of the past. In these days no one invents anything new. The gift seems exhausted—a characteristic sign of decadence. To prove this inferiority one has only to compare what is done to-day with the works of ancient art, of which the finest are in Europe, where they have been sent by the Dutch from Detsima.

The Japanese themselves own the fact, but the explanation they give is as shallow as themselves. Rich people, they say, no longer pay as they used to do. To be able to live, an artist must produce a great deal, and in consequence must work fast. He has no longer the time to work well. If that were true, it would be the consequence, not the cause, of the decay of art. But, on the contrary, amateurs pay very dear; and the proof is in the extraordinarily high prices which are given for the beautiful things made at Kiyôto. But it is quite true that rich people do not like to buy second-rate articles at the same price as their fathers gave for *chefs-d'œuvre*. Everywhere there is a demand for something original, and the artists of to-day do not know what to invent; so they only reproduce, and that imperfectly, the old forms of which everyone is tired. What has been preserved is a gift which Heaven alone can bestow—taste and perfect *comme-il-faut* in little things.

In Japan, there are neither workshops, nor academies, nor picture-sellers. Art is transmitted in the same families from father to son. Hence its stereotyped character. Ordinarily, an amateur who gives an order, calls the artist, pays him three or five rios

(eighteen or thirty francs) a month, boards and lodges him during all his work-time, and in return, expects a certain number of pictures, which, painted on silk or paper, are kept rolled up, or else are pasted on little bamboo rods, and hung in a niche, or on the immovable part of the partition in the best room of the house. It was just in this way that Murillo, passing five years in one Seville monastery and ten in another, produced his masterpieces, and painfully and miserably gained the aureola of immortality.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*NAGASAKI.—FROM THE 28TH SEPTEMBER TO THE 2ND OCTOBER.*

Papenberg.—Detsima.—Native Christians.—Political position of Japan.

*September* 28.—After spending a very pleasant day at Hiôgo with the English consul, Mr. Gower, and his friends, I embarked in the night on board the American steamer, *New York*, Captain Furber, one of the most amiable men I have ever met on board ship.

*September* 29.—The *New York* set sail at three in the morning, and steamed away for what is called the *inner sea*. At sunrise I was on deck. On both sides are conical islands and to the south rise the high mountains of Shikoku.

At two o'clock we are before Mehara, situated on the continent, that is, on the great island of Niphon. Steaming close to the shore, we pass before the great feudal castle or yashki of the Prince of Kiushiu: to the eye, it seems only like a huge high wall, pierced at equal distances by great gateways. The prince is

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there; armed men swarm round the gates and on the shore. Close to it is the *han*, or principal village of the fief. On board, all round me, people are asking themselves if all this power will really crumble away like the walls of Jericho, before the new edicts from Yedo. The *New York* keeps to its regulation speed of ten miles an hour. The scenery, everywhere renowned for its indefinable beauty, is similar to what I have before described. The sea, which to-day is like glass, is half river and half lake. Everywhere we see a number of extinct volcanos, flanked by rounded blocks like the waves of the ocean. An abundant vegetation covers them from head to foot. The sides of the gorges are cultivated in terraces; the tops of the mountains are crowned with fine trees. Between their trunks one sees the blue sky. Compared to the mountains, the trees appear gigantic, and yet, seen through this veiled and hazy atmospheric prism, the mountains seem both distant and high. This is a strange optical effect, which accounts for some of the oddities in Japanese painting. Very often what seems to us extraordinary, is only a faithful reproduction of nature.

The shore is indented with a thousand little bays, in the depths of which rise up white houses and villages and fishermen's huts. Boats swarm in the little creeks and all along the tiny piers which run out into the water. Above the roofs you catch a glimpse of the mountain peaks standing out against the sky. Steps cut in the rock lead to the temples buried in the thick foliage of the sacred woods. From time to time the deep and lugubrious sounds of the gong,

calling upon their gods, break the silence and stillness of the lake.

*September* 30.—The finest part of this interior sea is the Strait of Shimonoséki, known in Europe as the scene of the attack of the English and French squadrons (in 1864). Unfortunately we passed it a few hours before the sun rose. On the other hand, to-day's voyage is even more varied and beautiful than that of yesterday, and changes with every turn of the wheel of our little steamer. The sea widens as well as the horizon. To the south is the island of Firando, celebrated for the preaching of St. Francis Xavier, the outlines of which are more than usually fantastic. The mountains of the great Kiushiu island, which play such an important part in the history of the day, form an imposing background. The scattered rocks are pierced by grottoes and caves, where the waves break and roar. Some of them, deprived of all vegetation, but crowned with tufts of gigantic trees, are like giants' heads with shocks of rough hair, which a master-hand has sketched boldly on a sheet of grey paper. One of these islands seems to have white rays from top to bottom. They are deep crevices inhabited by millions of white sea-birds.

We are at the entrance of the Bay of Nagasaki. A high, long mountain stretches like a green curtain behind a labyrinth of little islands. One of them, which is simply a sheer wall crowned with trees, is Papenberg. It was from the height of this rock that, in 1638, 4,000 Christians were precipitated into the sea. Here, therefore, the only civilization in Japan

was destroyed. To-day Papenberg is the rendezvous and the object of the expeditions of the European residents of Nagasaki. "We make all our pic-nics there," one of them said to me. Of the 4,000 martyrs he seemed to have no kind of remembrance.

At five o'clock the *New York* cast anchor in the harbour of Nagasaki. The town rises like an amphitheatre. To the east is the European quarter, which trenches on the waters of the bay, the soil having been reclaimed from the sea at considerable cost. On the highest point stands the Catholic church, shaded by a magnificent acacia, and the imposing buildings of the English consulate. Below is Detsima, the former Dutch factory, and behind it, the native town, the whole surrounded by high green mountains. The sea is like a lake. Several foreign men-of-war and other large ships, with a multitude of junks, enliven the roadstead.

I left autumn at Yedo and Hiôgo; here I find summer. Seated on the deck of our steamer, breathing with delight the soft and perfumed air, we are enjoying the indescribable beauty of an almost tropical night. Together with the perfumes of the forest the sounds of music are wafted to us by the evening breeze. It is the band of the *Ocean* frigate which is playing "God Save the Queen," "Weber's Waltz," and other dances. We are both charmed and touched; it is like a breath of Europe.

*October* 1.—I made the round of the town. The shops and offices of the European merchants, which are closed to-day, being Sunday, occupy the lower part of the strangers' quarter. Their houses, surrounded

by gardens, are scattered in and out of the mountain gorges or crown the heights. Here, as at Yokohama and Hiôgo, the complaints as to the stagnation of trade are universal. On the other hand, the English, French, and American squadrons from the China seas constantly visit this port, and the steamers of the Pacific Company touch here regularly. The church, which is served by priests belonging to the Foreign Missionary College at Paris, was full of sailors and soldiers from the English frigate, but the rest of the congregation consisted of three men (including myself), and not a single woman.

The former Dutch factory at Detsima[1] can be seen in all its length in about three minutes. It is only a few steps wide. Except the house, which is now occupied by the Netherlands consul, all the rest is posterior to the last fire, which, thirteen years ago, entirely destroyed the old establishment, or rather the narrow prison of the Dutch merchants. These men never dared to quit it, and were always watched. Everyone knows the sad and disgraceful part which the members of this factory played at the time of the terrible persecution against the Christians. It is only to be explained by religious and political antipathies—the States-General being then at war with the crown of Spain, whose subjects the missionaries were,—by commercial rivalries, and by the wish of evicting the Portuguese, who at that time had flourishing counting-houses at several points in Japan. According to some Catholic authors, the Dutch indirectly helped in the exter-

[1] Founded in 1638, and suppressed after the treaties in 1858 which opened the Port of Nagasaki to all nations.

mination of the Catholic Christians, whether foreign or native. This fact is not proved; but what is certain is, that the Dutch never ceased to excite the suspicions of the Sioguns against the missionaries, accusing them of being the political agents of Spain, sent to prepare the people's minds for an intended invasion by the king. For this reason a great part of the fearful evils which fell upon the apostles and their neophytes must be laid to the charge of the Dutch. Not to be included in the ruin of the Christians, they strove in every possible way to make the Japanese understand the difference between the Protestant and the Catholic religion. They thus obtained and kept for more than two centuries the exclusive and lucrative monopoly of European commerce. On the other hand, their habitations were prisons, and their lives a misery. The magic power of gold alone can explain how they could submit to such tortures. Every four years a kind of embassy of obedience was to be sent to Yedo to the Siogun, and sometimes also to the Mikado. I have already mentioned the German doctor, Engelbert Kaempffer, who was employed at the Detsima factory, and has become so celebrated by his excellent work on Japan. He has left us a most thrilling description of one of these forced embassies of which he formed a part. To judge by the exactness with which he describes the different localities, which I was able to verify on the spot, his veracity is indubitable. The delegate or ambassador of the factory and his suite travelled in closed norimons, and were always treated as state prisoners. They were received with certain honours, but, with

very rare exceptions, they were not allowed to see anything. It required marvellous address on Kaempffer's part to observe and take notes of things as he did, and still more to make the furtive sketches which appear in his book. When admitted into the presence of the emperor—Siogun or Mikado—whom nevertheless they never saw, for he remained with the empress behind a grating,—the members of the embassy, saving the ambassador himself, who was exempted, were forced to perform a kind of theatrical representation. They were to talk to one another in their own language, abuse one another, feign to laugh, to fight, to be drunk, and to dance. It has been asserted that they were also compelled to trample on the cross. Kaempffer says nothing about this, and I suppose, until it is proved, it is better to disbelieve the accusation. But it is certain that several times at Nagasaki during the time of the great persecutions, this *ceremony* took place in presence of the members of the factory, and that the sanjis, like well-educated men, had the delicacy to warn them of it beforehand so that they might look another way. In the last years which preceded the opening of the Nagasaki port and the closing of the factory, the burlesque scenes of which I have spoken ceased to exist. The Sioguns were sufficiently edified by the Dutch way of quarrelling and getting drunk. It is fair, however, to call to mind that the government of the Netherlands was the first to stipulate in their last treaty with the Siogun for the abolition "of all such practices as were injurious to Christianity."

In the bazaar one may see the vases, once so celebrated, of the peculiar lacquered porcelain of Nagasaki.

Quantities are still exported to the United States and to Europe.

The English consulate is a large house, beautifully furnished. You might fancy yourself in the country-house of a nobleman of Old England. It is the luncheon hour. The *ch-fu-ji* (governor), his *dai-sanji*, with his interpreters, Captain Hewitt, of the *Ocean* and the different consuls, are all gathered round Mr. Annesley's hospitable table. The conversation turns on the reforms announced at Yedo. The governor is overwhelmed with questions. "Will all these innovations be accepted? Will there be resistance, or perhaps an insurrection? Will the daimios lend themselves to the enormous sacrifices asked of them? or will these grand edicts remain a dead letter?" To all these questions the governor and his *dai-sanji* give the same answers that the great functionaries gave to me at Yedo, Kiyôto, Otsû, and Hiôgo: "Everything will do well, and go on swimmingly." The winding-up invariably is, "that in three years the reforms will be accomplished." Evidently the government of Yedo knows how to give the word of command, and to enforce obedience on its agents. But will the daimios obey them? Will they be in a hurry, in pursuance of the public "order in council" of the Mikado, to perform this political and financial *hari-kari*? This is the point on which opinions are divided. During my last journey into the interior I heard that the great feudal lords had not the smallest intention of dispossessing themselves of their powers and authority—that they meant, on the contrary, to be stronger than ever. They laugh at the Yedo decrees.

The Princes of Satsuma, Hizen, Chôshiu, and Toza, make believe, it is true, to sacrifice themselves to the cause of progress; but in reality they are only going to work it for their own benefit, and to share, with the leaders in the capital, the spoils of such of the daimios as are weak and simple enough to take these reforms seriously. "The chiefs of the four clans, or rather the makers of those chiefs who, with Iwakura, constitute the actual government" (said a man of high station to me), "have formed themselves into a kind of oligarchy, and hope to become the masters of the country. They ask great sacrifices of the daimios. The four princes feign to sacrifice themselves, all the time determining in their hearts to give little or nothing and gain a great deal. The future will prove if their calculation be justified, or if they will themselves fall into the pit they have dug for others."

An event which took place three weeks ago seems to confirm the general opinion in the provinces, that, until now, the ministers of the Mikado have not dared to insist, with the chiefs of the great clans, on obtaining the execution of the new decrees. There was a question of laying down the electric cable which was to unite Nagasaki with Shanghai. The company having asked the minister for the required authority, the latter answered, "that the point where the cable was to be fastened was on the territory of the Prince of Hizen, and that it was to him that the company were to address themselves." Now, Hizen is the chief of one of the four great clans which made the revolution of 1868, and are to-day the heads of the reform movement. There are, therefore, mysteries which one

cannot possibly understand. On the other hand, a series of facts prove that the ideas of progress and reform gain strength from day to day. I mentioned how one daimio had levelled his castle to the ground to obtain a greater amount of arable land. Here it is remarked with satisfaction that a good many samurais show themselves disarmed in public, or armed with a single sword; some because they fear to lose their rations of rice if they do not conform to the new regulations; others, because they have themselves embraced the new opinions. In either way, since these gentlemen have taken to walk about like ordinary citizens, there are fewer bloody quarrels, fewer murders, and far greater security for Europeans. I cannot pass over in silence what a personage of the country said to one of the consuls: "We have exchanged our bows and arrows for the guns and cannón of the Europeans because we have recognized their superiority. Perhaps the day will come when it will be the same thing with religion." This is a remarkable speech, disclosing, as it does, in few words, the frivolity of the innovators of the day, ready to sacrifice everything to their ideas of progress—customs, traditions, constitution, and even the religion of their country. They ignore the fact that all religion presupposes faith; and that faith takes its birth in the depths of the heart, and not in the calculations of worldly and material profit; and yet perhaps this prophecy may be realized. A clever member of the diplomatic corps of Yokohama said to me: "Before fifty years are over Japan will be a Christian country." That is possible. The innovators who have roughly destroyed the idols of the people

may create a belief in nothing; and out of this nothingness may arise new aspirations and a desire for truth. But I find it difficult to believe that the paths of Radicalism, the infraction of right, and a superficial imitation of European things, with the tendency to level everything, and the whole enforced by arbitrary power, can lead young Japan to embrace seriously the sublime doctrines and practices of Christianity.

When, soon after the conclusion of the treaties,[1] the priests of the foreign missions of Paris arrived in this part of the extreme East, the existence of native Christians was entirely unknown. It was generally thought that the great persecutions of the seventeenth century had destroyed the last vestiges of St. Francis Xavier's work. Three years only after their installation at Nagasaki the French fathers learned that not far from this town, and in the interior of the great island of Kiushiu, several villages,[2] and amongst others the great market-town of Urakami, situated several *ris* from the town, were inhabited by Christians. The missionaries went there at once to exercise their holy ministry. Later on, owing to an order of the vicar apostolic, Mgr. Petitjean, which was issued at the instigation of the French minister at Yokohama, they were forced to abstain from going beyond the limits assigned to strangers.

[1] In 1858 they were provisionally established in the islands of Liukiu, and afterwards in the five ports open to Europeans.

[2] It will be understood why I abstain from naming these seats of Christianity, known to the missionaries, but perhaps still ignored by the persecuting government.

It is, therefore, an ascertained fact that, in spite of the terrible persecutions and the entire absence of native or European priests (no missionary since 1638 having set foot on the soil of Japan), the Christians have remained faithful to their faith—have preserved, together with the fundamental dogmas of Christianity, the form of baptism; and that in each Christian community there have been men performing the functions and bearing the name of baptizers. They belong to certain families, and their dignity is hereditary. They also found some prayer-books, the gift probably of the Franciscan fathers, for in them there is an invocation to the saint of that order. Later on, it was found out that in the islands of Goto, and in the south-east of Niphon, a large number of hamlets still preserved the lights of Christianity, though darkened, it is true, by ignorance, superstition, and pagan practices. An edict, lately published in the official journal of Yedo, condemns the Christian inhabitants of a village in the neighbourhood, and reveals at the same time a fact unknown until now—that Christianity had penetrated into countries far removed from the seat of the labours of the first missionaries. One supposes, therefore, that in the times of the ancient persecutions, as in the more recent ones, the government transported the Christians into the interior, and that they have thus been disseminated in different parts of the empire. From the preaching of St. Francis Xavier until the final catastrophe (the massacres of Papenberg) is ninety years; and the epoch of great preachings and numberless conversions is hardly spread over more than half a century; and yet, notwithstanding periodical persecu-

tions and constant vexations, the Christian traditions have been maintained to this day.

At the end of 1869 a vague rumour of the cruel persecution carried on against the Christians in the island of Goto reached Yokohama. Sir Harry Parkes, who, on board a man-of-war, was then visiting the treaty ports, went to the spot to ascertain the truth. I do not know whether he was able to verify the fact; but, on his return to Nagasaki, he was witness of the fearful treatment inflicted on the Christians in the village of Urakami. On New Year's Day, 1870, 4,000 persons, men, women, and children, old and young, were torn from their homes, garroted, and thrown, pell-mell, almost entirely naked, into some junks, to be transported no one knew where. Sir H. Parkes, justly indignant at this revolting sight, instantly addressed an energetic protest on the subject to the minister of foreign affairs, and asked the governor of Nagasaki to suspend provisionally the execution of his orders. This functionary having excused himself, alleging the peremptory instructions he had received from head-quarters, Sir Harry hastened to return to Yokohama. The terribly distressing news from Urakami had preceded him. The members of the diplomatic corps had been horrified, and, without any previous agreement with each other, had, one and all, energetically protested. They only waited for the arrival of the English minister to concert as to the measures which should be taken in common. All the heads of the missions went to Yedo. A conference took place, at which the prime minister, Sanjo, and Iwakura (then only a member of the privy council, but already the

soul of the imperial government) assisted. The English minister detailed the facts of which he had been in part a witness. In his language he was forced to adopt a tone of great reserve. He appealed to the sentiments of humanity, which, he said, doubtless animated the counsellors of the Mikado, and made some allusion to the bad effect which such acts—so little in harmony with the ideas of the age or the projects of reform entertained by the imperial government—would have in Europe. M. Outrey, while warmly expressing the sympathies of France for his co-religionists, used a like caution, and put himself on the same footing as his English colleague. Mr. Delong, the envoy of the United States, pleaded the cause of the Christians in energetic terms. Iwakura then spoke. To the remonstrances of the diplomatic body he opposed the grievances of his own government. The gravest accusations alternated with the most puerile; but all tended to establish the essentially political character of the crimes imputed to the Christians.

"The native Christians," he said, "refuse to join in the worship of the country. This is a direct act of rebellion against the Mikado, the Son of the Gods, and the chief of that religion which the Christians despise.

"The Christians refuse to furnish flowers for the ornamenting of our altars.

"They avoid passing through the forks (the isolated portals placed at the entrance of the temples), or crossing the ground round the sanctuaries.

"They recognize the authority of stranger priests, and refuse obedience to the magistrates.

"Contrary to our customs, they do not invite the bonzes on the occasion of births, marriages, deaths, or burials in their families. In other words, they refuse the fees exacted by them on such occasions.

"In one word, therefore, they are conspirators, for they hold their meetings in secret; and they are rebels against their sovereign, who is the head of religion; and against the laws and customs of the country."

The representatives of the different powers endeavoured to refute these arguments, and finally demanded that the Japanese government should reinstate the exiled Christians in their homes. In return they promised, with the consent of Mgr. Petitjean, to take care that no foreign priest should pass beyond the limits of the treaty ports, or exercise his ministry in any locality inhabited by native Christians.

Sanjo and Iwakura having declared that, before giving a decided answer, they must confer with their colleagues, the sitting was brought to a close. But the final decision of the government was not long in being announced. It was a decided and categorical refusal. The two ministers went to Yokohama to impart this disappointing news to the foreign envoys. "To go back," they said, "from a policy sanctioned by the emperor, already carried out, and generally approved by the country, would be an outrage to the authority of the Mikado, and would set public opinion at defiance. In one word, it is impossible." At the same time, they delivered the following memorandum to the envoys in justification of their conduct:—

"The government of the Mikado has learned with regret that certain measures taken with regard to some

of the subjects of the Mikado, inhabiting Urakami, and calling themselves Christians, have given displeasure to the foreign ministers.

"The value they attach to the friendship and good opinion of these powers, with whom they are living in friendly and commercial relations, leads them to explain the cause of their conduct. A brief recapitulation of the motives for this apparent harshness will clear up all possible misunderstanding.

"Nothing is further from the intentions of the Japanese government than to punish their people because they profess a strange religion, unless they show, as at Urakami, symptoms of rising and rebellion.

"Never has the government thought of meddling in the religious opinions of its subjects. Several individuals who have arrived in Japan as Protestant missionaries are to be found in the service of the state. They teach sciences and foreign languages in our colleges and public schools. No prohibition interferes with the circulation of foreign books—even of those which treat of religious matters. They are translated into our own language, and are to be found in all the libraries. The government brings forward these facts as a proof that it wishes to act in a liberal spirit on all religious questions.

"But when our own subjects embrace Christianity in order to be able to conspire freely, and throw discredit on the fundamental laws of the country; when these communities of native Christians call in question the spiritual authority of the Mikado; and their catechists promise them the protection of foreign powers —that is to say, impunity; then the government

cannot remain silent. In self-defence, and to maintain the authority of the emperor, it must take such measures as shall bring back its misguided subjects to respect the laws and institutions of their country. This conduct is imposed upon the government by necessity, and still more by public opinion, which has kept in remembrance the deplorable events which occurred two centuries ago, when the Catholic missionaries brought Christianity into Japan. Even now public opinion demands that this cause of discord be removed, which in old times nearly upset the government, and threatened the independence of the sovereign of the country."

Thus this matter ended in a non-acceptance of the proposals, and the only result of the negotiation was the weakening of the *prestige* of the foreign ministers, without in any way ameliorating the condition of the Christians; added to which, an engagement was entered into with the Japanese government which forbade the exercise of the Catholic ministry beyond the narrow limits assigned by the treaty.[1]

[1] On the 9th February, 1872, a numerous deputation from the Evangelical Alliance presented themselves at the Foreign Office, to call the attention of the principal Secretary of State to the persecutions directed against the Japanese Christians. The Queen's minister in Japan being then in England, Lord Granville begged him to attend the audience and be his mouthpiece. I borrow from the summary of the *Times* (of the 12th of February, 1872) the main features of Sir H. Parkes's speech:—"He admits the existence of religious persecution in Japan; but it is a heritage of old times, the persecutions having continued since the seventeenth century. The history of the last two centuries is always present to the minds of the Japanese. It was the revolt of the Christians

I have stated that in this memorable conference the envoy of the United States distinguished himself by

which caused the expulsion of the missionaries from Japan. The law has not been changed since. Once it was exercised with such rigour that twelve Japanese were executed solely for having embraced Christianity. One fact is certain, and that is, that Christianity undermines the authority of the Mikado, who, in the idea of the masses, is of divine origin. To authorize the propagation of a strange religion would be to condemn the national faith. It is true, that the population of the village of Urakami was exiled; but, according to the Japanese government, 'this measure was taken in the interest of order, and to prevent an explosion of religious sentiment.' (I am translating literally.) The foreign ministers received assurances that the exiles should not be ill-treated. Having heard that the government had not kept its word, he (Sir Harry) had instantly sent an officer to the spot to inform himself as to the real state of things. The result of this inquiry was, that in only one of the three localities visited by the agent the Christians had suffered cruel treatment. As soon as the Japanese government were informed of it, they hastened to disavow the acts of their functionaries and to condemn them publicly in their *Court Journal*. More than this, the Japanese ministers affirm that, in spite of the necessity of conforming to the laws, especially to those which treat of religion, they would not oppose the development of new opinions in matters of faith, any more than they would hinder the introduction of new political and commercial ideas. Changes in matters of religion would imply changes in men's minds and convictions; and, in spite of its liberal dispositions, the government was powerless to overcome the prejudices and traditions of the people in such matters. The envoy concluded by saying that he was authorised to protest without hesitation if the Japanese government showed itself cruel or intolerant towards the native Christians. Similar instructions had been given to the ministers of other nations, who, in such circumstances, had likewise protested. He does not think that these remonstrances have been without their effect; and he hopes that, thanks to the rapid progress of public opinion, which is becoming in Japan every day more and more enlightened, and

the energy of his remonstrances. The government of Washington, listening to the representations of the Bible Societies and to the voice of humanity, so cruelly outraged under the very eyes of its minister, not only approved the conduct of Mr. Delong, but declared itself disposed, in concert with France, to come to more decided measures. Overtures in this sense were made at Paris, and communicated to the English cabinet. The war between France and Germany put a stop to these negotiations.

We have seen that, according to the formal assurances of the Japanese ministers, the exiled Christians were treated with humanity. The entire falsehood of this statement was soon proved. Divided into little bands, and spread in the interior of Niphon, these unfortunate

thanks to the measures taken by the Japanese government to second this movement, the wishes of the Evangelical Alliance will eventually be realised, unless any imprudent attempts at propagandism should throw fresh obstacles in the way."

It is for the future to justify or destroy these hopes. The same Evangelical Society pleaded the cause of the Christians with the Japanese ambassadors who were then in England. The very reserved answer given by Iwakura was reproduced in the *Times* of the 7th December, 1872, and deserves the serious attention of Sir H. Parkes. Here is a summary of his reply :—

"The rumour that we have carried out the laws against the Christians with fresh vigour is false. The government acts only in the interest of its subjects. It favours liberal ideas in matters of religion as in civil affairs. Such is our policy, and our conduct proves it."

In the meantime the unhappy Christians are suffering and dying by inches in the dungeons of this government which calls itself liberal, and of which Iwakura is the soul, the head, and the mouthpiece. What hope is there then for an alleviation of their sufferings?

people were confided to the guard of certain daimios, or dragged into the neighbourhood of Yedo and Kiyôto. They were lodged like brute beasts in miserable sheds; those who could be prevailed upon to apostatise were allowed to go out during the day to work and gain a few *tempôs;* but the "refractory," that is, those who remained faithful to their religion, were shut up night and day in stinking holes; both one and the other received, besides, only the most miserable pittance of food, not enough to live upon, and were decimated by hunger and disease. It is to a Protestant American missionary that we owe the first authentic information of the fate of these noble confessors of the faith. An officer in the consular service, sent into the interior by Sir H. Parkes, has confirmed it. He found but two places where the Christians were treated with common humanity, and he visited only a few of these depots.[1] It is affirmed, and I fear with truth, that by the end of last year more than a third of the poor exiles from Urakami had fallen victims to cold, hunger, and moral miseries of every description. I could not obtain the exact numbers; but it is certain that a very large proportion of these confessors are dead. Exposed to long and atrocious tortures, some of them abjured Christianity, hoping thereby to obtain their liberty. The only improvement in their condition, however, was the permission to work outside

[1] From the last accounts, the government has relaxed its hardship in *favour of the apostates.* By virtue of a decree of the 2nd March, 1872, all Christians *who would abjure their faith* were to be sent back to their homes. Those who remain faithful are treated with the same cruelty.

their prisons during the day. The others, worthy descendants of the glorious martyrs of the seventeenth century, continue to give an example of heroic constancy and unalterable attachment to the faith of Christ.

The measures taken by the foreign ministers, although little known in detail, have been variously judged. The European residents generally are thankful to have avoided complications which might seriously have affected their commercial transactions. Some of them, however, with a consciousness of the outrages committed on humanity, blame the weakness of the foreign ministers. "If," they say, "all had held the same determined language, and let the Japanese government see that, in case of refusal, acts of reprisal would be the result, Iwakura and his colleagues would have taken good care to change their tone; the envoys would have had the merit of saving four thousand of their co-religionists, and would have been spared the humiliation and pain of seeing a multitude of inoffensive beings killed by inches, the victims at one and the same time of the religious and political fanaticism of their executioners." There are, besides, at Yokohama many fervent Christians, both Catholic and Protestant, who deplore the fate of the victims, and consider that the Legations were more or less responsible. They also think that, with a little more energy and firmness, they would easily have overcome the resistance of the Japanese government. For my part, I feel to the full the sufferings of the martyrs and indignation at their fate; but I do not agree with the judgment pronounced on the conduct of the diplomatic body. This incident at Urakami touches on such

grave international questions, that it seems to me to deserve careful investigation.

I am willing to grant (although even that, I think, doubtful) that, if all the foreign representatives had held absolutely the same language—if certain shades of difference, which could not escape the penetration of Iwakura, had not weakened their authority—they would perhaps have obtained a more satisfactory result. But that is precisely the great difficulty in all collective diplomatic action. Each one of these representatives, besides the common and transitory cause which he is about to defend, must protect the particular and permanent interests of his country; and these interests are not always identical with the interests of the other states represented by his colleagues. Those who have had a seat in European conferences know well how difficult it is, even between the plenipotentiaries of powers who are closely allied with each other, to establish and maintain a joint responsibility of language and conduct. In the case before us, considering the large amount of English capital embarked in the Japanese trade, a grave responsibility rested on Sir H. Parkes. From hence arose his great caution, and the apparent timidity with which he is reproached. The mission of France is to protect Catholic interests in pagan countries. This explains the comparatively greater warmth of M. Outrey; but this warmth was tempered by political considerations, and by the regard due to French commerce. Evidently he did not wish to separate himself from his English colleague, who, it was equally evident, would not make the affair a *casus belli*. Iwakura

must have understood this. I do not know what line was taken by the envoy of the North-German Confederation. I fancy that he must have been divided between the wish to speak out strongly, as a great power should do, and the fear of compromising the commerce of the merchant seamen of Germany, which is very large in these seas. The American minister was certainly very energetic in his protest. But his colleagues did not know if he would have the approval of his government, or whether he would be prepared to act alone, and to act in the probable case where England, and in the possible case where France, would remain passive.

Russia, whose commercial interests in Japan are *nil*, and who has no missions there; Austria, whose political and commercial interests are equally *nil* in this country, and who at this time has not even any diplomatic relations with the Mikado—Austria and Russia were not represented at the conference. They enjoyed, therefore, the real benefits of absence. People say: "If the foreign ministers had employed menaces, the Japanese would have yielded." That is not so certain; and great nations cannot threaten unless they are resolved and prepared to act. After having threatened, if those threats were not attended to, they would have been obliged to proceed immediately to the employment of coercive measures. Had the envoys a sufficient military and naval force at their disposal to commence hostilities? Evidently not. They had no alternative then but either to retreat dishonourably, or to launch into hostilities and provoke events, the bearing of which might be incalculable.

Such a course would involve the fall of the men in power, who, comparatively speaking, are friends of the strangers, the advent of the old anti-European party, an entire cessation of commerce, a recommencement of isolated assassinations and attacks against the factories. To deliver four thousand Japanese from prison, the ministers would have exposed to ruin and perhaps massacre two thousand Europeans, and involved their respective governments in war with Japan. As to what touches the question of right, I seek in vain for any legitimate plea which should justify the intervention of the foreign diplomats. The treaties only guaranteed to foreigners the free exercise of the Christian religion in the open ports. Not a syllable was said as to native Christians. The plenipotentiaries, Lord Elgin and M. Gros, simply ignored their existence; and the Japanese government keeps to the engagement made before with the Dutch to abolish all injurious practices.

Looking at it fairly on both sides, it seems to me that the reserve of the English minister and his colleagues was justified. For, do not let us deceive ourselves—they could not invoke any general principle. Modern states—states without an acknowledged religion—seem to me to have renounced the right, except under very special circumstances, to intervene in order to protect such or such a faith in a foreign country. They may lift up their voice in favour of humanity, but their action is limited to that. They could only employ force on the vague and indefinite ground of philanthropy. Looked at from this point of view, the remedy would probably be worse than the disease.

The plenipotentiaries of the foreign powers, after

having vainly appealed to the prudence or generosity of the Japanese government, saw themselves therefore condemned to the ignoble *rôle* of being passive spectators of the tortures inflicted on their co-religionists.

*October* 2.—The last shores of Japan, the islands of Gôto, have disappeared on the horizon. The *New York* is steaming away at the regulation speed of ten knots an hour. The Yellow Sea, setting aside its usual rough manners, is treating us with uncommon courtesy. It is a very good moment to recapitulate one's impressions on the political position of Japan.

The Portuguese were the first people who penetrated into the ports of Kiushiu, the most southerly of the four great islands of which this empire is composed. At the same time St. Francis Xavier, accompanied by a few priests, set foot on the soil of the country of which he was to become the apostle. That was the era of brilliant commercial transactions in the Portuguese factories, and of the great conquests of Christianity. This was from 1549 to 1638, a period of about ninety years. Fabulous profits, resembling the enormous gains which in our days were made for a few years at Shanghai and Hong Kong, enriched the town of Macao, then the great emporium of the Portuguese trade, in the extreme east. The successful preaching of the missionaries fostered the most sanguine hopes. The island of Kiushiu, the principality of Nagato (Chôshiu), the territory of the Prince of Toza, and the islands of Gôto and Firando were covered with Christian communities. Even at Kiyôto, the very stronghold of the Mikado, the Cross made numberless

conquests. But these brilliant successes were to be followed by as signal reverses. The hatred of the bonzes; the boasting of the Portuguese, those *parvenus* of fortune; the growing distrust of the Sioguns, aroused by the indiscreet talk of a Castilian traveller, who had spoken of the irresistible power of Philip II., then master of Portugal; the taking of the Philippines by the Spaniards; the intrigues of the Dutch, who had become formidable rivals of the Portuguese—all seemed to conspire against the latter, and still more against the work of the Catholic missionaries. Restrictive laws, partial persecutions, and absolute prohibition, on pain of death, to the natives to embrace Christianity, fill the last years of Taiko-Sama's reign and that of his successor. The rising of a body of native Christians, in which the Portuguese were implicated, finally brought about the catastrophe. That same year (1638) the Portuguese residents were expelled, the Dutch (who had established a factory at Firando, to the north of the islands of Gôto) were admitted into the Portuguese settlement of Detsima (Nagasaki), and Christianity was drowned in the blood of its missionaries and of many thousands of native Christians.

From that moment until the arrival of the American squadron,[1] that is, for more than 200 years, Japan was hermetically closed to strangers. During all that time the Dutch merchants, shut up in the little island of Detsima, had the entire monopoly of European commerce. What the world knew of this mysterious empire it owed to the former missionaries and to

[1] Commodore Perry arrived in 1844, and concluded his famous treaty the following year.

the Dutch merchants; specially to two Germans, Dr. Engelbert Kaempffer, who at the end of the seventeenth century practised his art in the Dutch factory; and Siebold, who might almost be called a contemporary, and who was equally established at Detsima. But these two *savants*, closely watched in this little island, and only travelling in the suite of the factory delegates, who every four years visited the court at Yedo, or Kiyôto, obtained their information from indirect sources. Carried in closed norimons, their observations were necessarily incomplete. Before this time the missionaries had travelled over the country freely enough; and, though their vocation was the saving of souls, and they had little time to give to scientific researches; nevertheless, their correspondence contained some valuable information. But, however rich might be the materials furnished both by one and the other, they did not suffice to give a clear idea of Japan. There were great gaps in their descriptions, and (as was discovered later) some essential errors; one of which, as we shall presently see, was to exercise an important influence on the destinies of Japan.

In all times there were relations between this country and China; more than once Japan felt the rebound of the great events which were accomplished in the Celestial Empire. The peninsula of Corea, placed under the nominal suzerainty of the Emperor of China, and frequently invaded by Japanese armies, formed the geographical link between these two great nations of the Mongol race. It was from China, through the Corea, that Buddhism invaded Japan; that the philosophical ideas and moral maxims of Con-

fucius, and even political doctrines, have been imported. The adoption of Chinese writing facilitates, with the exchange of ideas, the political and commercial relations (formerly rare enough) between the two nations. The more one becomes acquainted with the language, customs, and literature of Japan, the more one understands the important influence exercised on this country by the Celestial Empire. It was on this ground that, after the Opium War, in 1844, and on the occasion of the opening of several Chinese ports, the King of the Belgians advised the Siogun to follow the example of China. "If you do not do it of your own accord," he said, "you will be forced to do it by and by. Escape, then, this humiliation." The Siogun's only answer was a positive refusal. In the interest of their extensive naval operations in the North Pacific, the government of the United States undertook to establish relations with Japan, and to obtain, either willingly or by force, the opening of certain ports of refuge and for victualling their ships. A squadron, commanded by Commodore Perry, came and anchored in the harbour of Yedo. The following year it reappeared, and, thanks to the moral influence of its cannon, after short negotiations, a treaty of peace and friendship was signed in the village of Kanagawa.[1] Two ports were henceforth opened to the ships and merchants of that nation, and England and Russia, represented by Admirals Sterling and Poutiatine, obtained the like concessions.[2]

But, at Yedo, the arrival of the Europeans gave

[1] The 31st March, 1854.

[2] The English convention was signed in October 1854. The Russian treaty has never been published.

rise to bloody tragedies. The party which was hostile to foreigners rose in a body. The Siogun was poisoned or massacred in his palace. His son and successor being a minor, the wise and moderate *Ii-Kamon-no-Kami* became regent. But, suspected in his turn of sympathy for the foreigners, he was assassinated in open day at the entrance of the Siogun's palace, and his head sent to, and publicly exposed at, Kiyôto. The real author of the blow was the Prince of Mito, one of the heads of the anti-European party. A member of the regent's suite, to avenge his master, killed the prince's father.

The Dutch, annoyed at the loss of their monopoly, obtained, in compensation, some advantages, of which the most important was the promise of being admitted into all the ports opened to other nations.[1] The Detsima factory was maintained, and the Japanese government promised to abolish the custom of trampling the cross under foot. Soon after, the last Chinese war broke out. It was a fine opportunity for England and France, flushed with victory, to revise their treaties with the Siogun, and, in other words, to open Japan to commerce and civilization. The fleets of the two powers, with Lord Elgin and Baron Gros on board the admirals' flag-ships, appeared at short intervals in the Bay of Yedo. The following are the principal clauses of the treaty which these two plenipotentiaries concluded with the Siogun :—[2]

[1] On the conditions of the Convention concluded at Nagasaki in November 1855. Additional articles were signed in January 1856.

[2] The English treaty was signed on the 26th August, the French treaty on the 9th October, 1858.

Diplomatic agents to reside at Yedo and consular agents at all the open ports. These ports are Hakodaté, Kanagawa (Yokohama), and Nagasaki; to which were afterwards added Hiôgo and Niigata. English and French subjects may settle there; buy houses; trade; build churches, and freely exercise their religion. They may also, at certain fixed times, be admitted to Ôsaka and Yedo; but only to trade there. (This would seem to exclude the missionaries.) The diplomatic agents and the consuls-general shall alone have the right to travel in the interior. In a paragraph of the article which concerned the free exercise of the Christian religion by foreigners in the open ports, the plenipotentiaries took care to obtain, like the Dutch, the cessation of practices insulting to our faith. Finally, it was provided that these treaties should be revised at the end of twelve years. The winding-up of these acts, which opened Japan to European commerce, while limiting the points where it was to be carried on, was followed by the signature of analogous conventions with Prussia, Spain, Belgium, and, two years ago, with Austria.

According to a long-established belief, shared in by the former missionaries, Japan was placed under the dominion of two emperors. One governed the empire; the other, the souls of men. The *savants* of Detsima shared in this opinion, which was impressed upon us all when, in our infancy, we learned the rudiments of geography. The one, the Mikadó, was the spiritual head; the other, the Siogun, the temporal. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros believed this like everyone else, and, following the example of the foreign admirals, who

had made the former treaties, addressed themselves to the Siogun, and negotiated and concluded the treaty with him. It was only later that they found out that the Siogun, although more or less the master since the twelfth century of the most important part of the country, was only legally the first vassal of the emperor, and therefore had no power to treat with foreigners; also that it was against the wishes and orders of the Mikado that these treaties had been signed. Already in a tottering position, as we shall soon see, the Siogun wished to take advantage of his relations with the foreigners to awe the court of Kiyôto, and to defeat the machinations of certain great daimios who were striving to induce the emperor to break openly with him. It is pretended, that to leave the plenipotentiaries of the two powers in ignorance as to the nature of his authority, he took the Chinese title of Taikoun in dealing with them, which signifies sovereign, instead of his habitual title of Siogun, which answers to that of general-in-chief. The result of this conduct, however, was very contrary to his hopes. It hastened his downfall and the abolition of the Siogunate. Supreme power throughout the empire was henceforth centred in the hands of the Mikado. In reality, it passed to the chiefs of the four great clans who had overturned the Siogun, or rather to their principal agents, who are now the council and ministers of the emperor. There was no doubt that the arrival of the Europeans would sooner or later bring about great changes in the interior state of Japan; but the involuntary error of the French and English plenipotentiaries, and the fact that

they addressed themselves not to the Mikado, but to his vassal, rallied round the discontented daimios all the elements which were most hostile to foreigners, and in consequence, hastened the fall of the Siogun. The interests of the Europeans did not, however, suffer from this mistake. The division between the native governments, was, on the contrary, favourable to them. But to Japan the abolition of the Sioguns entailed the gravest consequences.

The treaties having been duly concluded, they proceeded to the carrying out of their articles. The foreign missions were established at Yedo; the consuls and merchants on the shores of Yokohama, where a considerable town soon sprang up. The cabinet of St. Petersburg, faithful to the old and wise maxim that the presence of a diplomatic agent should always be justified by the exigencies of the imperial interests which the government had decided to preserve and maintain by force, in case of need—the Russian cabinet, I say, abstained from appointing a minister to the Siogun court, and limited itself to establishing consulates at Yokohama and Hakodaté, and in the island of Yesso, the nearest point to the possessions of Russia on the borders of the Pacific. In this way the Russian government provided for its trade and navigation (which is not of any great importance in these waters), and avoided, by the absence of a diplomatist, embarking in a doubtful and perilous path, which it foresaw would be bristling with difficulties, and might seriously compromise the future. The political position was, in fact, dark, complicated, and critical. Treaties had been concluded with the Siogun;

and although a thick curtain hid what was passing at the court of Kiyôto, and in the camp of the great daimios (who were clamoring for the expulsion of the intruders), from the diplomatic agents, it was impossible not to see that all the upper classes of the nation were hostile, that the power with which they had treated was tottering, that it was mined in its foundations and ready to crumble into dust. Nevertheless, they leant on that power, and were determined to do so, without thinking (or, perhaps, because they were unable to do otherwise) that the moral support given by foreigners to the Siogun would only discredit him more and more with his own people, give a handle to his enemies, and hasten his downfall. At this time the leading feature in the position was the weakening of the Siogunate. As to the reason, no one can give it. They speak of corruption, of venality, of treason; but such is still the darkness in which the contemporary history of Japan is involved that no one has yet been able to ascertain the facts. On this capital point, as on so many others, one is reduced to conjectures. Iwakura alone, to whom I ventured to address the question, gave me a clear and precise answer: "The Sioguns," he said, "were detested by the Japanese nation, who are full of loyalty and affection for its legitimate sovereign the Mikado." "But how does it happen, then, that the Japanese nation, so full of attachment to the emperor, has borne with these usurpers for seven centuries; and why has their long dormant loyalty so suddenly woke up into life?" To this question he made no answer whatever.

This, then, is an important fact to ascertain. The Siogunate, established in the twelfth century, and maintained with various fluctuations to our own day, was already, from some unknown cause, undermined before the arrival of the foreigners.

At Kiyôto, the kugés—*i.e.* the aristocracy of the court—declared that the treaties concluded with the Europeans could only be carried out with the consent and ratification of the Mikado. This was the first blow inflicted on the Siogun by the court party. From this moment both the master of Yedo and the Mikado endeavoured to make use of the Europeans, the one to confirm his power, the other to regain it: Kiyôto became the very hot-bed of intrigues.

It seems that the south has always played a great part in the revolutions of Japan. They sent agents there, and tried to excite public opinion against the Siogun, whom they accused of yielding up the country to the barbarians. The Siogun on one side, and the great daimios on the other, armed themselves in haste, borrowed instructors from the foreigners, bought rifles, and built men-of-war in Europe. The chiefs of the great clans of Satsuma, Chôshiu, and Toza, to whom, later, was added that of Hizen, combined with the kugés to demand the expulsion of the foreigners, and addressed a petition to the Mikado that they might all be thrown by the Siogun into the sea. The order was actually given; but the Siogun excused himself, alleging his weakness. The leaders of the anti-European party, who were more and more under the dominion of the samurais, or military class, then demanded the punishment of the Siogun at the hands

of the Mikado, and begged the latter to undertake a crusade himself against the barbarians. If this request were not complied with, it was only because the Mikado at that moment found himself in the hands of one of the most powerful daimios of the north—the Prince Aidzu, at that time military governor of Kiyôto, and a relation and friend of the Siogun's. The Prince Chôshiu (known also under the name of Nagato), wishing to get possession of the person of the Mikado, tried to take Kiyôto by surprise.[1] The Chôshius got into the town, and fought a pitched battle with the troops commanded by Prince Aidzu. But, beaten and rejected, they retired to their own country, at the southern extremity of Niphon, in front of the island of Kiushiu. For the moment, therefore, Prince Aidzu and the Siogun found themselves in the Mikado's court entire masters of the situation. They dragged out of him an order for the Siogun to punish the Chôshiu clan.[2] It was at this very time that the foreign ministers went to Hiôgo to ask the Mikado for a ratification of the treaties. M. Roche offered the assistance of the French troops to reduce the Chôshius. This was an indirect way of intervening with a military force in favour of the Siogun. The Mikado declined the offer, but ratified the treaties. Nevertheless, two events took place. The English had in vain demanded satisfaction of the Prince of Satsuma for certain hostile proceedings. They therefore bombarded Kagoshima, the capital of his principality in the island of Kiushiu. The following year[3] the ships of all the four European powers shelled and burnt the town of Shimonoséki

[1] This was in 1864. [2] In 1863. [3] In 1864.

situated at the entrance of the inner sea, and belonging to Prince Chôshiu. In these two actions the Japanese must have been convinced of the incontestable superiority of the Europeans. Henceforth more amicable relations were established between the foreign representatives and the heads of the two clans of Satsuma and Chôshiu. The Siogun undertook two campaigns against the latter. But during this expedition he died at the castle of Ôsaka.[1] A few months after, the Mikado followed him to the tomb,[2] and the present emperor, then hardly twelve years of age, mounted the throne of his ancestors. Keiki, the youngest son of Prince Mito, was raised to the Siogunate. He accepted this dignity in spite of his father's advice, and that of the other members of his family, who were all hereditary enemies of the Sioguns. Keiki, established in the castle of Kiyôto, persisted, nevertheless, in taking the title of Siogun. But to disarm the opposition he declared his intention of co-operating in the restoration of the Mikado, and of relinquishing his dignity as soon as the daimios in council should have decided on the basis of the new constitution. To effect this he convoked a meeting of the princes at Kiyôto. A great many answered to his appeal; but the chiefs of the Satsumas, Chôshius, and Tozas clans, concentrated their forces round this town.[3]

Decisive events followed one another with astonishing rapidity. On the 3rd of January, 1868, the troops of Prince Satsuma penetrated into Kiyôto, and obtained from the Mikado an order for the Siogun and Prince

[1] This was at the end of 1866.

[2] He died at Kiyôto in Feb. 1867. [3] In December 1867.

Aidzu to withdraw their troops from the palace, which was instantly occupied by Satsuma's band. Feeling that they were no longer safe, the Siogun and Aidzu evacuated Kiyôto that same day, and retired precipitately on Ôsaka, where they arrived the following evening. This retreat was signalized by an important edict issued by the emperor himself. The Mikado declared his empire to be re-established throughout the country, and that the Siogunate was abolished. Another decree laid down the principles of the new constitution. But Prince Aidzu did not consider himself defeated. Dragging the Siogun into making a last attempt, he marched with him upon Kiyôto. Near Fujimi, about five miles from the capital, they met the troops of Satsuma and Chôshiu. A bloody battle was fought, which ended in the defeat of Aidzu and the Siogun, and their retreat on Ôsaka. After having burnt his palace in that town, the Siogun took refuge on board one of his frigates, which conveyed him to his capital. The conquerors, led by a member of the imperial family, went by land to Yedo and entered it, without the Siogun attempting any resistance. He took refuge in the temple of Ueno; and afterwards was permitted to retire to his own property, where he lives in peace, without being molested by the imperial government.

Such was, after seven centuries, the end of the Siogunate. Prince Aidzu returned with his troops into his own dominions; and having formed a league with certain daimios, known under the name of the Northern Confederation, continued his hostilities for a long time. Towards the end of the year 1868, however, a signal defeat put an end both to the confederation

and the civil war. Everywhere, save in one point, the authority of the Mikado was recognized.

One knows that Yesso, the most northern of the four great islands, is only a vast forest, containing treasures of copper and coal, but inhabited by aborigines, who are real savages. Some parts of the southern coast have been colonized by the Japanese. In the extreme end, facing Niphon, is Hakodaté, an important establishment. It is this port which, on the demand of Commodore Perry, was opened to the Americans; and it is, of all the five treaty ports, the one most accessible to Europeans. Whilst the prince's troops were marching on the Siogun capital, the captain of a man-of-war took possession of the Japanese fleet anchored before Yedo, and sailed for the Bay of Hakodaté. His arrival with the fleet became the signal for a pacific revolution. Captain Brunet, one of the French instructors, put himself at the head of the movement. They proclaimed a republic and universal suffrage! This suffrage, it is true, was reserved for the samurais—that is, for the military. All the other classes were carefully excluded. The resident foreigners, who were most of them adventurers, and were few in number, and amongst them one of the consuls, made common cause with the revolutionists. For some months this droll constitution marched well enough. Everyone, as it seemed, was satisfied, save the Mikado's government, who at last sent a naval squadron to bring them to reason. A naval action was the result; the two-sworded republicans were defeated; Brunet returned to France; and the island of Yesso to the dominion of the Japanese emperor.[1]

[1] This was in 1869.

The first question to be decided upon was the choice of the future capital. For centuries political life had centred in Yedo. Yedo also shared with Ôsaka its commercial supremacy. Yedo held all the strings of government in the time of the Sioguns, whose power extended from Yesso to Kiushiu. Yedo was, consequently, fixed upon as the imperial residence. The Mikado went to look at it, returned to Kiyôto, and finally established his court at Yedo.

What was the conduct of the foreign ministers and what the fate of the Europeans since their establishment at Yokohama and during the civil war? At one moment the evident hostility of the upper classes, joined to the weakness of the Yedo government, seemed seriously to menace the existence of the young colony. A series of murders committed on the residents at Yokohama and its neighbourhood, and, at the seat of government, three attacks directed against the British Legation, had carried the utmost consternation into Yokohama, and imposed upon the representatives of the four powers, and on the admirals commanding the naval stations, the duty of providing for the security of their fellow-countrymen. The foreign ministers, continually exposed to murderous attacks, thought it wiser to leave Yedo. Only the representative of the United States, separating himself from his colleagues, remained on there for some time. The rest established themselves at Yokohama, in the midst of their countrymen, and under the protection of the men-of-war bearing their respective flags. One day a group of armed men assembled round the factory. The Japanese governor professed himself unable to

defend it. The residents armed themselves in haste, and made arrangements for embarking their families on board the ships. It was during this period of panic that Admiral Jaurés disembarked a body of marines and established them at the foot of the bluffs. An English regiment, hastily summoned from Hong Kong, pitched their camp on the heights. This joint occupation, with certain modifications conceded to the susceptibilities of the present government, has been maintained to this day; and it would be, I think, the height of imprudence to withdraw these forces, which, after all, are small enough, and, in case of a victorious attack, only sufficient to give time to the residents to take refuge on board their men-of-war. A short time after, the English Legation again removed to Yedo. The other ministers continued to reside at Yokohama. In these last times all danger seems to have disappeared, and the "Concession" enjoys, to all appearance, perfect security.

I have spoken above of the tortuous policy (on the whole favourable to Europeans) of the Siogun's court, which was placed in the delicate position of having at the same time to satisfy the foreigners and the hostile feeling of the country. When the ministers of the four foreign powers announced to the Siogun their intention of chastising Prince Chôshiu by bombarding Shimonoséki, he hastened to give his consent privately, while publicly protesting against the act. The Mikado had given him orders to expel the foreigners. He published an edict conceived in this sense, yet hastened secretly to assure the diplo-

matic agents that his proclamation was only a demonstration. When, under the pretext of helping the emperor, he undertook the campaign against the Chôshius, he begged the admirals to allow his *hatamotos* to be conveyed by French and English ships, and, in order not to wound public opinion, that they would hoist the Japanese flag. This demand was naturally refused; but he was allowed to freight some English merchant-men and to carry his flag. These facts are significant. A power reduced to such expedients is already judged and condemned.

In the face of all these complications nothing could be more delicate than the task of the diplomatists. In the first place, they had very imperfect information. The news which came to them from Kiyôto, the hot-bed of the plots hatching against the Siogun, were scarce, incomplete, and generally contradictory. A policy of abstention was evidently the wisest and the only one to be recommended. But how abstain when your fellow-countrymen were being massacred, when incendiary fires were the order of the day, when one of the Legations was openly attacked and several of its members killed or wounded? To remain with one's arms crossed was only to increase the insolence of the enemy and encourage further outrages. To act vigorously, on the other hand, was to embark in a path of which neither the direction nor the issue was known. Nevertheless, it was absolutely necessary to provide for the safety of the Legations. It was incumbent upon them, therefore, to ask and obtain satisfaction for these injuries; otherwise their *prestige* was lost, and the very existence of foreigners in Japan

compromised. But what was to be done? Would it be wise to use persuasion, or menaces, or reprisals? There were doubtless some hesitations; but, on the whole, if I may be allowed to pronounce a judgment, I should say that the representatives of England, who played the principal part in these transactions (from the importance of British commercial interests in Japan, and from the material force at their disposal), I should say, then, that Sir Rutherford Alcock, Colonel Neal, and Sir Harry Parkes, who succeeded one another as the heads of Queen Victoria's Legation, acted in these moments of difficulty with a prudence and energy, and, what is most essential for the public interests, with a success, which are incontestable. The French representative, M. Roche, took a more decided line: he did not attempt to conceal his sympathies with the Yedo government, and went so far as to offer the Mikado—or, in reality, seeing the state of things at the moment, the Siogun—the intervention of the French naval forces. After the fall of the latter, M. Roche left Japan, and was replaced by M. Outrey. The United States minister held aloof. The conduct of the Netherlands plenipotentiary, although naturally of a less important bearing on the state of affairs, was stamped with that wise and conciliatory spirit which distinguishes that nation. When the revolution of the four great clans triumphed, the heads of the movement felt the necessity of consolidating their relations with foreign powers. The Mikado, therefore, informed the envoys who were charged to present their credentials to the emperor, that he would receive them himself at Kiyôto. I have

already described the bloody episode which troubled that solemnity.[1]

Recent researches and discoveries, which are due in a great measure to the zeal and intelligent activity of the interpreters and students of the Legations, have considerably modified the old ideas in Europe on the constitution of Japan. It is now ascertained that the Mikado has always been the supreme master. The Son of the Gods, invisible (until these latter days), like Jehovah, speaking to Moses surrounded by clouds, this man unites in his person all the attributes of Divinity. The depositary and source of all power, he is not considered, as was thought for so long, the head of a religion, a kind of pope, the distributor of spiritual graces, and the guardian of the faith. He is a great deal more than that, for he is the issue of the Divinity. There is no recognized distinction between his spiritual and temporal power. Since the ninth century he has resided at Kiyôto, surrounded by his kugés, or court nobles of high and ancient lineage; and when convoked by him, by all the daimios of the empire. The military power was delegated to two great functionaries—one commanding the north, the other the south, with the title of Siogun, or general-in-chief. One of these, in the twelfth century, had the audacity and the good luck to make this dignity hereditary in his family, and, under the supremacy of the emperor, to take possession of the richest and most important provinces of Japan. It was thus that this Siogunate was established, which was to last for seven centuries.

[1] The attack of the two fanatics on Sir H. Parkes on the 23rd November, 1869.

The Siogun was looked upon as the first vassal of the Mikado. As to the extent of his power, it fluctuated with circumstances. Since the days of Yoritoma, one of the great figures in Japanese history, but who belonged to an epoch too remote for us to be able to judge fairly of his importance, the terrible Taiko-Sama, at the end of the sixteenth century, is one of the principal characters. Born in an obscure position, but arrived at the height of greatness, thanks to his genius, his energy, his great marriage, and his star, he still lives in the legendary traditions of his country, and has left in the two centres of Yedo and Ôsaka, which are his creations, and even in Kiyôto, the most magnificent monuments of his grandeur. The link of vassalship, which was to a certain degree nominal, was yet maintained by the Sioguns towards the Mikado. From time to time they went to Kiyôto to make their act of obedience. We owe to one of the envoys of the Dutch factory of Detsima a curious account of one of these interviews. From the windows of the house which served them both as hotel and prison, they saw the *cortége* pass of the two potentates, of which they left us a vivid description.

The Siogun territory was composed of eight provinces, comprised under the collective title of Kuantô, with Yedo and the towns of Ôsaka, Nagasaki, Niigata, and Hakodaté with their territories. These towns and provinces, administered by governors, were all under the direct authority of the Siogun. He was absolute master over them, monopolized the commerce, and took possession of all the produce of the

custom-houses. But in the different *hans*, towns, and domains of the daimios, who had become their vassals, they were obliged to reckon with them. Also, when, in the negotiations with the American and European plenipotentiaries, there was a question of admitting foreigners, the Siogun only consented to the opening of the ports and towns placed under his direct authority. He took good care not to grant the opening of the *hans* about which the lords, though his vassals, would probably have protested, and even resisted. His armed force was furnished by the *hatamotos* (literally, *men under a banner*). The successor of Taiko-Sama, by ennobling the military class and endowing them with lands, had created this caste of hatamotos, who were bound to serve the Siogun in time of war, either personally or by furnishing a certain number of soldiers or a certain indemnity in money. There were 80,000 hatamotos. Engulfed in their master's ruin, they dispersed themselves about the country. Some became merchants; others, and those the largest portion, swelled the ranks of the ronins.

Besides the daimios, vassals of the Siogun, and besides the princes and *mediatised* counts (if it be allowed to use such a term, unknown as yet in Japan), there were daimios holding directly under the Mikado, more or less submissive according to the times; or more or less deserving the title of kings, which the old missionaries gave to the eighteen feudal lords of the first order. Those in the north were the most independent. We have seen the important part played by them in the last revolution. But as a general rule,

the northern part of this great island is too far off, and perhaps too poor, to exercise a decisive influence on the destinies of the empire. These provinces, which, owing to the severity of the climate, lack that article of first necessity to a Japanese—*i.e.*, rice, which they have to buy from the south, are only partially cultivated, thinly peopled, and far less prosperous, than those of the south or the centre of Japan.

Such was, only two or three years ago, the political constitution of this country. Socially, the nation was divided, on the one hand, by clans, and on the other by castes. From this double point of view, the north of Scotland in old times and India have a certain analogy with Japan. The military caste has the first rank. Tradesmen yield to agriculturists, and occupy the lowest place in the social scale. The bonzes and scholars enjoy a certain consideration. The peasants form a respectable and respected class. In each village the mayor is elected by the heads of families. There is not even in Europe an example of a more liberal municipal council. Full of respect towards others, and a strict observer of the rules of etiquette, gentle and easy to live with, the Japanese peasant is nevertheless jealous of his rights; and woe be to the agent who should infringe them! Only lately the agriculturists of a large village, having to complain of certain exactions, after having exhausted themselves in petitions, sent a numerous deputation to the governor. When they saw that this functionary was not likely to listen to their just demands, they strangled him in his yashki, and then went home quite quietly. Everybody considered this proceeding

as an act of self-defence, justified by circumstances. The military profession is hereditary. It is a kind of feudalism, born in the earliest ages, developed in the course of centuries, animated by the chivalrous spirit of our crusaders, and identified with the ideas, traditions, and customs of the whole nation. We have said that trade occupies the lowest scale in the social hierarchy of Japanese society. A sword-cutler forms the sole exception. He even has the rank of a noble. When he comes to the more delicate portion of his work—that is, when he has to solder together the iron and steel which form the blade of the sword—he shuts the front of his shop, and puts on a court-dress.[1] These swords and daggers are handed down from father to son, and from generation to generation. The names of the great sword-cutlers of Kiyôto, Yedo, and Ôsaka, are known to every samurai, and form constant topics of conversation. Even ladies learn to wield a halberd. Mr. Mitford mentions that among some families of the old stock this habit is still preserved. There are also associations between people of the same caste, the object of which is mutual defence, charity, and the helping of the oppressed. In the European quarter of Yokohama you will hear that all this is ancient history—that chivalry and the feudal system have had their day, but are now obsolete and used up. I will refer to these assertions by and by. But whatever people may say or think of the feudal system in general, and of the institutions which have hitherto prevailed in Japan, there is one point on which everyone is agreed. At the time of the arrival of the

[1] See Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan."

Europeans, and until very lately, the people were happy and contented. Excepting the enormous revenues of the great daimios, which were mostly absorbed by the expenses of their position, and formed in a sort of way the common property of the whole clan, there were few large fortunes and hardly any poor. Although several classes were armed, there were, comparatively speaking, but few acts of violence committed. Japanese history knows of no horrors like those perpetrated in China by the Tae-pings. Public order was rarely troubled in Japan. Life and property were better protected than in any other pagan nation. The cultivation of the soil, the development of certain branches of industry, the taste for and the practice of the fine arts, bespeak a long-established civilization. Doubtless this civilization is imperfect, for Christianity has never shed its light freely on the land. Certain barbarous customs tarnish the spirit of chivalry and the feeling of honour which distinguish this people. Gross superstitions darken and hinder the aspirations of their souls, which are dissatisfied with the Buddhist doctrines, although Buddhism is the religion of the majority. The spirit of scepticism has invaded and enervated the whole of the upper classes. The family forms the basis of the political institutions of the state; but woman, although more free and more respected than in any other pagan society, still awaits the hour of her enfranchisement.[1] Hence arises

[1] In Japan the husband simply sends away his wife when he is tired of her, and gives notice of his intention to the chief of his clan. When this formality has been gone through, he considers himself legally divorced.

a deplorable relaxation in morals; but the shameful vices which sully the Chinese people are almost unknown in Japan. Respect for parental authority, fidelity to the head of the clan—who is looked upon as the common father of all the members of these historic groups—bravery, and voluntary death when exacted by honour, were and are the most widely-spread virtues of this gay, polite, careless, chivalrous, and amiable people.

That the abolition of the Siogunate, which for so many centuries had filled so large a place in the state, should leave a great void—that the country would have to go through a series of troubles and crises before filling it up—all this was indubitable; but no one foresaw the extent of the subversion of which this has been the consequence.

The civil war was hardly at an end before its principal authors, those who had planned and accomplished the downfall of the Siogun, Princes Satsuma, Chôshiu, Toza, and Hizen, addressed a petition to the Mikado, which was partly inspired by a simple samurai belonging to Prince Chôshiu, named Kido, who is to-day one of the most influential members of the emperor's council. In this memorable petition, these great princes offered the Mikado both their lands and their troops. It was like asking for their own destruction. The non-initiated could not believe their ears. The offer was accepted. The other daimios, with the exception of eleven, who, however, soon resigned themselves to the common fate, followed the example of the four princes. From that moment the Mikado's government has plunged into the path of reform with incredible boldness. The titles of daimio (feudal lord), and kugé (court noble),

were abolished and replaced by the vague designation of *katsoku*, or noble. The daimios were left at the head of their clans, but only with the title of governors under the Imperial Council. Soon after, a ministerial change took place.[1] The leaders of the revolution of 1868, Iwakura and the principal agents of the four princes, who until now had acted behind the scenes, were brought forward on the political stage. At this moment they form, with Sanjo and Saijo, the ministry and council of the Mikado.

I have before mentioned the principal acts of the new government, as they have been told and explained to me by their authors: the abolition of the *hans*, towns and feudal territories, transformed into *kens*, that is, towns and lands holding directly under the crown. This was, with a stroke of the pen, to destroy the feudal constitution of the whole empire. This extraordinarily bold measure was received by the country in the silence of a kind of stupor; and by the Europeans of Yokohama, who had applauded the first innovations, with an ill-disguised anxiety. Everyone asked himself whether an edict of such great importance could possibly be put into execution without exciting serious resistance.

The daimios, first transformed into simple governors of their old dominions, were afterwards dismissed, to be replaced by functionaries sent from Yedo. More than this, they were ordered to live constantly in town. We know that the daimios, subject to the Siogun's authority, were obliged to pass six months of the year in Yedo. But this obligation was imposed

[1] In the month of August 1871.

upon them at the time when they had become vassals of the Siogun, and in virtue of mutual agreement. The edict of the new ministry, on the other hand, is purely arbitrary; it deprives the highest personages in the empire of a right which is not refused to the *êtas*, or even to the poorest beggar—that of living in the place which has witnessed their birth. Prince Ichikusen, having drawn upon himself the displeasure of the ministry, was simply dismissed, replaced in his functions by a government official, sent for to Yedo, and shut up in his palace, which is close to the English Legation. According to ancient usage in similar cases, the great door of honour in his yashki was destroyed, and the opening closed by planks nailed on transverse beams. All this passed during my sojurn at Yedo. The ministers were quite proud at having dared to carry out so bold an act of authority.

The clans of which the interior organization was virtually destroyed by the abolition of the daimios, are likewise, as we have before said, to undergo important modifications. The little clans are to be grouped into one or two, and the larger ones are to be divided.

The government announced its intention of forming an imperial army. The great daimios received an order accordingly to send both troops and materials of war to Yedo and Kiyôto; and the chiefs of the four clans hastened, at least, apparently and in a certain measure, to obey an order which formed part of their own programme. Great was the Mikado's satisfaction, and great the public astonishment. Barracks being wanted, they took possession of part of the convents

of Shiba. The bonzes were dislodged with or without an indemnity. The soldiers were equipped, armed and drilled *à l'Européenne*.

The religious question was not likely to escape the government solicitude. The new ministers, maintaining that they must go back to the purer dogmas of the religion of the Mikado, ordered the destruction of the symbols, statues, and Buddhist images which existed in the former Sintoo temples. If these orders are carried out to the letter, they will involve the destruction of the sanctuaries held in the greatest veneration by the people, and indirectly of the Buddhist religion, that is, religion in general. Already the question has been mooted of the demolition of the magnificent tombs in the Shiba, the most precious sepulchral monuments in Japan. Everywhere they have begun by confiscating or expropriating, in a great measure, the large Buddhist convents, on the promise of a feeble indemnity. To appease the clamour of the monks, they are dispensed from the celibate. The people look on in silence; they let the government have its way, without understanding anything of this crusade suddenly declared against their gods and their priests.

But there is another cause of disaffection. The state of the finances is not brilliant, and reforms cost dear. Until now the financial system was simple enough. The Mikado, the Siogun, the daimios, and the peasants lived of the fruit of their ground. The agriculturists paid a tax to the daimios, and these latter paid tribute either to the Mikado or to the Siogun. The *hatamotos* of the Siogun had certain

lands assigned to them. The samurais of the Mikado and the daimios, in addition to certain farms worked by them, had rations of rice and a certain number of *kokus*, the price of the koku varying according to the state of the receipts, but representing, on an average, twenty-five francs. This pay formed almost the sole resource of the samurais. Tradesmen and artisans were exempt from taxation. When the crops failed the tax was remitted, but spread over other years when the crops were abundant. This consideration was natural in princes whose paternal spirit rarely forgot that their subjects were members of their family, and that the impoverishing of the peasant fell upon the proprietor. The modern state of things, the complexity of its machinery, and the dearness of its administration, no longer admit of such regard to the feelings and wants of the people. To-day the tax is rigorously levied without reference to the quality or value of the crops. Hence, in the important class of agriculturists, who form the majority of the people, there are universal symptoms of discontent. To lighten their burdens, the government propose to reduce these charges (which they will not be able to do, owing to the increase of their financial embarrassments), and also to tax the tradesmen and artisans, which they will certainly attempt; the result will be to increase the number of the disaffected. But they have other sources of revenue at their disposal. The daimios have made the sacrifice of their lands, and in consequence of the immense revenues derived from them. The government while appropriating these, intends to leave a tenth part to the former proprietors, taking

on itself the charges inherent on the position. The most considerable of these charges, beyond the purchase of ships and of war materials, is the subvention due to the samurais. I have said above that the government proposes to pay two-thirds of their pension and to fund the remainder. In this way, they hope, in ten years, to repay the pensions. In the meantime, all specie has disappeared: except a little copper money, nothing is to be seen but paper. Such is a summary of the financial measures meditated, and in part already proclaimed, by the reform government. But the embarrassments increase daily. They are owing to two causes: first, to the disturbance caused, in all the departments of the state by these sudden and important changes, and in consequence a notable diminution of the public revenues; and next, to an enormous addition to the expenses. It was necessary to provide for the installation of the Central Government, copied from the expensive model of European administrations, at least, such as they imagined them to be; for the formation and maintenance of an imperial army and navy; for the introduction of telegraphs and railways; for the foundation of schools of foreign and other languages; for the construction of the famous Exchange at Ôsaka; and last, not least, which is a real benefit, for the erection of lighthouses on the coast and in the inner sea. To meet all these requirements, Europeans are needed. They have engaged, therefore, at great expense, English, French, and German engineers, architects, professors, military instructors, and schoolmasters. They send annually a certain number of young men to Europe and to

America, some as simple travellers, charged to take note of and bring back with them all the European ideas they can; others as students, to follow courses of medicine, mechanics, and physical sciences. Their expenses are paid, and they receive besides a grant of a thousand dollars. They tell me that the number of these young emissaries of civilization is more than 500, and the cost upwards of eight millions of francs. English, German, and French books, generally compilations of popular encyclopædias, destined to propagate various kinds of useful knowledge, are translated into Japanese and spread among the youth of both sexes.

In direct contradiction to these efforts to endow Japan with all the benefits of European civilization, is the hatred of Christianity, which seems to animate the reformers, the persecutions to which the native Christians are exposed, who were little molested under the reign of the Sioguns, the cruelty exercised on their victims, and the non-acceptance of the friendly remonstrances of the whole diplomatic body on their behalf.

Now, who were the real authors of the revolution of 1868? and what is the ostensible object and the secret tendencies of its leaders?

Let us first listen to the natives themselves. Iwakura said to me and to all who came near him: "The nation loves and venerates the Mikado. The Siogun had become the object of universal execration. It was necessary to compass his overthrow. But under him were the chiefs of the clans, the daimios, who were dependent upon him. After his downfall they looked forward to complete emancipation. It was intolerable. The Mikado alone could reduce them to obedience. It

was therefore necessary to accomplish the restoration of his power. That has been done, and in three years all these reforms will have been peaceably carried out." This is the official language of the day, and little calculated to enlighten us, it is true. But I have a very curious document before me. I think, without being able positively to affirm it, that it is among the papers communicated to the English Parliament. It evidently dates from the first months of the revolution, when the expulsion of the barbarians was still inscribed on the banners of the four victorious clans. It bears the title of *Fuku-ko-ron* (Return to the old *régime*).

Here are some of its essential portions :—

"It is believed and even maintained that the emperor cannot continue in the supreme government of the empire for a long succession of years. One must be deprived of the gift of reflection and observation, and not be able to read the signs of the times, to hold such language." Then follows a long dissertation to prove, I think, contrary to historical fact, that for two thousand years the Mikados had reigned and governed without the participation of the military ; and that if they had for a few short years yielded to them the reins of the state, it was by a voluntary act. Then the author continues: "This time it is the people themselves who spontaneously have taken the initiative in the re-establishment of the exclusive authority of the Mikado. This movement, begun by the ronins,[1] successively enlisted the sym-

[1] Allusion is here made to the 600 ronins, who, in 1865, revolted against the Siogun, in the provinces of Yamato and Tajima, under

pathies of the *kerais*, the *kavos*, and finally the *daimios*. Emanating thus from the people themselves, it spread further and further, and ended in the return of the whole country to the old form of government. It follows that *even if the Mikado wished to change his policy, he could not do so, because the opinion of the people would be against such a change.*" . . .

Again, it is said: "Apparently the present movement is a return to the government of the sovereign; but in reality its object is to place the power in the hands of the daimios." This is an entire contradiction of the facts of the case. The people took the initiative in the business, and will bring it to a successful issue. How could the daimios, whatever might be their intentions, work out their own ends? . . . If anyone examines the proceedings of the new government, he will see that in all matters of business, even the least important, the daimios may be consulted, but it is the Mikado who decides. This is the ideal of a national and impartial government. The promoters of this revolulution have doubtless been, in the first instance, Satsuma, Chôshiu, and Toza. Later on, the other daimios have given them their energetic support. Whoever would undo this equitable arrangement would meet with the opposition of the united forces of the empire. . . . . How has it happened that the initiative in this movement has been taken by the lower classes? "For two hundred years the people have been in the habit of discussing the obedience due to their sovereign. They reckoned up the crimes perpetrated in these last times

the lead of the kugés. They were dispersed, and the kugés took refuge with Prince Chôshiu.

by the Siogunate. On the occasion of the signature of the treaties with the external barbarians, the hitherto contained indignation of the people was slightly manifested." . . . Here the author enumerates these (slight?) manifestations of popular anger:—the assassination of the regent, Ii-Kamon-no-Kami; the attack on the person of the second minister for foreign affairs, Tsushima, who was grievously wounded; the assaults on the members of the English Legation, the cook and an orderly being killed, and the secretary, Mr. Oliphant, badly wounded; the revolt of the 600 ronins; and the division in the clan of Prince Mito, one fraction of which declared for the Mikado.[1]

This memorial, evidently inspired by the chiefs of the movement, of whom it pretends to justify the conduct, although filled with wilful inaccuracies and palpable contradictions, which are easily explained by the position of the leaders, throws a strong light on the origin and object of the revolution. It endeavours to refute the popular belief that the Mikados were incapable of governing by themselves. It tries to give to the whole movement an essentially democratic character. The people, who in reality had not moved, are supposed to have taken the initiative, with the intention of dispossessing the military class—that is, these very same samurais who, fighting under the banner of their clan, overthrew the Siogun. The memorial maintains that the principal object was the restoration of the Mikado; but it hastens to add that the Mikado would be powerless to place his power in the hands of the military class, contrary to the wish of the people; thus

[1] These events took place in 1860, 1862, and 1865.

putting the people above the Mikado. It admits that the great crime of the Siogun was to have treated with the barbarians; and it puts forward, as an ideal of a well-regulated state, the government of the daimios; or, to speak more truly, of the three chiefs of the clans who provoked the movement, and whom the Mikado consulted before giving his decision. What a *naïf* confession! It proves that those who think that the replacing of the Siogun by an oligarchy was the object, as, in its present phase, it is the result of the revolution, were not so far wrong in their opinion.

Now, let us look at the information gathered by the Europeans, and I may add by the men who have the best opportunity of ascertaining the truth. The following is a summary:—

The initiative of this great movement belonged to the principal counsellors of the two great southern princes, Satsuma and Chôshiu, round whom were rallied certain kugés, of whom Sanjo, by his family relations, is in the highest position, and Iwakura is the most talented and active. The yashkis of Prince Satsuma and Chôshiu, in the south, and Kiyôto in the centre, were the two hotbeds of the intrigues which plotted the destruction of the Siogun. His complete ruin, the destruction of his power, and the abolition of his dignity, were the first objects of the conspirators. To insure the concurrence of the great clans, they appealed to the hatred against the foreigners, which is so common among the samurais. The rallying cry consequently became—"The restoration of the Mikado, and the expulsion of the barbarians." When the first part of the programme had been carried out, the

samurais asked to march upon Yokohama. The leaders tried to quiet them by saying: "These foreigners are stronger than we are, better armed, richer, and superior to us in a thousand ways. They burnt Kagoshima and Shimonosêki, and they will burn Yedo and Ôsaka. Have patience! our day will come. But before everything, we must perfect our arms, drill our troops, borrow from the barbarians means of action, which some day will help us to exterminate them." This reasoning had its effect. But the leaders themselves, what are their feelings with regard to the Europeans? It is thought that their only anxiety is to maintain their power—that they do not share in the bitterness of the samurais—but that we should grossly deceive ourselves if we imagined that their feelings towards us were really friendly. As to the people, to whom this famous memorial attributes the initiative of the revolution, they have taken no part whatever in the matter: they do not trouble their heads with politics, and are, what they have always been towards Europeans—civil, amiable, and indifferent.

There is no possible doubt of the truth of the preceding statement. But several important facts remain unexplained. To lift the curtain one loses oneself in conjectures. Thus I hear some people affirm that the princes and the daimios in general are stupid, brutish, and fallen almost into a state of imbecility—that they have become only the tools of those about them; that their counsellors, who are all of the samurais class, conceived the revolution, not to replace the Siogun by the Mikado, for they care for neither the one nor the

other, but to shake off the yoke o. ..... ....ters (of the very men who, if we are to believe these self-same people, they work upon and domineer over in their own interests); that modern and democratic ideas, imported from America and Europe, have bitten them all; that the feudal system, here as in Europe, has had its day; that these institutions have outlived their time; that, ruined in their foundations, the first breath would blow them away; that the contact with Europeans has opened the eyes of men of letters; that aspirations towards progress and the adoption of our civilization are more and more spread among all classes; that the frequent travels of the Japanese youth in Europe and America develope this movement and consolidate the reforms inaugurated under our very eyes." To this I answered: "Do you know the princes personally?" They owned that they did not, or at least only superficially. They have only seen them on official occasions, when etiquette imposes on the great absolute silence and idiotic faces. This, therefore, proves nothing. It is true that many are influenced by their surroundings, which seems to show that they are wanting in intelligence and energy. No fact could be brought forward to prove the pretended intention of the samurais to withdraw from their vassalship to the princes. It is, then, a mere supposition. We have read the history of the forty-seven ronins. I put it down in my journal because it is the apotheosis of the principle of loyalty, which is the basis and essence of feudal institutions. About 150 years, it is true, have passed since that tragedy was enacted; but the people still burn incense on the tombs of the martyrs to this

principle. It was there that, only three years ago, a ronin committed suicide because his admittance into a certain clan of a great prince had been refused him. But to prove the vitality and vigour of feudal institutions as they still existed in 1868, there is another fact which, in my opinion, is unanswerable; and that is, the history of this very last revolution. The power of the Siogun, although weakened, was still immense. This prince, master of the richest province of the empire, with a perfectly-equipped army at his disposal, with 80,000 hatamotos, with all the customs-duties of the open ports of Yedo and Ôsaka, with the scarcely-disguised and very real moral support of the diplomatic corps, yet was defeated, and defeated by three princes, who, thanks to the organization of their feudal power, found everything which was necessary to upset this Colossus—moral and material resources, men trained to arms, and determined to live and die under the banner of their chief.

As to the existence of a strong public opinion, widely spread in certain quarters, which asks for progress without knowing what direction to take or where to stop—as to the existence of such aspirations, however vague, the fact seems to me incontestable. The ministers of the day have begun these transformations by letting themselves run with the stream. In this work they are encouraged and helped by the unanimous approval of the European merchants; by the kind reception they meet with from the heads of the Legations when they ask their opinion on financial or administrative measures (for I suppose they prudently abstain from giving advice on questions of interior or

home policy); by the assistance of a good number of Americans and Europeans engaged in the Mikado's service—in a word, by the flattering echoes which come from the other side of the globe; by the favourable appreciation of the American and English press; and by the letters of the tourists and Japanese students who have visited the United States, England, France, and Germany, to draw streams of civilization from the fountain-head. It is by channels such as these that Europe and America invade Japan.

I have often asked myself to what extent and in what degree the reform measures decreed at Yedo have become a reality. On this capital point, for want of agents and travellers who can penetrate into the interior of the country, the information which arrives at the Legations and at the great commercial houses of Yokohama is rare, incomplete, and contradictory. One fact, however, is ascertained beyond a doubt. The Princes of Satsuma and Hizen, whose kingdoms (to use their old appellation) extend over the greater part of the Island of Kiushiu, have lost nothing of their prestige nor of their power. This is what the merchants of Nagasaki write, and one or two Europeans employed by these great feudal lords. There is nothing very astonishing in this, however, when we remember that it is Satsuma and Hizen who, with Chôshiu and Toza, made the revolution. It is quite natural that they should work it in their own interests. But the other great daimios who adhered to Kido's celebrated petition, will they be forced to commit suicide? A person inhabiting one of the treaty-ports, a stranger to politics, but one living in

constant relations with the people of the country, told me :—

"In the interior, the greater part of the new edicts issued at Yedo remain a dead letter. Thus the government has abolished the *hans*—dismissed, despoiled, and degraded the daimios; but their power was never more firmly established. As a matter of form, they pretend to obey; in reality, they do just what they please. They levy fresh taxes, make and unmake the laws, and raise both men and contributions, just exactly as if the Mikado's government did not exist; and the emperor takes good care not to insist on the execution of his orders, and thereby provoke a fresh struggle with these petty kings. In Japan it is always the same story—the same powerlessness on the part of the government, whether it be that of the Mikado or the Siogun; with this difference, however, that the latter was really master in the provinces placed under his direct authority; and that he had the power of controlling to a certain point, and by using delicate management, his vassals, the daimios; so that the action of the central government to-day is weaker than it has ever been.[1]

[1] This was true in September 1871; but in the following year there were considerable modifications. Obeying the imperial orders, the daimios arrived in great numbers at Yedo. Shut out from all participation in the affairs of state, despoiled in a great measure of their revenues, they see themselves condemned to insignificance and obscurity. In this point of view the work of destruction is being carried out. But has the authority of the government been the gainer? Has it been thereby consolidated in the provinces and in the hearts of the clans, deprived of their natural leaders? My Japanese letters are silent on this capital point.

I find the same ideas among several of the members of the diplomatic corps. "Next year," one of them said to me, "we shall have the negotiations for the revision of the treaties.[1] There will probably be a question of the whole country being opened to the Europeans. If the government puts any obstacle in the way, it will be on the ground that they cannot guarantee our security till a general disarmament has been effected, and that this is a serious measure which involves time. For this reason they will plead for an adjournment. But the real motive is to be found elsewhere. In theory, the Mikado's power is now universal; in reality, whatever the reformers may say, this authority is far from being universally recognized."

The favourable view taken of the reforms by the foreign merchants, though somewhat abated at the present moment, is easily explained. The Anglo-Saxon is naturally philanthropic, and rather inclined to propagate his own ideas, especially of useful knowledge. He gets an affection for the country where he lives, and approves of all that seems an assimilation to British institutions. Then comes the question of interests. Civilization creates new wants, which English commerce can supply. The Japanese will be able to pay—at least, they fancy so at Yokohama, if only because they possess an inexhaustible supply of minerals. Nevertheless, some people think otherwise. "The ministers of the day," they exclaim, "are acting in the teeth of common sense: they are like children; they destroy all the old institutions of the country

[1] On the demand of the Japanese Government they are adjourned to 1873.

without having any clear idea how to replace them. They seek for models in America and Europe without realizing that they are incapable of appropriating them; they run after certain notions, of which they cannot penetrate the sense. A perfect rage for imitation possesses them just now: it will pass; but the question is, whether it will leave any good or useful trace behind. After all, they are doing very much like the savages in the Sandwich Islands, who have adopted European customs, trousers and waistcoat, leaving out the linen; and have established, over and above, two chambers and a responsible government!" This is the most widely-spread reasoning; it is not very flattering to the Japanese, whom they compare to savages, and it does not seem to me to lie very deep. If the reformers act in spite of common sense, how can we hope that something useful will come out of their aberrations?

Lastly, let us listen to the adversaries of Japanese progress. They are less numerous. They say: "The reforms of the new ministers, unless they remain a dead letter, imply the total ruin of the daimios, who will be despoiled of nine-tenths of their revenues, and the entire destruction of the samurais, reduced to a state of mendicity. It was, nevertheless, the daimios and the samurais who made the revolution and placed the authors of their ruin in power. Thus, those very men who have raised you to the highest position are to receive, without resistance, and with the very sword which they have placed in your hands, the final blow which is to put an end to their existence. Is this credible? But yet this is the starting-point of the

reformers. Add to this, financial embarrassments, the exhaustion of the treasury, the impossibility of replenishing it without impoverishing the country, inevitable bankruptcy, the puerile and ruinous attempt to introduce institutions and administrative forms suited only to advanced countries like England and the United States, the confiscations of the lands and goods of the Buddhist clergy, the growing discontent of the peasants, of the innumerable bonzes,[1] and especially of the military, and you will have a very fair notion of the difficulties of the position. In order that these reforms (which have been begun and carried out with a boldness, precipitation, and thoughtlessness, which may really be called unheard-of) should succeed, the daimios must be idiots, and the links of twenty centuries between them and their clans must have been suddenly broken; the samurais, besides, must be as great fools as their masters. We must suppose, likewise, that the peasants, so independent, so jealous of their rights, and forming an immense majority in the kingdom, have suddenly fallen below the level of the fellahs of Egypt, or the blacks of Central Africa; and that the Buddhist priests, illumined by a sudden ray of divine light, have now but one wish, and that is, to see their idols and temples destroyed, to lose their rations of rice and their homes, and be reduced to an extremity of misery. And all these miracles are to be wrought in order to endow the nation with institutions borrowed from the barbarians, whose destruction had served as the rallying-cry at the beginning of

[1] Their number is supposed to be (I know not on what authority) upwards of 400,000.

the revolution! Is it probable—is it possible that these projects should be realized without provoking furious resistance? Either the Japanese nation is a dead body, or it still has some vitality. In the first case, the reformers have nothing to fear or to hope for. Like remedies applied to a corpse, their reforms will be ineffectual. If the Japanese people have any life left in them, they will end by not tolerating these violent attacks directed against their goods, their customs, their institutions, and their religion. They will rise as one man, and crush those who have been foolhardy enough to try and overturn all they hold most dear. Anarchy and civil war will flood the country with blood and ruin, and the European establishments will be ingulfed in the general catastrophe; for the reaction will come, and the cry will be: 'Death to the barbarians!'"

Such are the sinister previsions of the *pessimists*. For my own part, I hesitate about pronouncing an opinion. To understand the reform one ought to possess certain informations which are entirely wanting —a thorough knowledge of the national character, of the men who have lately climbed to supreme power, of the nature of their relations to the Mikado and to the four great clans, of the real feelings of the latter, and of the influence and authority of the agents charged with the execution of the new decrees in the interior of the country. On all these points I find myself more or less in the dark, or reduced to scanty information given me here and there, of which I cannot prove the accuracy, and which very often is only supposition. Nevertheless, in all human things there are elements

which, saving the differences of time and place, are common to all races, are found in all latitudes and in all societies, and are ordinarily the most essential. From this point of view, considering recent events in Japan under their general aspect, I have arrived at certain conclusions, and I give them here with every kind of reserve. In the first place, I have been immensely struck with the depth, and at the same time with the levity of those who have directed the movement of the four clans, and who to-day are working out its consequences. 1st. With the depth: it was the question of destroying the Siogun. The authors of the scheme began by proclaiming their object to be the restoration of the Mikado. They thus legitimatized their enterprise by appealing to the highest principle, and also the principle most ingrained in the heart of the nation. To insure the moral support and co-operation of those who were to lend them their swords, they next appealed to the ruling passion of the day—the hatred of foreigners. Their watch-word thus became: "Restoration of the Mikado! Expulsion of the barbarians!" But the Mikado is only a talisman—an invaluable one, it is true—to those who wish to influence the masses; but of real power—financial, political, or military resources—there is not a vestige. Still his moral prestige is enormous. The Mikado has his wives; his kugés, who put on their brocaded robes, with wings of cloth of gold, and their black caps, and go and prostrate themselves before the idol; he has also a few samurais; but he has no army. It is this or that great daimio who is called upon to mount guard with the men of his clan over the sacred

person of the son of the gods. Nevertheless, it appears that, without the Mikado, no success is possible. The last events seem to prove it. Whilst Prince Aidzu held the castle of Kiyôto the affairs of his friend the Siogun went well enough. Chôshiu, too, before attempting his great levy, tried to get possession of the person of the emperor—the first time by inviting him to meet him at a temple outside the town. This was a trap; the thing got wind, and failed. The second time his men forced their way into Kiyôto, but they were repulsed. At last the talisman fell into the hands of the conspirators. From that moment the cause of the Siogun was lost. One sees, then, the great moral importance of the Mikado, in spite of his material powerlessness. If they had nothing to put in the place of the Siogun but the Mikado—who is only a principle, and not a substantive power—it is quite clear that no central authority could be created, or else that it would vanish as soon as established, and that the daimios, both small and great, would become altogether independent. This would have led to civil war and permanent anarchy. It was necessary, at the very moment of the fall of the Siogunate, to substitute another power equally strongly organized and ready to accept the succession. This they found in the authority of the four great princes—those who had conceived the idea of the movement, borne the burden of the war, gained the victory, and destroyed the enemy. If the revolution of 1868 has any meaning at all, it means the replacing of the Siogunate by the dominion of the four princes, under the supreme but nominal authority of the Mikado. For this latter

potentate all this overthrow was reduced to a change of residence. Yedo, the capital of the Siogun, must necessarily be that of his successors, who could not do without the Mikado. The talisman was therefore transported from Kiyôto to Yedo. I do not mean to imply by this that the present government did violence to the feelings of the emperor. It seems certain, on the contrary, that the yôung sovereign, who was very favourably disposed in favour of the innovations, approved the conduct of his ministers.

The new state of things is, in fact, the dominion of the four chiefs of the clan, collectively exercised in the name of the Mikado, by the ministers, who are their proxies, and spreading nominally or actually over every part of Japan. Thus we have a combination which is at once clever and deep: for it rests on a just appreciation of given elements.

To consolidate its strength this new power had to create an army. The hatamotos of the Siogun were dispersed. Devoted, besides, as they were to their chief, it would not have been safe, even had it been possible, to enlist them under the banner of the new *régime*. The Mikado, as I said before, had no military force. There remained, then, only the clans of the four princes, who were living at the extreme ends of the empire. Here began both the difficulties and the levity of the proceeding. The four princes had offered their territories to the Mikado, and the other daimios had been obliged to follow their example. Now it became a question of making a fresh sacrifice—of sending to Yedo troops from all the clans, so as to form an imperial army, which should be, in fact, the

army of the collective powers. This serious and radical measure was in the direct interest of the four princes; it gave them the means of consolidating their new power in the very centre of the empire, and of rendering the other daimios harmless by disarming them. But at the same time it destroyed the organization of the clans, which was a fundamental institution of the nation. Politically speaking, and with a view to the wants of the moment, the measure was an excellent one; but socially, and as regards future consequences, I think it most disastrous, even for the four princes themselves, who, in destroying their clans, sapped the very foundations of their own existence.

The Central Government is composed of a certain number of ministers, of whom the most important is Iwakura; and of four imperial councillors, delegates of the four clans, called upon to co-operate with the ministers, and at the same time to control and watch them. Kido, as I have before said, is the most active and the cleverest among them. Saigo, too, renders valuable service. The result is, that the direction of affairs is centred in the hands of the men who, with the four princes and their troops, made the revolution of 1868. If they call themselves ministers and councillors of the emperor, it is to save the principle. In reality, they are the proxies of the princes; their whole power rests upon their support; and as these princes (as it is supposed) are in the hands of their counsellors or advisers, these advisers have the real authority; and they again lean on the most influential men of their clan. This is how they go on. At

Yedo an important question is mooted. The plan is instantly communicated to the counsellors of the four princes, sent into the provinces, and there debated and discussed in the dominant *coterie* of each clan. The assent is given in the form of a petition to the ministers. These men publish the decree or measure which has been decided upon in consequence, as they assert, of the strong pressure put upon them by public opinion; witness such and such petitions. In a word, it is the oligarchy of Yedo leaning on the smaller oligarchies which lead the four clans. The comings and goings between the capital and the residences of Satsuma, Chôshiu, Toza, and Hizen, are incessant. Can this state of things last? The Central Government, under the pressure of the urgent wants of their position, absorbs more and more the vital forces of the clans, who, to make the new organization work, give their blood and their money. They have suppressed the daimiats—at least, on paper,—ruined the samurais, and destroyed the clans; they are forced to burden the people with taxes, and have recourse to the most disastrous financial measures. From hence a universal weakening of the four clans, who must feel it, although masters for the moment of supreme power. The day will perhaps come when they will tire of the sacrifices which the Yedo government does not cease to ask of them, and when the reform party, who are in power to-day, will be replaced by men of the old stock. On this important question—the true feeling of the clans—I have no reliable information. But it is in human nature, and in the nature of the situation, that sooner or later the governing power at Yedo will try to

emancipate themselves from the tutelage of the four clans. The more the organization of the imperial army becomes matured, the more they will feel their strength increase, and the less they will be pleased at playing the part of simple proxies.

The ministers who came into office at the end of the civil war had already favoured the innovations copied from European models. But their successors—the real authors of the revolution—launched themselves furiously in this path. In a few days after the formation of the new administration they had despoiled and ruined the daimios, indirectly destroyed the clans, and reduced the military to perfect misery. They have attacked the religion of the country, opened a crusade against Buddhism, and, pressed by financial embarrassments, they have appropriated a large portion of the lands of the clergy. Only the Montoïtes, on account of the political importance and the riches of this branch of the Buddhist sect, have been treated with some consideration. One would say that the ministry, the more it breaks with the ancient traditions of the country and with those who hold them, the more it seeks for a moral support in the new opinion which strives to borrow from Europe and the United States the models of the future institutions of the country. I am far from wishing to cast obloquy or suspicion on the motives of the remarkable men whom we see at the head of affairs. Until I have proofs to the contrary, I hold them to be animated with the purest and most patriotic intentions. I have no sympathy with the god, Buddha; but I fear that in destroying the idols and temples under the pretext of

restoring the official worship, which is no religion at all, they will deprive the people of their faith, and, what is more serious, of the power of believing,—a bad way, in my opinion, of making them happy and civilized. However seductive their outward appearance may be, I have few regrets for their barbarous chivalry; but it is closely linked with their feudal constitution, which they are destroying without knowing how to replace it. I bear witness, in the upper strata of society, to their eager aspirations towards progress, their ardent thirst for improvement, their genuine wish to acquire useful knowledge, and to endow their country with all the conquests of European civilization. Only I do not think that the way they set to work is practical. The papers and the greater part of the resident foreigners think that they have entered on a right path, but that they go too quickly. I beg their pardon; but I do not think the path is a good one. It appears to me that any work of reform ought to begin by touching the hearts of men. It ought to implant charity and the renunciation of self. This being done, one can, with some chance of success, proscribe acts of vengeance and violence, and establish philanthropic institutions. By placing woman in her proper position, the conjugal link would be purified and strengthened, public morals would be corrected, and the family, which is the basis of the state, would be regenerated. The result would be, respect for property and private rights, and honest guarantees for public order, without which trade will never flourish. Then the moment would arrive for telegraphs and railroads. To begin by them is to set the cart before the

horse. A man may learn to work the telegraph wires and drive a locomotive, and yet remain a barbarian, sharpen his sword on the first man he meets after leaving the station, or, if the station-master has reproved him, perform *hari-kari* to avenge his injured honour.

All these questions are naturally subjects of warm discussion among the European residents. When I tell them my ideas on the subject they smile archly ; they are too civil to laugh out loud ; which, however, does not prevent my fearing that the attempts I see made around me will turn out ill ; for experience proves that the contact with our civilization is always fatal to savage or semi-barbarous races, as long as they are deprived of the lights and benefits of Christianity.

But a truce to these reflections. Let us limit ourselves to bearing witness to the fact which, in the empire of the Rising Sun, is now of paramount importance. The ministers have embarked in an ultra-reform movement, either to direct or work it as a weapon against their adversaries—against the opinion of old Japan, which remains stupefied, silent, intimidated, but not so devoid of vitality as people imagine. I do not reproach them for it ; but what I cannot approve of, is their total want of respect for vested rights, the arbitrary nature of their measures, the levity which attacks everything right and left, and the use they make to carry out their work of destruction of the name of the Mikado, whose *prestige*, although twenty centuries old, might well be eclipsed in their rash and inexperienced hands.

Lastly, in the midst of loud cheers—which, how-

ever, the least accident would convert into reproaches and injuries—the boat has left the shore, and is rapidly drifting down the stream. Will she arrive at a safe haven? It is possible. Will she founder? It is probable. No one can tell. Not being able either to stop or to reascend the stream, they leave it to chance. The sight is a curious but not a new one. Already Guichardin has said: "That those who introduce a novelty into the machinery of the state can never foresee the course the movement will take, and rarely see the end of it."[1]

[1] I venture to call the attention of my readers to a piece given in the appendix. It is an historical *précis*, of twelve months, from the end of September, 1871 (which is the date of my departure from Japan), to the end of September, 1872. The gentleman to whom I am indebted for it is a close and benevolent observer, who has inhabited Yokohama for some years. I will add some extracts of letters from another resident in the same town. He judges the acts of the reform government with more severity than the author of the memorial; but both deserve confidence and careful attention.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

# PART III.

# CHINA.

# CHAPTER I.

*SHANGHAI.—FROM THE 3RD TO THE 8TH OF OCTOBER, AND FROM THE 14TH TO THE 16TH OF NOVEMBER.*

The different appearance of the "Concessions."—The Chinese town, Su-kia-wei.—A symphony of Haydn performed by the Chinese.—The Sisters' Orphanage.—Fluctuations in the present state of Trade.

*October* 3.—The sky is grey; the air sharp and cold. A fresh breeze blows from the north-east. One might fancy oneself in Russia. Yesterday we were feeling that we under the equator. We have not, however, left the 31st parallel. At twelve o'clock the *New York* is at 200 miles from the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang, and already the sea is paler. Towards evening it becomes mud-colour.

*October* 4.—At ten o'clock we entered the "great river," as the Chinese call it, and not without reason; for after the Amazon and the Mississippi, it is the largest river in the world. The left bank is invisible. To our right the plains of the province of Kiang-su stretch onward till they disappear on the horizon.

Some large English merchant steamers are paddling in the muddy waters of the stream, which is at this moment lashed by the wind. Pilot-boats and junks, with their huge sails all set, are tacking backwards and forwards as in the open sea.

At one o'clock the *New York* enters the Hwang-pu, passes before the French naval station of Wusung, and coasts along the flat, green, cultivated banks of the river, amongst which villages are scattered, which recall the banks of the Humber in Yorkshire.

There is nothing in the scenery which, by its beauty or novelty, strikes the eye or speaks to the imagination. One has seen the like a thousand times before. Nevertheless, on the river, the animation increases as we near the great metropolis. Already, through a forest of masts, we see the imposing buildings of the English town, the houses of the American quarter, and the flags of the different consulates.

We have passed before the dockyard and the docks of the American company, of which the great steamers of two storys, painted all white, serve the line of Yang-tse-kiang. Higher up you perceive, either starting, arriving, or at anchor, the ships of the English Peninsular Company and those of the French "Messageries." Add to this the numerous English merchant steamers which have come straight from London, Liverpool, or Glasgow; those of the great Shanghai houses of Jardine and Russell; and near each of these leviathans, like planets gravitating round the sun, the Chinese *sampans*, employed in lading or unlading these big ships. There are also a large number of sailing vessels; but since the opening of the Suez Canal their number is sen-

sibly diminished. It is steam which now monopolises the seas. My eye rejoices at the sight of a fine Austrian corvette, the *Fasana*, Captain Funk, which has just arrived from Trieste. In the lower part of the harbour one sees nothing but a confused mass of masts, yards, and fantastic-shaped sails. There are junks of all sizes anchored under the walls of the Chinese town. The prow of each of these boats is ornamented by two great painted eyes. Unfortunately, the captains don't make very good use of theirs; or else, passing before the European steamers, by way of expressing their contempt, they provoke accidents, of which they and their boats become the victims. These great, staring eyes, which seem fixed upon you with sinister intentions, never failed, I own, to inspire me with secret terror. Being the symbol (though a lying one, it is true) of the vigilance of these vessels, they give them the appearance of monsters prepared to devour you.

We disembarked near the American quarter, and I fall with joy into the open arms of M. de Calice, our Consul-general at Shanghai, and resident minister in China and Japan. He offers me, and I accept with gratitude, his cordial and splendid hospitality.

The more I examine this town the more it excites my admiration. Certainly its site, in a flat and marshy plain, is the reverse of attractive. In a picturesque point of view, it is about the most ugly country one can well imagine. It is also certain that the residences of the rich merchants, although fine, imposing, and pretentious edifices, are not models of architecture;

and as for its climate, Shanghai enjoys the reputation of being one of the most detestable in the world. But what I admire is the boldness, the perseverance, the elastic, energetic, indefatigable genius of the Anglo-Saxon race, ever rich in expedients, who first conceived the idea of building a town here, and who have succeeded, after a desperate but victorious struggle with nature, and with every species of difficulty—the silent resistance of the Chinese government, attacks from the rebels, commercial failures, rivalry between the immigrants of other countries, and dissensions even in the heart of the British residents themselves. It is true that the whole merit is not due to the English. The French government has had its share. But nine-tenths of the capital employed in the commerce and navigation of Shanghai are English; and the white population, if you look to their origin, shows a proportion of six to one between the English residents and those of all other Christian nations. The difference between the spirit of the French people and the sons of old England, which is so striking in the extreme East and wherever the two flags float side by side, is equally remarkable here. The English factory is the creation of individuals, helped by the moral support, and exceptionally and very rarely by the military and naval forces of their government. The French establishments are the work of the government itself, accomplished with or without national concurrence.

The official agents of France march at the head of their colonists, whereas the British functionaries only form the rear-guard and reserve. The first inspire and direct their countrymen; the second protect and

often have to control them. The official agents of both countries are the constant object of the criticisms of their countrymen. The English complain of too much interference, the French of too little. The English exclaim: "Our consul meddles in everything;" the French: "Our consul cares for nothing." The truth is, that the task of the British authorities is less to direct than to control; whilst the French consuls must govern and even reign. Withdraw these officials, take away the French flag, recall the French ship in the harbour, and I would bet you ten to one that in a few years the whole establishment will have disappeared. In an English factory things would be quite different. After the departure of their consul and of the Queen's troops, the residents would set about at once maintaining order, and, if necessary, organising a defence against an external enemy. There might be some bad or anxious times to go through; but it is next to certain that the respectable elements would get the upper hand, and would establish a tolerable if not a good state of things. The French, I repeat, would depart in the wake of their civil and military authorities; and the few that remained would amalgamate with the natives. This we have often seen: and it has been often before said. If I inscribe it on these pages, it is that we may the better understand Shanghai. Far be it from me to disparage the noble French people. One may be a great nation, and yet not have the vocation of colonization. Besides, what is the meaning of colonization? Is it merely the clearing of the soil? In this point of view the colonies of Louis XIV. in Canada would

compare favourably with the most flourishing of those of other nations. Is it to work the ground for the profit of the immigrants? In that case the English deserve the palm which all the world allows them. But if we understand by colonization, carrying civilization into the hearts of the native population whose territory you occupy, then the Portuguese and Spaniards of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries seem to me to have been the first colonizers of the earth. Histories written—do not let us forget it—by pens which were anything but impartial, have tarnished (and justly, if the facts related be true) the reputation of the Spanish and Portuguese conquerors, and accused them of unheard-of acts of cruelty, oppression, and wrong. Even those who were reported gentle and humane employed means which our own century would not stand for a moment. But these kingdoms beyond the seas were rich and prosperous, and the capitals of the *presidencias* became the centres of civilization. The natives flocked into them, and took back to their homes, with the light of Christianity (though perhaps feeble and uncertain) the ideas and usages (though very imperfect also) of civilized life. The progress made was real and lasting. Witnesses who are beyond suspicion—travellers who, like Alexander Humboldt, have visited the Spanish colonies at the beginning of this century—that is, at a time when Spain herself had long since fallen from her rank among the first powers of Europe—speak with admiration of the organization she had left behind—of the regularity of the administrative service in these colonies—of the security and order which reigned there, and of the

wisdom of the colonial laws, drawn up and codified under the reign of the Philips. The Court of Madrid, it is true, drew from its territories beyond the seas a quantity of precious metals; but on the other hand the mother-country gave her blood. The constant emigration which finally exhausted Spain is, in truth, one of the principal causes of the rapid decadence of this noble and chivalrous nation. Even to this day the young men of certain provinces expatriate themselves in crowds. In the north, and especially in the Asturias, one only sees women and old men. The young ones are gone to Havana, to Peru, or to Rio de la Plata. When traversing the hamlets buried in the gorges of the Cantabrian mountains I used to see notices put up in every direction announcing the departure of such and such ships from Santander, Gigon, and Ribadesilla, for Cuba and South America—all, it was stated, furnished with a surgeon and a chaplain. Alas! both one and the other are necessary, for in these passages the mortality is frightful. Every one of these emigrants (and formerly even more so than now) becomes, very often unknown to himself, an agent of civilization. Thus, see the results. Wherever the Spaniards have reigned we find Indian tribes who have embraced Christianity, and adopted, in a certain measure, our habits and ideas. The greater part of the politicians whom we now see at the head of their republics are of Indian origin. I have had pure Redskins as colleagues; and I have seen ladies of the same colour, dressed by Worth, delighting in Patti's *roulades*. I do not quote these personages as models of statesmen; or these fair critics as great authorities

in music; but the fact is none the less significant. Well, this is the work of Spanish colonization. Can one say the same thing of the effect of English emigration? Evidently not. I set aside all question of India, which I have not yet visited. But everywhere, especially in North America, the contact of the Anglo-Saxon race with semi-barbarous savages is fatal to the latter. They only adopt European vices; they hate and fly from us, and that is the wisest thing they can do; or else they perish miserably. In every way they remain what they have always been—savages. But what is the use of discussing the comparative merits of different nations? Rather let us render to each their due.

Now let us see what the "stranger devils" have done here, and how they have set about it.

The Hwang-pu, which in reality is only a creek, appears at Shanghai to be a majestic river, about half-a-mile wide. It runs from south to north, and then turns suddenly towards the east. It is in this bend that a new comer first discovers, on the left bank, the houses of the American quarter, or "concession," as it is called. It is separated by a little stream, called the Suchow Creek, from the English concession, which in its turn adjoins the French, the most southern of the three. Another little creek divides the French quarter from the Chinese town.

The American concession contains, besides the Austrian consulate and the North German Confederation, some low houses, a good many sheds and shops, and further to the east, a new street, lined with fine houses. The English "concession," however, is the

great centre of commercial activity. The receipts of the town for the current year, arising from taxes, post-office, &c., are reckoned at £60,000. With the practical good sense and absence of prejudice which distinguishes the Yankee, the principal American houses have been built on the English concession. One arrives there by crossing over a little bridge thrown over the Suchow creek, and there one sees, all the length of the quay, called the *Bund*, a row of great buildings, which are perfect palaces, built in British taste certainly, but all having a veranda, that indispensable accessory in a climate where tropical heat alternates with Siberian frosts. Nothing can be more imposing than the look of this long line of princely residences, with their façades turned to the quay and the view of the Hwang-pu, the centre of their commercial prosperity. A vast inclosure surrounds the different buildings of the British consulate, the law courts, and the residence of the English judge. Then follow the houses of the merchant princes. Those of Jardine & Co. and of Dent are the most striking. On the quay, fronting the houses, is a public garden. At this moment the fine trees are bending under the fury of a black east wind, which is stripping off their yellow leaves, and freezing the blood of the passers-by. The only thing wanting in this fine Bund is a stone dike. But stone is the one thing needed at Shanghai, which is built on the edge of a great alluvial plain, without any materials for building. Beams of wood, therefore, replace granite; and numberless plank piers, called *go-downs*, enable those who have practised gymnastics to reach or leave

their boats in safety. Shanghai has two or three churches, of which the largest has no belfry from want of capital. Behind this curtain of palaces the English town stretches away towards the west. Here the taste for what is beautiful and splendid gives way to the exigencies of what is useful and necessary. Nothing is to be seen but warehouses, depôts, stores, and shops; these last richly furnished with all English productions. One could fancy oneself in Oxford-street or the Strand. In this point of view, neither Yokohama nor any other European town in Asia, saving Calcutta and Bombay, can bear a comparison with Shanghai. Further on is the quarter inhabited principally by Chinese. In the shops, kept by tradesmen with black pigtails, you find again every article of English manufacture, not of such good quality perhaps, but at very reduced prices; for the Chinaman has the superiority over the European merchant of being always cheap. In other words, he is contented with small profits, and is not in a hurry to be rich, which in the long run ought to give him an advantage over his white competitors. All the houses are numbered, but the Chinese disdain figures, and prefer words. Even the great houses condescend to adopt the *social reasons* adapted to the taste of the country. Thus, Dent & Co. calls himself "Precious and obliging;" Jardine & Co. have chosen the title of "Honest and harmonious." In the streets there is a mixture of white and yellow men, and of a few Chinese women, but hardly any Europeans. At Shanghai, too, that lack of the female sex, which is the great want in the far East, produces melancholy consequences. However,

in the last year or two this rare and precious article begins to be imported. The clerks who have gone home for their holidays come back married. The number of homes in consequence increases, and the morals and manners of the place already feel the sanitary influence of good and virtuous women. At this hour the Bund is full of people—on foot, on horseback, in carriages, and in wheelbarrows. These wheelbarrows are built on the principle of an Irish car, with one wheel, pushed by a Chinaman. Two persons sit on them, back to back, their feet supported by a plank. I saw some fine Australian and Cape horses, which they pay very dearly for, and some ponies of the country of the Mongol race. For some time the great steamers of the Pacific Company have brought horses over from California. The heads of the great commercial houses have beautiful equipages; their clerks, gigs or saddle-horses.

Following the quay, we come to the French concession. The bund goes on; but except for the activity which reigns round the great offices of the "Messageries Maritimes," and those of the "Shanghai Steam Navigation Company," both placed in this concession, the animation and business life of the place seem to have stopped short at the limits of the English quarter. The houses of the residents, too, cannot be compared with those of the British colony. On the other hand, the sumptuous residence of the consul, the great cathedral, and the municipal palace, strike the eye at once. The difference between these two quarters of the town is extraordinary. There the merchants, the residents, without any pre-

conceived plan, and according to the wants of the moment or their own pleasure, do the whole work. Here it is the government that watches, that thinks, that reflects, that acts methodically and bureaucratically—the government, in fact, has conceived, ordered, and carried out everything. The residents are simply the subjects of a despotic administration. If they resist they are easily put down. It has happened that the municipality has shown itself intractable. The consul dissolved them at once, put the most refractory councillors in prison, and quietly went on his way. Our road led us to the Chinese town, situated, as I have said, to the south of the European concessions, and surrounded by a high wall. We went in by one of the seven gates, and, traversing a perfect labyrinth of streets and lanes, we looked at everything curious around us—the great temple, with a garden where there are more sham rocks than trees and flowers; the tea-houses, which cannot be compared with those of Japan; and lastly, the *restaurants*, frequented, one kind by gentlemen, the other by the lower classes, but both being equally remarkable for their villanous smells, for the noisy talk of their guests, and the disgusting dirt of the waiters and cooks. I have read so many descriptions of Chinese towns, that the first I visited did not come upon me with the charm of novelty. I did not even take the trouble of taking any notes. One must, however, declare, to the honour of the people of Shanghai, and in the interest of truth, that the greater part of the travellers whose books I have read exaggerate a little the horrors with which their descriptions are filled.

Certainly there are corners, public places, and bye-streets here, where one had better shut one's eyes and stop up one's nose, and where one sees scenes worthy of appearing in Hoffmann's fantastic tales. But the principal streets of Shanghai in the Chinese quarter are not worse than what one sees of this kind in the south of Europe.

To be able to leave this untempting place, we have constantly to cross and recross streams of human beings, give and receive pokes from their elbows, and expose ourselves to other inconveniences peculiar to Chinese crowds. In one little square the people were gathered into a compact mass. A juggler was the attraction. Thanks to a superhuman effort, I managed to squeeze myself close to the ragged artist, who evidently had gone without his dinner, and who, judging by the few *sapêques* he receives, is as likely to go without his supper. On his sharp, witty face, one reads deceit, impudence, and misery; and yet this poor devil does wonders. I am tempted to ask myself if there is not some magic in it. I actually saw him swallow half-a-dozen little cups of fine porcelain, and disgorge them again after a few moments. I could not believe my eyes; but I attest the fact, and I leave it to anatomists and medical men to explain it. The other day, however, I was told that his companion, not being able to disgorge them, and having somehow missed the trick, died amidst the most horrible sufferings.

But now, thank God! we are out of the inclosure. We are in the open country, and can breathe freely. Before us stretches a flat, green plain, without trees,

and as ugly as it is monotonous. On the horizon a pagoda of several storys high stands out against the leaden-coloured sky. At a little distance from this tower, and about five miles from Shanghai, rise the large buildings of Sû-kia-wei, surrounded by a fine garden. This is the old and celebrated Jesuit college. Founded in the seventeenth century, engulphed at the time of the great persecutions in the common ruin of all Christian establishments, given back to the society at the end of the last war, again abandoned at the approach of the Taepings, and reoccupied after their flight, it has risen from its ashes more prosperous and more flourishing than ever. The fathers—all except the superior, who is Italian, and three Chinese—are French. All wear the dress and the long tail of the Celestials. The boys in the college belong almost entirely to native Christian families. There is an orphanage for the children of the lower classes who have been brought here by their parents. A thing which is curious and difficult to explain is, that the number of children has considerably augmented since the terrible massacres of Tien-tsin, last year, which made such a sensation throughout the empire. People say that the English carry their habits and traditions with them to the antipodes, or wherever they go. The same thing may be said of the Jesuits. The establishments of the society are like one another all over the world. One or two large rooms, a corridor in the middle of the house, on both sides the cells of the fathers, small, but beautifully clean; the class-rooms and dormitories of the scholars, the kitchens and refectories—the whole

impressed with the like stamp of order and discipline. The scholars pass through a course of classical studies in the Chinese sense, and learn every kind of useful knowledge. The orphans are taught all sorts of trades. Each of these young men, on returning to his family, will bring back with him the germs of a new civilization. Everybody, fathers and students, seemed gay and happy and in good health. The superior would not let us go without having improvised a little concert. Under the direction of a Chinese father, four of the students began to play a symphony of Haydn's. The reverend conductor of the orchestra, with a huge pair of spectacles on his nose, directed, cheered, and with bâton and eye kept time and guided these juvenile virtuosi, who, fixing their little eyes on the music, and perspiring from every pore, managed to perform very satisfactorily one of the finest compositions of this great master. Haydn performed in China and by Chinese!! Why be ashamed to own it? We were all greatly touched and pleased.

This mission consists of upwards of eighty fathers; but the greater portion are spread over the different provinces of Kiangsu and Nganwhei. Twice a year they meet here for a retreat, and to go through the spiritual exercises; after which a few days are given to rest, to the exchange of ideas, and the enjoyment of the moderate European comfort which the college has to offer to these devoted men, whose whole lives are a series of labours, perils, and privations of every kind.

At a short distance from Sû-kia-wei is a house of education for young girls and an orphanage, under the

care of some sisters.[1] The superior, a young lady of most pleasing exterior, a soft and yet intelligent face, did the honours of her establishment with the grace and easy manners of a person in the highest society. Her French is the pure Parisian of the Faubourg St. Germain, from which she came to bury herself in this terrible solitude, and to consecrate the best years of her life, her health, and probably life itself, to the arduous duties of her vocation. By a special favour, we were admitted into the boarding-school, which is generally closed to men. It is a large court surrounded with little rooms, where, grouped according to their ages (which are from five to sixteen), these young girls receive an education suited to their position in the world. They all looked well and happy, and were simply but nicely dressed. None of them seemed to me to have any beauty; but perhaps my eye is not yet accustomed to the style of women and things in China. I am not then a competent judge of feminine charms, as they are understood in the Celestial Empire. Although dying with longing to stare at this rare apparition of a European, the yellow young ladies obeyed, nevertheless, the rule which expects them to redouble their zeal and application in presence of the superior. One set, their books in their hands, were repeating their lessons out loud; others were doing needlework; and some few, magnificent embroidery.

[1] Of the Society of *Les Religieuses Auxiliatrices des Âmes du Purgatoire*, founded by Mdlle. Eugénie de Smet, in religion Mère Marie de la Providence; born at Lille, in 1825: died at Paris, 7th of February, 1871.

We were taken to the orphanage, the "Salle d'asile" of the babies, brought to the Sisters by their families or picked up in the street. These poor little creatures, all girls, who, when they arrive, are just bundles of skin and bone, hardly breathing, devoured by vermin, and generally full of disease and wounds, are baptized, washed, their wounds dressed, and if they survive, brought up in this house, and married to their co-religionists, or else placed as servants in Christian families. We went into one of the large rooms. It was spacious, beautifully clean, and well ventilated. All along the walls are ranged cradles, each containing two children, placed head to foot. A number of Sisters, leaning over them, were tending them with the utmost care. Strange and marvellous change in these little existences, which reckon only a few hours! Yesterday these poor little creatures had been thrown on a dung-heap, left to be devoured by the pigs or to expire in a slow and horrible agony. To-day they have found mothers who, to save them, have come from the uttermost parts of the earth on the wings of God-like charity.

France is rich enough to pay for her glory, her ideas, her caprices, and even her faults. Since the days of Louis XIV. she has held to the idea of pervading the whole earth, and striking all nations with the prestige of her greatness. The pursuance of this policy imposes upon her, it is true, in these distant regions, sacrifices which are not strictly in accordance with the material interests of her traders. But this consideration does not stop her. She has given herself the honourable and civilizing mission of protecting

her co-religionists all over the world. Do not let us look too closely into her motives, which perhaps are not all purely religious. The results have been, and are, as everyone must allow, the most important services that could be rendered to humanity.

In the world of ideas, the French are the most expansive people in the universe. By doing both great good and some harm, they have impregnated the whole civilized world with their tastes, their ideas, and even with their fashions. But no nation has so great a dislike to leave their homes. French emigrants are the least numerous everywhere; and even those one does meet with, are not (saving certain honourable exceptions) the brightest specimens of their nation. The truth is, that France offers to her children space and means wherewith to support them, to arrive at a comfortable independence, and, occasionally, to riches and the highest offices in the state. Those who quit her shores rarely find beyond them the fortune which they have disdained to seek at home. But, side by side with these emigrants, who are not always successful, there are others, who, while living and acting in comparative obscurity, surround themselves in their distant country with an aureole of imperishable glory. In China, as in every other foreign land, wherever you see above the consulate the French flag flying, you perceive likewise, in the neighbourhood, the spire of a church, and alongside a convent, a school, a hospital. There human minds are being enlightened by civilization, and human hearts by faith; there the wounds of both souls and bodies are healed, miseries are alleviated, and the apostolic

virtues of charity, love, self-abnegation, patience, and devotion are exercised in the highest degree. All these missionaries and Sisters are not French, it is true: Italy, Spain, and Belgium have furnished their contingent; but the great majority of these Christian heroes and heroines belong to France; and it is France which shields them with her powerful protection.

Built not far from the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang, on the shores of a deep river, accessible to the largest ships, Shanghai was, from time immemorial, the natural port of Suchow, that rich and flourishing city, which, thanks to its position on the great canal, amidst a network of navigable streams, is considered the principal emporium of the north of China. Canals and creeks unite the two towns. The distance which separates them is only ninety miles. Already in the middle of the last century, the agent of the East India Company had recommended the establishment of a factory at Shanghai. The execution of this project was not carried out for ninety years. It was only at the end of the first war, and in virtue of the Treaty of Nankin,[1] of which one of the principal clauses opened the land and port of Shanghai to foreigners, that the English could set foot in this town. But if the birth of the settlement was slow, the progress of the new-born colony was slower still, and its existence remained a problem for a long while. The climate was said to be very unhealthy; and was so in reality, for the soil of this immense alluvial plain, which forms the province of Kiangsu, hardly rises above the level

[1] Signed in 1842.

of the river. Both stone and wood were wanting, and the ground was a perfect marsh. At only a foot or two below the surface, you came upon water. It was necessary then to build upon piles and to bring stone from a great distance. For about ten years it was a struggle for existence. Happily about this time, silk rose in a most unexpected manner. Other foreigners arrived. The governments of France and the United States demanded and obtained "concessions" of their own; and the Chinese sold, for a very small sum, the fields and gardens which surrounded the town. It is on this land that the sumptuous buildings of the European Shanghai are now built.

After great sacrifices the difficulties of the ground were overcome. Sanitary works diminished those obstacles which the climate seemed to oppose to the permanent installation of the whites. To-day, intermittent fevers and ague have almost entirely disappeared; and very soon it seems as if Mr. Medhurst's prediction would be verified, and Shanghai become one of the healthiest towns in China.

The interior organization of the factory offered difficulties of another kind. The new colonists had to manage the susceptibilities of the Imperial authorities, the prejudices of the Chinese people, the national jealousies between the English, French, and American residents—in fact, to make an appeal to the sense and autonomic instinct so profoundly engrained in the Anglo-Saxon race, although comparatively rare with the French. They had hoped, at first, to make one solitary cosmopolitan establishment. This project was wrecked

owing to the justifiable repugnances, as I consider them, of the French government. The Americans, after a good deal of hesitation, ended by a complete incorporation of their concession with the English one. Sir Rutherford Alcock, the British Consul-General at Shanghai, and later on, Minister both in Japan and China, acting in concert with his colleagues of France and the United States, had the merit of elaborating and persuading the possessors of the territory to adopt a constitution, which, though modified lately in the liberal sense, still governs the Anglo-American settlements;[1] but which, with regard to the French concession, has had to undergo some radical changes.

The emperor being the proprietor of the soil, those who have bought the land are, according to Chinese law, only tenants at will. They have, however, obtained a lease in perpetuity, on the condition of paying a nominal fine to the government. It is on these conditions that it is allowable for the subjects of the foreign powers who signed the treaty with China to acquire land within the limits of the concessions, and exceptionally beyond it, within a *rayon* of a certain number of miles. The contracts of sale between the Chinese and the foreigners are deposited at their respective consulates, who remit a certificate to the buyer, which, duly legalised by the *Taotai* (or governor, properly speaking, "the head of a circle," but

[1] This was in 1854. To understand the details read "The Treaty Ports of China and Japan," by W. F. Mayers, N. B. Dennys and Ch. King; also the official correspondence published by the French government.

always a great personage, called "his Excellency"), takes the place of a legal title to the property.

In the English and American "concession," the task of the consuls, setting aside judicial functions, is purely negative, and is limited to the obligation of examining if the acts of the municipality do not contravene the stipulations of the Treaty of Tien-tsin. The *summa rerum* is entrusted to a municipal council, composed of a president and six members, elected every year by the landed proprietors and other residents who have the right to participate in this election. It is this council, responsible to the electoral body, which distributes and levies the taxes, takes care to keep the piers, bridges, and roads in good order, and undertakes to find and pay a police force, whose business it is to watch over the maintenance of public order and the repression of crime. Seventy men chosen out of the London constabulary are sufficient for the work. The officers of this corps, like all the other civil *employés*, are named by the municipality. Although the foreign concessions reckon a Chinese population of 60,000 souls, the tranquillity and security of the settlement leave nothing to be desired. With regard to British subjects, justice is administered in the first place by the consuls, and as a last resource by the supreme court of Shanghai; for the other foreign residents, their respective consuls are invested with judicial powers. All the expenses fall on the community. The government takes no cognisance of it.

They have also arrived at settling in a simple and practical manner the relations of the residents with

the local authorities, and the intervention of the latter in certain delicate matters where it is a case of proceeding in the civil courts against the Chinese residents, or when some crimes have been committed by the Chinese on the territory included in the concessions. Such is the constitution which at present is in full force in the Anglo-American settlement, which becomes every day more cosmopolite. It is, as I said before, entirely distinct from the municipal organisation of the French concession, which was published in 1868. In virtue of this act, the municipal body is composed of the French consul and the eight municipal councillors, of whom four are French and four are foreigners, both one and the other chosen by an electoral body, of whom the consul gives and revises the list. It is again the consul who convokes this assembly; who convokes also the municipal body, who presides over it and has the right of suspending it, with only the check of having to give an account of his reasons for so doing to the French minister at Pekin, who, in cases of difficulty, refers the affair again to the foreign minister in Paris. The council debates on all questions referring to the budget, the receipts and municipal expenditure, the repartition or recovery of taxes, &c., the plans of public buildings, all sanitary measures, or any other business which the consul may see fit to submit to them. The results of these deliberations, however, are not carried out without the consent and decision of the consul himself, who (always with the reserve of the approbation of the French minister at Pekin) may refuse to execute the measures proposed and voted by the Assembly, whether they regard the construction of public build-

ings, or expropriations, or sanitary improvements, or what not. The council appoints all officers attached to the municipal service, but these again are subject to the approbation of the consul, who may put a veto on any such appointment, or suspend or revoke at any time the holders of these places. Again, public security rests solely with the consul. The body of police, whose pay is charged to the municipal council, is placed entirely under the orders of the consul, and it is he who appoints, suspends, and dismisses his agents. This constitution, which contrasts so strongly with the organisation of the English settlement, answers its purpose very well. But it converts the French concession into a colony governed by the consul; while the English establishment is self-relying and independent, the intervention of the consul being limited, as we have seen, to the exercise of a negative control.

The results of the English system have gone beyond one's expectation. Look at this town of palaces; count, if you can, the masts of the ships, with which the port is bristling; look at those great leviathans of steamers continually coming and going; examine the commercial statistics of any one of these large houses, and you cannot fail to admire the vigour, the energy, and the vitality of the Queen of Yang-tse-kiang and of the Yellow Sea, and the strength of the link which binds the immense Celestial Empire to Europe, America, and Australia; and all this is the work of a handful of brave, enterprising men! Their country's cannon has opened the way for them; and the breach once made, they have established themselves so securely

that it is not very probable that they will ever be dislodged.

Those were remarkable men, those merchant princes of the early days! Work and worry have thinned their ranks; others have made their fortunes, retired from business, and gone back to England. To-day there are only four houses of this stamp—Jardine, Russell, Herd, and Gib-Livingston.

During my short stay I made acquaintance with the "big wigs" in the financial world, and I must say that I never found myself in contact with men of more agreeable manners, or better instructed in their own sphere. Do not believe what has been said about the merchants in the East. The witness which impartial men, who know them thoroughly, bear to their loyalty and upright, honourable conduct on all occasions, utterly demolishes the accusations brought against them by certain writers, who either could not or would not understand the real state of things. There is, of course, one dark side—the opium trade—now perfectly legal, but immoral in my eyes from the fact that it furnishes a poison to the people, the deleterious effects of which, as far as I myself have seen, cannot possibly be exaggerated. Those who are most interested in this trade do not attempt to deny it. Their only excuse is that the excess of alcoholic drinks, so frequently seen in Europe, produces analogous effects; that opium smokers do not all fall victims to this fatal habit; that many of them know how to indulge in it in moderation, and so suffer no evil consequences; that the sin, after all, cannot be said to lie at the door of the English, as the production of opium has been

extraordinarily increased in the interior of China of late years.[1] The only real argument, they say, that they could bring against us (and in reality it is not one), is borrowed from the political necessity which does not allow the Indian government to prohibit the cultivation of the poppy plants and the making of the drug.

San Francisco and Melbourne are, like Shanghai, the work of individuals and not governments: but the capitals of California and of the Australian colony have sprung and grown up on their country's soil; Shanghai is an exotic plant, growing in the open air, exposed to all the winds of heaven, needing gardeners to care for it, a hothouse to shelter it, living in its own strength, and drawing from this foreign soil the nourishment it needs. Its short existence (for it is not yet thirty years old) is only a series of struggles, trials, admirable efforts, mistakes and weaknesses instantly rectified and atoned for by fresh attempts crowned with fresh successes. Like Hercules in his cradle, Shanghai has strangled the serpents of revolt. Local insurgents, taking advantage of the general disorder which the rebellion of the Taepings had caused, got into the Chinese town and

[1] I find the same arguments reproduced by Mr. Medhurst, in his book (so full of authentic information) "The Foreigner in Far Cathay:" London, 1872. A residence of thirty years in the country, to say nothing of his official character, gives to the British consul at Shanghai an authority which no one could or would dispute or deny. He is especially distinguished by his great and rare impartiality of mind. The only weak part about his book seems to me his attempt to excuse, or, at any rate, to palliate the opium trade, though evidently against his own convictions. I need only refer my readers to a quotation on page 88 of this valuable work.

maintained themselves there for a year and a half.[1] The factories were respected, thanks to the presence of some men-of-war in the harbour and to the firm front presented by the residents. Then, for the first time, Chinese families in rich and easy circumstances came to take refuge in the concessions, and took the habit of living among the "foreign devils." After the retreat of the insurgents, however, they went home again. But very soon the rebel hordes again surrounded them. Everyone knows what rebellion means in China. It means burning, destroying, and massacring everyone, without distinction of age or sex: after which, epidemic diseases and famine ensue. The great province of Kiangsu underwent this horrible fate. Thousands and thousands of square miles were entirely devastated. When (in May 1860) Suchow fell into the power of the Taepings and was changed into a heap of ruins, hundreds of thousands of Chinese came to take refuge at Shanghai, where a few English troops, the armed residents, and a squadron of French marines, were enough to stop the flood of the rebellion. This struggle, which had its ups and downs, its joys and sorrows, lasted for nearly four years,[2] and forms a strange and curious episode, and one without precedent, I think, in the world's history. Fancy the insurgents—that is, as I said before, a set of merciless incendiaries and assassins—fancy them encamped on the other side of the Suchow Creek, only a mile's distance from the centre of the English town. Add to this the dismal spectacle, night after night, of villages

[1] From September 1853 to February 1855.

[2] From 1860 to 1864.

in flames, and remember that these four years of anguish and peril were, at the same time, an era of the most furious speculation, of fabulous gains, and of the most exaggerated luxury. It is said that the Chinese fugitives might be counted by hundreds of thousands. It was necessary to lodge them. Buildings were run up in haste. Houses adapted to the use of the people of the country sprung up like magic. The rich merchants sunk their money in these ventures: those who had none borrowed it for the same purpose. Clerks, "compradors," factors, servants, everyone took part in the speculation, and everyone gained. Shanghai was deluged with gold. Beyond the "defence-creek," death under its most hideous forms, the ruin and misery of millions of human beings. Here on the river, thousands of junks, a great number of European vessels, and a considerable naval force. On the Bund, and in the houses of the residents, the ostentatious pomp of the *parvenus*, doubly insolent in the face of such terrible calamities.

But envious fate, which, if we are to believe poor mortals, is so inclined to laugh at the best-laid projects, began to be tired of such unmixed prosperity. The contrast between the miseries of the one and the overweening prosperity of the other, seemed to provoke her anger. The horrors in China had made the fortune of the English in Shanghai. A child of their own nation, inscribing his name in letters of gold in the annals of the Celestial Empire, was to be the involuntary instrument of their chastisement. The Imperial armies had been beaten by the rebels all along the line. The English forces hardly sufficed for the

defence of the European concessions and the Chinese town of Shanghai. Later on, they were able to clear a space of thirty miles round the factories. But it was impossible to advance further into the interior, or to deliver the unhappy province of Kiangsu from the scourge of the rebels. Nevertheless, an American adventurer, named Ward, with a following of rowdies of the worst kind, and some thousands of coolies, formed a band, which was called "Ward's force," and which did good service. After the death of Ward, the command passed to a certain Burgevin, who united in his own proper person all the vices and all the audacity of a *condottiere* of the lowest class. This monster, who was dismissed the service, passed over to the enemy, the rebel Taepings, but very soon quarrelled with them, was shut up in a cage, marched from one town to another, and finally perished miserably in crossing a river. At this time they learned that the English government had authorized its officers to serve temporarily under the Chinese colours. A young officer of the Royal Engineers, Major Charles Robert Gordon, took the command of the remains of the shattered "Ward force," organized it anew, brought it up to 6,000 men, converted it into an excellent body of troops, inspired it with all soldier-like virtues, led it on from victory to victory, annihilated the rebels, and re-established, in less than a year, peace and tranquillity throughout the whole extent of this vast province.

The investment (more or less strict) of Shanghai had lasted for more than three years. It was hoped that the greater part of the immigrants would settle

there permanently. They had brought their wives and children, and, thanks to the contact with the foreigners, easily found means to earn their bread. The rich Chinese and those in easy circumstances had acquired, as people thought, a taste for the comforts, security, and enjoyments of European life. Vain and terrible illusion! The very day when the news of the taking of Suchow[1] (one of the great deeds of Gordon's heroic band) arrived at Shanghai, the Chinese began to make their preparations for departure. The upper classes were the first to regain their ravaged homesteads: the great mass of their fellow-countrymen followed them in a few weeks. In less than two years, the whole Chinese population, which reckoned some hundreds of thousands of souls, fell to 65,000.[2] All the new quarters built for their yellow occu-

[1] November 1863.

[2] In round numbers, taken from official sources, the following is a tabular statement of the native and foreign population of the Anglo-American and French concessions and that of Hongkow (the right bank of the Hwang-pu :)

| | 1862-3 | 1865 | 1869 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Anglo-American Concession— | | | |
| Chinese | 250,000 | 90,500 | 86,500 |
| Foreigners | 3,000 | 5,130 | 7,200 |
| French Concession— | | | |
| Chinese | 80,000 | 55,500 | 32,000 |
| Foreigners (French) | 300 | | 300 |

The total of 7,500 foreigners—that is, English, American, German, and French—includes, with the residents, the floating population of the ships. Since 1869 this floating population has diminished, in consequence of the decrease of tonnage, in proportion as sailing-ships have been replaced by steam. To-day, according to statistics which I believe to be correct, the foreign population of the three

pants, were abandoned. Very soon, lands which had been bought for fabulous sums ceased to have any value at all, and, as the greater part of these houses had been built on credit, bankruptcy became the order of the day. The consternation was such, that at first they despaired of surviving the crisis. But if tempests ravage the soil they purify the air. Shanghai came out of this fiery trial wounded, temporarily impoverished, but regenerated, warned by her past faults, and understanding (for several reasons which I shall allude to later) that the era of fabulous gains and sudden and princely fortunes was closed to her for ever.

It is impossible to understand Shanghai without taking into account the commercial movements going on in other ports of the Chinese empire opened to foreigners. And no one can have a correct idea of them without knowing Shanghai, which is the queen, the metropolitan, and the regulator of all European commerce with the Celestial Empire.

It has already been said that Shanghai owes its fortune and its conditions of existence in a great measure to its geographical position. Situated at only a short distance from Suchow, the victualling

concessions does not amount to more than 6,200, in the following proportions :—

| | |
|---|---|
| English | 3,200 |
| Americans | 1,300 |
| Germans | 700 |
| French | 400 |
| All other nations | 600 |
| Chinese population | 100,000 |
| Chinese city and its suburbs | 125,000 |

centre of so many provinces; near also to the Yang-tse-kiang, the high road which leads to the silk-producing districts; at a short distance from the sea, that road which leads everywhere, and which especially leads to England, Shanghai is the greatest emporium of English goods consumed in China. By Suchow, they reach the very centre of the empire; by Tien-tsin, Pekin and all the northern provinces; and it is a formidable rival to European commerce in the south—that is to say, of Hong Kong, which it begins to eclipse; of Canton, which is only a shadow of its former self; and of Macao, that town which seems to sleep under its beautiful sky, and only lives on heroic memories, the trade in coolies, and its gambling-houses. Until these last times, Shanghai monopolised altogether the trade of the Yang-tse-kiang. It is still and always will be the principal emporium. But since the opening of the ports of Hankow, Chinkiang and Kinkiang, there is a slight diminution in the exportation of tea, the first of these three factories, situated in the interior, 700 miles from the mouth of the river, having begun to export directly to London, Odessa, and Melbourne. As a general rule, the tea of the provinces of Kiangsi and Hupeh is brought by the American steamers which ply on the Yang-tse-kiang, sold here, and re-exported to Europe and America. The opening of the little trade-ports on the coast has also, though in a less degree, reacted on the Shanghai market. But it is not likely that this rivalry will seriously damage it. Its distributing power remains intact. To understand it, it is necessary to cast a glance on the transformation which

European commerce in China has undergone in the last few years.[1]

The times of great and startling successes are already long since past. In those days colossal fortunes were made, and as rapidly lost. Men speculated, or rather I should say, gambled with unknown elements. Men of genius guessed the wants of the Chinese market, and founding their calculations on the suggestions of instinct, sometimes realized enormous profits. Others less happily inspired, but also more rash, ruined themselves in the outset and disappeared from the scene. Of rivalry, there was little or none. By the power of capital, a limited number of great houses distanced all smaller competitors, and possessed, in fact, the monopoly of the Chinese commerce. Between these great houses, however, the rivalry was as keen as possible. We have all heard of the steamers which Jardine and

[1] I here give a summary of the information I have successively obtained at Shanghai, Che-fu, Taku, Tien-tsin, Pekin, Hong Kong, Canton and Macao, and I purposely abstain from giving the figures. Such of my readers as may be interested in this matter will find them in the consular reports published by the English government, and in the annual "Reports on Trade," printed at Shanghai by order of Mr. Hart, which are very minute and full of interesting details. What I wish is to give to my readers a general idea of the recent phases in European trade, of the causes which determined them, and the results which probably will ensue. Mr. Hart, inspector-general, Mr. Harrison, commissary of the Chinese custom-houses, the consuls of the different nations and some leading European merchants whom I met with in my wanderings, and last, not least, Mr. Charles Winchester, formerly consul at Shanghai, have been most good-natured in giving me every kind of information, for which I take this opportunity of thanking them.

Russell used regularly to charter and send to Singapore to get the last quotations of the London market, and thanks to their extraordinary speed, to bring them to their proprietors a few days, or it may be only a few hours, before the arrival of the regular mail. The amelioration in the P. and O. Service, and that of the *Messageries Maritimes*, without speaking of the telegraph which has been established during the last few weeks, has put an end to this kind of speculation, which, however, deserves to be had in remembrance, because it gives one an idea of the ways of trade at that time. To-day we have two new elements to contend with: the perfect knowledge which has been acquired of the wants and tastes of the country, and the growing rivalry not only of a great number of Europeans, but also of native merchants. The result is this: first, the gift of divination has no longer any field for its exercise. There is no longer any guess-work. Everything is known. Therefore, there are no more speculations flying about: no more gambling or fabulous profits; no more fortunes gained in a day. People are become more solid, more prudent, and more reasonable. Business is now done in China as in London or Liverpool. One may grow rich; but it will be slowly, by the sweat of one's brow. As to rivalry, it has become possible since, by the establishment of different banks, everyone—that is, everyone who can give sufficient securities,—can obtain money. In other words, the banks have destroyed the monopoly of the merchant princes. Among the new rivals, we must reckon the Germans and the Chinese. As in Japan, and as in the Pacific States of North

America, everywhere, in fact, where they appear in the arena, the Germans beat the Anglo-Saxons by their greater frugality, the simplicity of their habits, and their willingness to be contented with small profits. But the Chinese possess all these qualities in a still higher degree. Formerly English manufactures, brought in English ships, was consigned to wholesale merchants of the same nation; other English merchants, either at Shanghai or in the smaller ports, sold them retail to native traders, who carried them into the interior. Thus each article, before it came to the consumer, passed through three hands. To-day in the trade-ports, the Chinese buy direct from the importer the goods they want, and sell them at once to the consumer. Hence a notable reduction in the profits of the English houses established at Shanghai and Hong Kong; but indirectly a great advantage to trade and English navigation, and for this reason: that the goods, no longer passing through so many hands, can be sold at a cheaper rate and consequently in greater quantities.

One may attribute to other causes the diminution of the importance, not of trade in general, for that, on the contrary, increases, but of the returns arising from individual operations. Thus, the opening of the small ports, and the establishment of factories in each of them, has naturally drawn away part of the transactions which formerly were concentrated in Shanghai and Hong Kong. The opening of the Yang-tse-kiang to foreign navigation tends, as I have said above, to deprive Shanghai in part of its importance as the great emporium of tea, the three ports situated on the banks

of this stream having begun to export it directly. More than this, the black teas gathered in Hunan and Hupeh, and formerly sent to Canton to be from thence shipped to Europe, now take the shorter route of Hankow and the Yang-tse-kiang. A look on the map will suffice to make us understand to what an extent the establishment of the "foreign devils" on the Blue River and its neighbourhood makes itself felt in the heart of this immense empire.

To sum up all I have said, the commercial history of the Europeans in China is divided into two eras, separated the one from the other by the disasters brought about by the excess of building speculations and the exodus of the Chinese from Shanghai. The first was the reign of chance, of the unknown, of audacity often crowned with success, of monopoly, wild hopes, and frightful luxury. The second era is a slow but continual transformation, which has not yet attained to its full development; the rivalry of smaller merchants, rendered possible by the establishment of banks; the cessation of the monopoly formerly possessed by the merchant princes; the increasing rivalry of the Chinese themselves; the lowering of the price of English goods and European articles in general, and in consequence the increase of their consumption; lastly, in all business transactions, greater firmness, smaller individual profits, but increased returns for the majority—that is, for English and European trade in general. In this last point of view—which is the only one possible to impartial judges—this new phase of the commercial existence of Shanghai deserves our suffrages.

But the merchants settled in China, and even the heads of the great houses and almost all business men, the last arrivals as well as the pioneers of early days, judge very differently of the present state of things. They see their profits more and more reduced. Some who have arrived with the hope of realizing, like their predecessors, great fortunes in a short time, have soon discovered their delusion. Add to this the necessity for the one to reduce their establishments, which are on too expensive a scale for the present times, and in their business transactions to restrict operations begun in better days, which are of too great magnitude now; for the others, to endeavour, by a multitude of little privations, to square their accounts and make both ends meet; and you will understand the terrible complaints heard on all sides of the stagnation of affairs and the decline of trade. The grounds for such complaints are real enough as regards individuals, but contrary to truth with respect to the general development of navigation and foreign trade. The result is, a general feeling of discontent, felt and expressed in different degrees certainly, but real, deep, and important, because it might at any moment seriously affect the political relations of the foreign powers with China.

## CHAPTER II.

*PEKIN.—FROM THE 8TH TO THE 29TH OCTOBER.*

The weariness and length of the voyage to Pekin.—Che-fu.—The Bar of Taku.—The Pei-ho.—Tung-chow.—Arrival at Pekin.—General aspect of the town.—Scenes in the streets.—The Temple of Heaven.—Confucius and Buddha.—The great Lamaserie.—Shops and Chinese curiosities.—The Jesuits' Observatory.—The last word of bureaucracy.—Pei-tang.—The Portuguese cemetery.—The tombs of the Mings.—Nan-kow.—The Mongolian Chain.—The Great Wall.—The Summer Palace.—The Climate of Pekin.—The Imperial custom-houses entrusted to strangers.—Mr. Hart.—Position of the Diplomatic Corps.—The question of audiences.—Visit to Prince Kung.—Departure.

*October* 8.—The voyage to Pekin is always a serious business. In the very best weather it takes ten days to go there from Shanghai, and eight to return. The steamers of the great companies do not touch at any port to the north of the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang. But the ships formerly employed by Jardine and Russell to bring the first European news from Singapore, and to-day to trade between the treaty ports, hold frequent communications with Tien-tsin. The Jardines possess eight vessels; the Russells eighteen, thanks to the amount of Chinese capital embarked in

their houses. Among these vessels there are some magnificent ones, which keep up the speed of former times; there are others which have suffered from the changes of the last few years. Fate willed it that, except for safety, we fall into the worst luck possible. The *Dragon* of Jardine's is a nutshell; good in a storm, perhaps, but a horribly slow goer. The food, the cabins, the waiting are all equally detestable. But the captain, an old sea dog, knows his trade. His staff is composed of a first and second officer and an engineer. Saving these four Englishmen, the whole crew is composed of coolies; for here, as in the American Pacific boats, European sailors are not to be had; or if you do get them, they are of the worst possible description, without control or discipline, given to drinking and gambling, and deserting on every possible occasion. More than this, at one or two of the most important points, lighthouses are entirely wanting. Fortunately, the officers of the English and French navy have made a hydrographical survey of the coast, which we are about to follow. Lastly, only a short distance (about 120 miles from Cape Shantung) separates us from the unknown and inhospitable shores of the Corea. To visit Pekin, October is the best month; but it is the worst for navigation. At this season the Yellow Sea is lashed by the north winds, which, rising unexpectedly, blow for twelve hours with the utmost fury in the Gulf of Liātung, for twenty-four in the Gulf of Pé-chi-li, and further south for three or four days.

We left Shanghai this morning, and arrived towards noon at the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang. In conse-

quence of the bad weather, the captain cast anchor close to the lighthouse. Alongside of us is a magnificent steamer of Russell's. She left Shanghai three days ago. What a pleasant prospect! It is blowing a regular gale. A freezing rain is falling in torrents. A black curtain hides the shores from us altogether. Below us the river is foaming; angry crests rise above its muddy waves. In the cabin my time is spent in hunting cockroaches. The steward smiles at me disdainfully. "So much time wasted!" he says to me in his "pigeon" English :[1] *"Many piecy beetey."* He seemed quite proud of them. "No boat of Jardine's has so many," he exclaimed. There are only four passengers on board, and these four passengers are, myself; a young Englishman; M. J. M., my amiable fellow-traveller across the Pacific, whom I found again at Shanghai; his friend, a young American; and Mr. Boyce. Mr. Boyce is the principal architect and inspector of the government buildings belonging to the English government in China and Japan. From going frequently to Pekin he has picked up a very tolerable acquaintance with the Chinese tongue, and has been good enough to volunteer to be our guide.

*October* 9.—At nine o'clock in the morning the *Dragon* weighed anchor, and went out to sea. Weather awful; wind still to the north. The ships, whose course is towards the Liātung Gulf, are obliged to steer to the north-north-east. It is an immense way round, but the only means of avoiding the shoals

[1] A kind of *lingua-Franca* which the English and Chinese make use of in this country.

caused by the quantities of slime and other matters which the Yang-tse-kiang brings from the interior, from the western provinces, and even from the mountains of Thibet.

*October* 12.—Yesterday and the day before the weather was still very bad. To-day all is changed. The storm has exhausted itself. The sun has been pleased to unstiffen our shrammed bodies; the air is light and bright. At eight o'clock we neared the promontory of Shantung. The fantastic outlines of the mountains reminded one of the coasts of Provence; but the grey-green, yellowish sea has none of the beautiful tints of the bright blue Mediterranean. During the whole morning we coast along the cliffs. At their feet is a narrow border of green, with here and there little fishing-villages. There is nothing surprising in seeing houses rise up everywhere, when we remember that this province of Shantung alone is said to contain 28,000,0000 of inhabitants. At eleven o'clock at night we cast anchor at Che-fu.

*October* 13.—Che-fu is, so to speak, a colony of Shanghai. Certain speculators from that great emporium built some houses here a few years ago, which are at present occupied by about 120 Europeans and Americans. In this number are included the inspectors of the French naval station and the cosmopolite officials of the imperial custom-houses. The concession extends to the foot of a little promontory crowned by the residence of the English consul and by a Chinese lighthouse. The native town, which is

small, is called Ten-Tai. In front is a chain of low rocks.

We are in a harbour full of Chinese junks built at Bankok (Siam) for the Chinese merchant service. There is a good deal of activity in the roadstead, and a brilliant future is prophesied for this factory. It will be, they say, the centre of the Corean trade, and of that of the Russian sea-coast. In the meantime Che-fu has nothing to boast of but its climate, which is the most temperate and healthy on the whole coast. During the hot season it is, consequently, the resort both of the rich merchants and the diplomats. Then this solitude is brightened up a little. One sees smart and elegant ladies and gentlemen in bathing costumes, all lodged in two or three wretched little houses, but well fed by a certain Signor Pignatelli, an enterprising Italian, who has had the courage to open an hotel (the best in China) on this inhospitable shore. Everything is comparative in this world. In my eyes, Che-fu is monotonous, *triste*, and ugly. But to the toilers at Shanghai and the exiles of Pekin, it is a real terrestrial paradise.

We breakfasted with Mr. Mayers, the principal author of a book which cannot be too highly recommended, called "The Treaty Ports of China and Japan."[1] At twelve o'clock the *Dragon* again got under way, crossed slowly enough the Pé-chi-li Gulf, arrived towards evening before the bar of Taku, and there ran fast aground in the mud!

*October* 15.—The rising tide enables us to get afloat

[1] Quoted above.

again. The bar is passed, and we enter the Pei-ho. This river is a perfect sea—an ocean—at this moment. The whole country, from the mountains of Mongolia to the Gulf of Pé-chi-li, more than 10,000 square miles, is under water, and 2,000,000 of the inhabitants ruined. Since the beginning of this century[1] the province of Chi-li had never been so cruelly tried. The *Dragon* passed by a multitude of villages, all more or less submerged. Some men, squatted on the banks, were striving to get a miserable subsistence by the help of some large nets, which they plunged into the stream by means of a kind of rocker, and which they drew out again filled with a multitude of little fishes. The country—at least the small proportion of it which is visible—the clear and cloudless sky, the dry atmosphere, the willows, the fields of maize, and tufts of rushes, made me fancy myself on the banks of the Lower Danube. The houses even, which are all built of mud, have no particular Chinese character. The men alone remind the traveller of the distance which separates him from Europe.

The Pei-ho, so dreaded by sailors on account of the continual shiftings of its current, is worse than ever at this moment. A few days ago, one of the steamers coming down, struck on the flags of the great highroad to Pekin, which is still under water! From one reach to another we steam on, slowly enough, for the stream has endless windings. At last, towards twelve o'clock, we perceive the spire of a church; about twenty German, Norwegian, English, and Danish sailing-ships, all dressed out with flags in honour of Sunday; and a

[1] The great inundation of 1803.

great yellow house, the English consulate. We are at Tien-tsin. This most wearisome voyage is, therefore, at an end. Eight days and seven nights making 750 miles!

*October* 16 *to* 19.—This morning an unexpected difficulty—*i.e.*, the absolute refusal of the *Taotai*, or head of the custom-house, to give me my passport—threatened to bring abruptly to an end my peregrinations in the Celestial Empire. Mr. Lay, the English consul, having been obliging enough to ask for this indispensable article for me, was answered by a categorical refusal. "This foreigner," said his Excellency, "has nothing on earth to do at Pekin. He will have no passport from me." To which Mr. Lay, referring to the stipulations of the treaty, replied: "If you choose to refuse him a passport, he will simply go without one." The answer was not long in coming: "I do not choose," replied the great man with a black pigtail, "that this foreigner should be guilty of an infraction of our laws. Here is the passport." What do you think of this way of masking a retreat? As to the passport, it is a fine specimen of Chinese caligraphy. It ought to be put under a glass case.

This difficulty having been happily smoothed down, we settle ourselves comfortably enough in our boats, each of which is furnished with a great sail, and manned by three rowers. In China, without reckoning the natural arteries of the country, an immense network of canals intersects the whole territory. Everyone prefers travelling by water. Hence they have brought this kind of locomotion to great perfection.

At the moment I am getting into my *house-boat*, as it is called, I see a Chinese of superior appearance arranging my property, making my bed, and giving minute directions to A-kao, my young page, a charming and intelligent child, whom one of my Shanghai friends has most kindly lent to me for the voyage. This Chinese, to my still further amazement, addresses me in the purest possible French! He turns out to be Father Delmasure de Roubaix, a Lazarist, who is at the head of what remains of the Catholic mission of Tien-tsin.

Here we are fairly off. If it were not for the draughts of air, and our unpleasant proximity to our rowers, their snoring during the night, and the odours they exhale night and day; if it were not, also, for the slowness of our progress, the hideous monotony of the country—a bare and flooded plain up to the very edge of the horizon—this little voyage would be very agreeable. There is not a breath of wind; and our men, who are toiling for sixteen or eighteen hours a day, are constantly obliged to track and drag the boats after them. Whilst they are painfully ascending the stream we often land, and, walking through the fields, rejoin our floating-houses at dinner-time. It is always with great satisfaction that I hear A-kao, standing on the prow, cry out: "*Bleakfast leady.*" (The Chinese cannot pronounce the *r*.) At a given signal the cooking-boat rejoins the four house-boats, and we step into Mr. Boyce's, where, thanks to the provisions brought from Shanghai and Tien-tsin, and to the skill of our native cook, a most excellent meal is served up to us.

The villages which I go through on foot offer no object of interest. But everywhere there is a crowd. The population swarms. The children call me a *foreign devil;* the men look at me with a cold, inquiring glance; and begin to laugh disdainfully as soon as I have passed; the women run away and hide themselves. Pedlars go from house to house crying their miserable wares. Everything is dirty, poor, and mean, saving Nature, who has amused herself by creating innumerable Chinese.

Higher up the inundations begin to diminish. We come upon well-cultivated fields—cotton, beans, the castor-oil plants, and thousands of peasants hard at work. Their carts have curious teams; here, a horse and an ass; there, a buffalo, a donkey, and a cow. I saw one which was dragged by three men, and another with a woman and an ass harnessed together. On the river we met numberless junks, some of them of great tonnage.

To-day, the 19th October, at twelve o'clock, we arrived at Tungchow. The distance from Tien-tsin by water is a hundred and twenty-six miles, and eighty by land. The ordinary time taken in the voyage is four or five days. Ours has only lasted three.

Tungchow, situated thirteen miles to the east of Pekin, is united to the capital, of which it is the port (for the Peiho arrives here from the north-east), by a canal and a royal road, all paved with slabs of marble, but completely neglected and hardly possible for carriages. A forest of masts stretches as far as the eye can reach; and the shore swarms with human beings—yellow, dirty, and covered with rags. All are

occupied with the lading and unlading of ships. Behind this ants'-nest, at a little distance from the stream, stretch the sombre, crenellated walls of the town. Further on one perceives a high pagoda of several storys. Saving the sky—which, for the moment, is bright—the earth and the water, the skin and the clothes of the inhabitants, the walls and the beasts of burden, all are mud-colour.

Hardly had we reached the shore when a Cossack belonging to M. le Général Vlangali, the Russian minister in China, followed by a *mafu* (or groom) came on board. He brought me a most kind letter from the envoy, who, warned by a messenger of my arrival, sent me his horses, offered me anew the shelter of his hospitable roof, and, as a man of experience, gave me some useful hints as to the way of dealing with the Mongol pony which he had destined for my use. The Cossack delights me. To everything that I say in German, French, or English, he answers me by one single word, of a sound difficult to seize, but which he repeats again and again, with an energy which fills me with confidence. I learnt afterwards that this magic word was "Slusheyu" (I will obey). "I wish to start at once."—"Slusheyu." "My companions want horses too."—"Slusheyu." "How are we to get through this crowd without being suffocated?"—"Slusheyu." And this was not a vain word.

This child of the steppes guessed all I wanted; with him instinct replaced the knowledge of languages. To begin with, he pilots me admirably through the crowd. Half-way we meet a European on horseback.

This was M. Starzoff, the head of the most important Russian-house in Tien-tsin, and I think in China. He took me outside the town to a temple, transformed into a hotel, where (the rare) European travellers are accustomed to lodge, presented his young wife to me, accompanied me into the town, and, with the help of the Cossack, found horses for all my friends.

We first made the tour of the ramparts. The muddy waters of the Peiho, so full of life and business near the town, but which higher up are entirely deserted, lose themselves in the far distance. A slight elevation of the soil and a few trees intercept the view towards Pekin. At our feet is a sea of black roofs. The streets are like crevasses. You can only just see the heads of the camels which are passing. The crowd, which throngs and hustles one another, screaming and shouting, remains invisible. Below the wall, and all along our road, lies the disgusting filth of many generations. One feels oneself in Dante's circle—

*"Pute la terra che questo riceve."*

In some places the broken wall had hardly enough solid stones left to place one's foot upon. But the horrible prospect of retracing our steps makes us bravely face this perilous passage. Finally, by scrambling over the remains of a staircase, we come into the street. The little caravan is at last organized. Madame Starzoff is an excellent horsewoman. She has put on her riding-habit and placed herself at the head of our column. The streets are narrow and crowded, the pavement slippery. At each step I hear M. Starzoff cry out: "Beware of the camels!"

They certainly look at us with an evil eye. Evidently the foreign devils are not popular in China. The camels and mules bite you; the dogs bark at you; the Mongol ponies kick and rear whenever you try to mount them. Although we went as quickly as we possibly could, we were more than half an hour going through the town.

Our amiable hosts of Tungchow took leave of us at the fine bridge called Palikao—built of white marble, and ornamented with curious sculptures—which has become so famous since the last war. The high road being in such a wretched state, besides being encumbered by carts, horsemen, and foot-passengers, we follow the south bank of the canal; but the time is running on; the gates of Pekin are rigorously closed at sunset; so that we had no alternative but to ride as hard as we could, sometimes on the dikes, sometimes in the path, sometimes across the fields. Groups of trees, villages, and solitary houses, surrounded by kitchen-gardens, contrast pleasantly with the monotonous banks of the Peiho, and especially with the loathsome horrors of the town of Tungchow.

On coming suddenly out of a hollow road an exclamation of surprise and delight escaped us, and involuntarily we each stopped our horse short. Before us was the sun's disk. Just below this setting luminary, like a pale, transparent black band, was stretched out, as far as one could see, an immense crenellated wall. On three points only this straight line was broken by the double roofs of the gates of the town. One can tell the distance they are from each other by their different shades. Above this sombre wall, hanging in the blue

atmosphere like a mirage, are the crests of the hills, on which rises the summer palace. Further on, looking like soft white clouds, are the Mongol mountains. Half an hour after, we passed, by the gate called Tung-pien-men, into the Chinese town; and by an inner gate into the Tartar one. This is the grand moment for our Cossack. At our approach the armed guards rushed to the gate to bar the way, and prevent our entrance; but the sight of our Russian horseman acted like a talisman on these Cerberuses. We were allowed to pass without the smallest molestation. They did not even ask for our passports. The most kind and cordial of welcomes awaited me at the Russian Legation. At last I am in Pekin. The dream of my childhood has been realized in the decline of my days.

Pekin, built many centuries before our era, fallen to the rank of a provincial town after the dissolution of the kingdom of Yen,[1] of which it was the capital, conquered by Genghis-Kahn,[2] abandoned and rebuilt, has only become again the capital of the empire since the beginning of the fifteenth century. From this era we may date its great wall and its oldest buildings. Pekin, in that sense, may be called a comparatively modern town. Its walls remind one of our strong castles in feudal times. Only, here, everything is colossal: while in Europe the buildings of the middle ages are of small dimensions. The walls of Pekin are fifty or sixty feet high; twenty, forty, and fifty feet wide; and of a circumference of more than twenty

[1] In 222 B.C. [2] In 1215.

English miles! In spite of this great extent, sixteen gates only give access to the town.

The capital of the empire is composed of two towns, the Tartar and the Chinese one. Seen on a ground plan, it represents two parallelograms. The Tartar Town is placed vertically as it were, on one of the sides of the Chinese city. These appellations arose from the separation which for a long time was maintained between the conquerors and the conquered—between the Chinese and the men of the north, who had arrived from the other side of the Mongol mountains. To-day a great many of the Chinese live in the Tartar town; and time has mitigated, though not entirely effaced, the antagonism between the two races. In the centre of the Tartar town is the palace of the emperor, the imperial town, called the "Forbidden City," surrounded by walls, and, as its name implies, inaccessible to mortals. The streets cross one another at right angles. Some are wide, and some narrow. High walls hide the houses of the rich from the curiosity of the passers-by. The only houses which are visible are miserable to look at, being nothing but mud huts, without any attempt at architecture or any trace of ornament. In the Chinese town, where the commercial and industrial life of the place seems to be concentrated, there are whole streets with nothing but shops well furnished with native goods and a few European articles. The chemists' shops, the tea-warehouses, and the tobacco stores, are distinguished by magnificent fronts in lacquer or gilt work, and by some colossal sign-boards hung vertically to some poles placed before the doors.

In the Tartar town the interminable streets, which furrow it from north to south, deserted at intervals, or lined with poor cabins, alternate with beautiful shops and walls surrounding invisible palaces. But go on again a few steps and you come back to solitude and misery. And yet you have never deviated from the straight line which reigns supremely in the capital of the Celestial Empire. These large arteries were formerly paved with marble, which also covered over the streams. To-day everything is falling into ruins. The temples are badly kept. The official residences of the great mandarins, always placed at the angles of the streets, are not distinguishable from the "yamens" of other towns—an inclosure or palisade round the whole; a great doorway, ornamented with a coarsely-painted dragon; one or two flag-staffs; and on the threshold a host of beggars and place-hunters. These public buildings—even the palace of the ministers, the Tsungli-yamen—do not shine in cleanliness. That irresistible enemy, dust, has invaded and tarnished them all—covered them with mud, and saturated them with villainous smells; for before arriving at these higher regions it had dwelt in more humble domiciles and whirled through the streets, which in many places are simply immense depots of filth and impurities of every sort.

It is not an easy task to walk about in Pekin. Whether you are on foot or on horseback, you have not the time to look about you; and yet, if everything is not beautiful, all is curious, new, and interesting. But your attention is absorbed by the holes which the rain has made in the flags, by the deep ruts left by

the cart-wheels, by the little bridges of planks thrown over black and stinking streams, by the long files of camels with two humps (the height of elephants) which are bearing Mongols with large faces, flattened noses, foolish laughs, but frank and loyal expressions. Beware, too, of the hack-cabs which abound. They are carts harnessed to one or two ponies, covered by the half of a cylindrical tent, and provided with a kind of hood or awning, which shelters both coachman and horses. These primitive carriages circulate by hundreds, for litters and sedan-chairs are the privilege of mandarins of a certain rank. Here comes one of them. Four coolies carry his chair; they are going at a trot; half-a-dozen servants follow him. Their liveries are dirty and worn, and the chair is in the same state: but the mandarin who occupies it has a clean face and hands; his linen is white; his dress cared for; all about him breathes an air of high bureaucracy. Furnished with a huge pair of spectacles, he is profoundly absorbed in reading a file of papers. He is a member of the Council of State, going to the council and preparing his report. An obstruction in the street compels us for a few minutes to stop still right opposite this magnate's chair. He stares at us with a disdainful look, and then returns to the study of his papers.

It is impossible to get on. Let us take this quieter side-street which runs along the wall of the "Forbidden City." But here comes another difficulty—a middle-class marriage procession. The young couple, the near relations, and the other members of the family or friends—all those who have been invited to the wedding, in fact—are in hack-cabs. It reminded me

of Paris and the young couples with their escorts who drive about the Bois de Boulogne.

We wander about in this way for hours, which seem to be only so many minutes. Our Mongol ponies, saving sundry impatient freaks, behave themselves admirably. We have ridden along the sides of the "Imperial" or "Forbidden City," which is situated, greatly to the inconvenience of ordinary mortals, in the very centre of Pekin, thus breaking the diagonal line of the streets, and compelling the passers-by to make a great *détour*. Now we come into the principal thoroughfare, which crosses the northern quarter of the town, and the imposing spectacle of a great funeral is before us. To judge by its magnificence, it surely must be the remains of a minister or some member of the imperial family whom they are bearing to his last abode? My error is quickly rectified: he who is about to rejoin the spirits of his ancestors is only a little official of the fourth class. But reverence for the dead and the love of family—those two fundamental virtues in the Chinese character—explain the pomp displayed in these circumstances. Unfortunately, this proof of the regrets with which the dead are surrounded is often a source of great difficulties and even ruin to the survivors. The body was borne under a huge baldachino in scarlet cloth, richly and barbarously ornamented with fringes and gold baubles. Before the coffin an empty chair, hung with white, was carried, which was supposed to hold the soul of the departed. The family followed in hack-coaches. Every one was in mourning; even the hackney coachmen had a white handkerchief on their hats. The family and friends

formed the shabby part of the procession; but the dead man himself made his exit out of the world like a great personage. To the magnificence of the coffin corresponded the number and richness of the flags, parasols, and gilt or lacquered lances, which were borne by men walking two and two on each side of the road. I call "parasols" some long silk tubes, sometimes red, sometimes blue, ornamented with fringes, and richly brocaded in gold, some covered with inscriptions, others with grotesque designs of dragons and monsters. At certain distances, men dressed as fools, in tight-fitting clothes and caps of scarlet silk, struck a gong, and thus regulated the pace of the procession. Bands of music played alternately —that is, filled the air with harsh and discordant sounds.

In contrast with the pomp of this funeral scene was the indifference of the passers-by. I did not see a single one who stopped. In fact, it was as much as they did to cast a glance at it, and that glance was an ill-tempered one, for business-men don't like obstructions in their way. They are besides *blasé* with these sights, which are repeated every day, and which interest no one but the mourners, and especially the dead man himself.

I like walking about Pekin, for here everything is different from what one sees elsewhere.

We are in a street leading to one of the gates of the "Forbidden City." I have a great wish to peep in; and as the double gates are open I can give myself that satisfaction. Only what I see of the Pekin reserved for the emperor, and what I know of the

Pekin accessible to the profane, is as like as two peas.

Our attention is attracted by a group of people gesticulating and howling round a half-naked man. A Chinese woman, foaming with rage, is behaving to him like one possessed. This man has just stolen a little thing, which he still holds. It was a horrible and yet grotesque scene; to paint it, one needed the pencil of the artist of the "Danse Macabre." All of a sudden there is complete silence. An old man appears. Gentleness is depicted on his face, and dignity in his manner. He summons the accuser and the accused, and puts them through a short interrogatory. Then he touches the thief on the shoulder and walks away. Everyone hastens to make a line so as to give him a free passage. At a distance of two hundred steps follows the malefactor, with his arms crossed on his chest and his head bent. This old man is a police agent. The unhappy thief, who seems to have other sins on his conscience, has been arrested: he is going to prison, and he knows what awaits him there—torture, the bamboo, hunger, sickness, and death.

We have escaladed the walls, and are above the great central gate which leads from the Chinese to the Tartar town. It is called Chien-mên. We are looking towards the north. At our feet is the Corean quarter, which is composed of mud huts; further on, what appears to be a great forest, the tops of the trees sprinkled with dust. Above this moving mass of dead greyish-green rises to our right the tower of the

Russian ecclesiastical mission. Before us are the yellow roofs of the imperial palace—a large group of buildings forming a square, and surrounded by gardens, of which the finest ornament is the *artificial mountain*. This is the culminating point of Pekin. The principal gateway, which gives access to the imperial town, is at a short distance only from where we are standing. It strikes us by its shabby appearance. This, however, is according to the ideas of the country. The greatest riches are hidden under a poor exterior. Beyond the "Forbidden City," though at a great distance, one sees the two unfinished towers of the French church. Nearer to us, to our left, rises above the trees the Portuguese cathedral. Below us, on both sides of the gate, of which the entablature serves us as an observatory, are seen imposing masses of sloping walls, which divide the two towns. This exterior inclosure, which is crowned with fine battlements, is supported by strong buttresses. The plan is not varied; it is composed of two elements, which are continually repeating themselves; but the optical effects of distance, and the consequent softening of the colours, enable you to measure—in thought, at any rate—the enormous dimensions of this gigantic work. At the foot of the wall, all along a deep ditch, files of camels come and go incessantly. Turn towards the south, and you will see a still more busy sight. A magnificent bridge of white marble leads to the Chinese town, and to a great thoroughfare always thronged with foot-passengers, beasts of burden, and carts; this is the industrial quarter. On the horizon, in front of you, rises above a curtain of trees the triple

roof of the Temple of Heaven. Towards the south-west an elegant pagoda, of several storys high, attracts the eye. Beyond, stretches a great sandy plain, across which the north-east wind is sweeping furiously, dashing the waves of sand against the walls, and sometimes covering them half-way up. Accumulated at the foot of the vast inclosure, these moving downs threaten to bury the wall itself; but the next violent gust will scatter them all again to atoms. Nothing can be more *triste* than the country round Pekin: it is a steppe without any apparent limit. The horizon is lost in the dusty haze of the air, so that you see the tops of the mountains, but rarely their base.

Pekin is like a great camp of barbarians bivouacking round the tent of their chief, and sheltering those who till the ground. The nomad protects the tiller of the soil. Ah! it is indeed Asia; and I understand that, in the imagination of the people of the high central lands from Ural to Kashgar, from Kiachta to Hindu-kush, Shuntian (Pekin) *is* the city of cities, the terrestrial paradise, the centre of the world. To me it is the type of the ancient cities mentioned in the Bible. It is Babel or Nineveh—grand, heroic, and barbarous.

After taking some solitary walks, I joined a joyous and numerous cavalcade of horsemen. We are all mounted on good Mongol ponies—a little rough, perhaps, somewhat vicious, and disposed to rear and take the bit between their teeth, as children of the steppes are apt to do, but well-fed, well-groomed, and proud of the noble blood which flows in their veins.

We cross the Chinese city in all its length, and

come out on a great, irregular square in front of a vast inclosure, and of the gate (happily open at this very moment) of Tientan, the Temple of Heaven, which the emperor goes to visit once a year, and which the rest of the time is abandoned and closed —closed especially to strangers since some American travellers—men, women, and children — took it into their heads to organize a picnic on the very altar of the great *annual sacrifice*. But there is a way of accommodating matters with heaven, or rather with the guardians of the temple which bears its name. Only, in order to get in, there must be a combination of craft, boldness, and money. The gates are open, and fate smiles upon us. According to the advice of one of our amiable guides, we pretend to be going quietly on our way. Then he starts his horse off at a galop, flies past the group of guards, who wish to dispute his passage, and enters the first court of the temple. We follow him, and find ourselves within the inclosure.

Mr. L——; with his lynx eyes, at once perceives that another of the gates is half-open. The same manœuvre is repeated, and in a few moments we are in the inner court. The guardians, half-a-dozen men, whose liveries, both as to cleanliness and appearance, leave a good deal to be desired, surround us with cries of remonstrance. This is the moment to open negotiations, and for our gentlemen-interpreters to show off their knowledge of the language and their diplomatic skill. Very soon the Chinese change their tone. Then, in sign of respect, they let their pigtails fall upon their shoulders, which, according to the custom of the common people, were rolled round their heads.

A few more explanations, and angry looks give place to smiles and demonstrations of respect. In a word, the affair was settled. It was a question of calculation—that is, to approximate the number of strokes of bamboo which the guardians would receive for having let in the "foreign devils," and to make us pay a corresponding number of *taëls*. The sum having been arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, we are free to enter. They only entreat us, with piteous cries, to carry off nothing and to destroy nothing, for in that case it would not be a question of bamboo, but of losing their heads. That would go beyond a joke.

The Temple of Heaven, with its park and courts, surrounded by walls and ditches, covers ground of more than two miles in circumference. The sacred wood, however, which is composed of cedars and other fir-trees, has a neglected appearance. The principal building is the sanctuary of the annual sacrifices; it was built in the middle of the last century. On a circular terrace, surrounded by three balustrades in white marble, rises the temple, which is also circular, or, properly speaking, polygonal. The walls of the building consist of a fine grating, fantastically sculptured, and enamelled with blue glass-work. Three roofs, placed one above the other, affecting the shape of parasols, and composed of blue tiles, cover this building, which is at one and the same time elegant and *baroque*, fine and savage—disturbing to the eye from the curious crossing of the lines, and yet pleasing from the harmony of its colours; the deep blue of the roof contrasting agreeably with the dark-brown walls and

pure white balustrades. Seen from a certain distance, the curves in the balustrades as they descend, and the curves in the three parasols, which seem to bring them close together, produce the strangest possible effect. One cannot help admiring the imagination and invention of the architect. But the merit is not altogether due to him. The effect is mainly produced by the great size of the buildings and certain optical laws. Chinese imagination goes for little or nothing in the matter.

The interior is forbidden to mortals unless to the emperor, the princes of the blood royal, and the personages in the suite of his celestial majesty. Huge locks and bolts seemed to stop us hopelessly on the threshold of the sanctuary. Happily, none of the guards have thought it necessary to follow us. Sure of their bastonade, and sure also of their *taëls*, of which they have already pocketed a certain portion on account, they leave the Temple of Heaven to our discretion. I therefore try the bolts, and one of them is obliging enough to yield. Each of us has the consciousness of being about to commit a grave indiscretion; but curiosity gets the better of us. We go in. Four great wooden columns, sculptured and painted, and united above by four large beams equally coloured, support a gallery ornamented with pilasters, on which rests the cupola. As far as the feeble light enabled me to judge, I should say the cupola was flat, and, like the columns, beams, and walls, ornamented with woodwork painted and lacquered; and it is the only one I have seen like it in China. It is from the inside that, thanks to the light from without, one can fully appreciate the rich

and varied beauty of the trellis-work, which takes the place of walls in this curious building, and is like nothing but the finest spider's web. There is no idol or statue whatever, and nothing to remind one that you are in a house of prayer. It is simply a magnificent and colossal kiosk, worthy of being the meeting-place between the Master of Heaven and the master of earth.

The uncovered altar, on which the annual sacrifices are offered, is simply a circular platform of white marble thirty feet high, and composed of three stages, of which the diameters measure one hundred and twenty, ninety, and sixty feet. Here, as in all the other buildings belonging to the Temple of Heaven, the number *three* predominates. The number of steps is three, six, nine, and so on—always a multiplication of three. It is the same thing with every other part of the building, as, for example, the flags of the pavement and the balustrades of the galleries. In the Temple of Earth, situated to the north of Pekin, it is the number *two* which prevails. No one could explain to me the mystical meaning of this sacred geometry.

We also visited the kitchens, with their great boilers, where the flesh of the sacrificed beasts is cooked; the great corridor leading to the hall of prayer; and, lastly, the house occupied by the emperor and his suite during the great annual sacrifices. All these buildings are in a tolerably good state of preservation; but the interior is neglected and covered with dust. This is perhaps owing to the emperor being a minor, and so not visiting the sanctuaries yet.

I have seen all the most celebrated temples, and

everywhere I have been shocked at the evident neglect in which I found them, and especially at the absence of the faithful. The official residences of the great mandarins are not better cared for, because these dignitaries, compelled to keep up their *yamens* at their own expense, rarely remain in office more than three years. But how explain the miserable turn-out of their secretaries and their servants? the still more miserable state of the high roads throughout the empire, of the streets of the capital, of the canals, of the bridges built in the last century of fine marble and now falling into ruin? How account for the general look of decay in the whole country, which contrasts so strongly with the qualities and dispositions of the Chinese people, who, with vigour, activity, and intelligence, invade America, Australia, and the islands of the Pacific Ocean, rivalling everywhere (though within certain limits, yet on a footing of equality) the nations which are the most advanced in material progress and civilization?

This question, like so many others, I have asked of men who, by their position, by their experience (the fruit of a lengthened residence in China), and by their knowledge of the language, of the men, and of things in this country, were better able than any others to give me the information I sought for. Mr. Williams, an American missionary, author of a book entitled, "The Middle Kingdom," and who has inhabited China for the last thirty-four years; General Vlangali, Russian minister; Mr. Wade, first interpreter of the Legation for many years, and now English minister; Mr. Brown, his secretary-interpreter; Mr. Low, minister

of the United States; the German geologist, Baron de Richthoven, who has visited several portions of the empire, and whom I saw start for the distant provinces of Kansu and Sze-chuen; Mgr. de la Place, vicar apostolic at Pekin; M. Favier, of the same mission; M. Lenzi, interpreter of the Russian Legation; M. Annecke, *chargé d'affaires*; M. Bismark, interpreter of the German Legation;—all these gentlemen, with a kindness and good-nature which greatly touched me, never wearied of answering my questions, enlightening my doubts, and rectifying my errors. These interesting conversations filled up the first hours of the day, and singularly abridged the long autumn evenings, which I always passed under the hospitable roof of General Vlangali, or in the *salons* of the other Legations.

"This decadence," I asked, "is it only apparent, or is it real? Is it the nation or only the dynasty which is being extinguished?"

"This is a theme," they answered, "which is both complex and inexhaustible. China is a country of contradictions. The ideas of the people are essentially conservative. Their ways of thought, habits, dress—saving some insignificant modifications—are to-day what they were a thousand or a couple of thousand years ago. But nowhere are buildings constructed which are so little solid or durable. With the exception of a pagoda at—(the name escaped me)—in the province of Kiang-si, of which the construction goes back to the tenth century, there is not in the whole empire a single edifice which reckons more than two hundred or two hundred and fifty years.

"They are essentially patriarchal; and yet, except

eight or nine princely families, they have no hereditary nobility. On the contrary, the nobility conferred by the emperor descends one degree in each generation, and finally disappears. The son of a marquis, for instance —that is, of a man whose rank corresponds with the rank of a marquis in our country—will be an earl; his son, again, a baron; his grandson will have no title at all. The princes of the blood are an exception to this rule, and etiquette grants them great privileges. The ministers themselves are, *vis-à-vis* these men, in a very inferior position. On the other hand, all influence in the affairs of state is refused to princes of the blood.

"Everyone may rise to the highest posts, the son of a coolie as much as the son of a prince, provided he has passed a B.A. examination in the principal town of his district, obtained a licentiate in the capital of his province, and a doctor's degree in the University of Pekin. A doctor may aspire to the highest grades in the social hierarchy. As a literary man he becomes a member of a body which has real power, but to enjoy individually his part in this power, he must follow an official career, the doors of which are open to him in proportion to the academic honours he has received. One may say then, and with reason, that China is essentially a bureaucratic country. And yet there is no state in the world where the number of functionaries is so limited. In this immense empire there are not above 12,000 mandarins,[1]

[1] It is well known that this title of *mandarin* was given by the Portuguese sailors in the sixteenth century to all officials, great and small. It comes from the Portuguese word *mandar*—command, and is entirely unknown to the Chinese themselves.

that is, taking the word in its common sense, which is, a man in the pay of the state. For—and this is another contradiction—in no part of the world has the principle of self-government, the autonomy of each parish or town, been so fully developed.

"Let us go on now to consider the relations between the sovereign and the people. The Chinaman is the submissive and obedient subject of the emperor. The emperor himself is the representative of God and destiny. The obedience paid to him must therefore be blind and unlimited. He is emperor only because God has willed it so. If he be a bad prince, so much the worse for the Chinese; but that does not alter the obligation laid upon each one of obeying his decrees, however iniquitous they may be. Of all crimes the greatest is rebellion. But if the rebellion succeeds, it is evident that Heaven has willed it so. If, in consequence of a victorious rebellion, a usurper takes possession of the throne, he enters immediately into the enjoyment of all the rights and privileges (and they are unlimited) of the chief of the dynasty he has dethroned. Success gives legitimacy, because is not success due to the manifest will of God? Thus the first duty of a citizen is absolute fidelity to his sovereign; and, at the same time, an immediate and absolute acknowledgment of whatever may be an accomplished fact. Can any contradiction be greater or more striking?

"Having said thus much, we come to your question. The Chinese people, having so high an idea of the power and authority of the emperor, refer to him for a thousand things. The maintenance of public order,

the execution of the laws, the repairs of the state buildings, bridges, high roads, canals, fortresses, seaports, all this is the emperor's affair, not the people's. Well, it happens that the present emperor is a minor, that his father was a man of debauched habits and narrow mind, who never gave himself the trouble to look into the affairs of state; and that his grandfather was or passed for being a man of very second-rate intelligence. The trade of a sovereign is no sinecure in China. If the emperor takes no part in public affairs, or if he neglects to fulfil his duties, public interests suffer. Thus, look at Pekin at this moment: the streets are like gutters, the streams are all open, the flags of marble, which formerly covered them, are broken, and their scattered pieces still further impede the circulation; the temples are in a state of dirt, which would be shocking to the faithful, if the faithful ever visited them; the public buildings are in the most deplorable state; and outside the capital, the canals, those great arteries of the country, are more than half ruined; the royal roads are transformed according to the season, into dried-up torrents, rivers, or marshes. All this is the result of the last two reigns. An energetic, active, and intelligent prince would put all this to rights, and, in a few years, do away both with the effects of the bad government of his predecessors, and the decadence which strikes every European, but which does not surprise the natives."

This afternoon was devoted to a visit to the great temple of Confucius, Wên-Miao and to the great

Llamaserie, the Yung-ho-kung, both one and the other situated to the north-east of the Tartar town. From the university and temple of the great philosopher to the sanctuary of the great god there is only a step. But in the order of ideas, the distance which separates them is enormous. People say that the Buddhist religion is the most widely-spread on earth. I doubt it, and think that the number of adherents to Confucius, that is, the rationalists, is still larger. But here they are in presence of one another. Look at the residence of the philosopher. You enter by a picturesque court, planted with cypresses, of which the branches, by a well-known process, are made to stretch out horizontally. Let us leave to the learned the care of determining the agé of certain stones like bells, and covered with characters, which have not yet been deciphered; which is not surprising, if it be true, that Confucius, five centuries and a half before our era, inscribed them with his own hand. The great hall is a magnificent empty void. No idols, only inscriptions, the names of the philosopher and of his disciples, and the whole covered with thick coats of dust. Here the emperor comes annually to say his prayers.

In the University of Confucius, which is situated close to the Temple, and, I think, forms a part of it, the complete works of the sage and of other classic authors, inscribed on tablets of black stone, are arranged all round a little court. All these buildings have an academic stamp about them, together with a kind of court atmosphere; which correspond with the position and turn of mind of the head of the sect, or

rather of the pedant professor, and the elegant, learned courtier, called Confucius; and with the high rank of the protectors of his remains, the emperors, who have built and rebuilt these houses, which are wrongly called temples, for they have nothing to do with religion. Kien-lung, whose reign embraces two-thirds of the last century,[1] built the pretty apartment where the emperor comes every ten years to sit on a richly-sculptured wooden throne, to hear read out to him some chosen pièces of classic authors.

We have now come to the great Llamaserie of Yung-ho-kung. The bonzes, who are Moguls, are all in one hall saying their office. One amongst them, the overlooker of the building, apostrophised us with a kind of brutality. By a blameable distraction, I had forgotten to throw away my cigar. As a punishment, I am condemned to expulsion. But M. Lenzi, the first interpreter of the Russian Legation and my amiable guide, manages to appease the cerberus, and the office, momentarily interrupted, resumes its course. The priests, novices, and acolytes, all vested in yellow tunics and cloaks, and all with their heads completely shaved, were squatted on some benches and chanting in choir. As to physiognomies I have rarely seen any more stupid or more clever. Alongside of men, exhausted by fasting, with eyes half closed, and an ascetic look, there were younger ones full of life and health, and some little boys whose eyes glistened like burning coals. As to the voices, two or three bases, worthy of the Venice or Paris Opera, overpowered the nasal sounds of the multitude.

[1] From 1736 to 1796.

It has often been remarked by travellers how much the solemnities of the Buddhist temples resemble the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. Close to this hall is the sanctuary of Buddha—a sombre, narrow, but immensely high chapel, entirely filled by the colossal statue of the god. The darkness adds to the terrors of the spot. To see the details, and reach up to the huge ears and shoulders of the divinity, we must go up several storeys.

Alongside are the apartments, now in ruins, which the emperor, Yung-mên, built for his thirteen sons, to prepare them for an existence which was more claustral than princely. The rooms, opening out of a corridor with circular doors, are very small, but rich in pretty details. The house is built against the northern wall of the town. I cannot say how delighted I was with this fine but savage picture.

The great interest of the day to me was the striking contrast between the Temple of Reason and the Sanctuary of Faith—between intellectual exercises and ascetic practices — between philosophic speculations and superstitious belief—in a word, between Confucius and Buddha.

Pass from a Wesleyan chapel, with its four bare walls, to the pulpit of St. Peter's during pontifical high mass, and you will find a less striking difference. Confucius was a moralist. He gave maxims and counsels full of wisdom; but politely declining the discussion of a future state, he sought the source of good and evil in the reason and will of each soul.

People say that the Chinese are born sceptics. Is this a well-attested fact? If so, another, which no

one disputes, would seem to give the lie to this assertion. All educated persons are sceptics; but all the people are believers. The learned have been fed entirely on the works of Confucius. Is it not probable that it is precisely these doctrines of the philosopher, which in the course of twenty-five centuries have moulded men's minds, and developed those sceptical tendencies which are so convenient during life, and so powerless to sustain or give us comfort at the moment of death? I read in a book of an American Protestant missionary, whose name I forget, that the literates in China, who are all atheists, ordinarily return at the hour of death to the belief and practices of Buddhism; and Catholic missionaries have confirmed this assertion. But if the savants will not admit the existence of a God, there are no legends so fabulous, no superstitions so gross, as not to be believed by them, just as our strong-minded men and women believe in spirit-rapping and table-turning. At this moment, in the north of China, the event of the day is the discovery, near Tien-tsin, of a little serpent, brought by a peasant and exposed in the temple. It is a dragon, they say; and a dragon is a god. The entire population, the governor-general of the province, the *Taotai*, and the magistrates of the town, are all gone with great pomp to adore the little beast. I asked some one, whose judgment makes him an authority, "whether the governor and other great personages did not look upon this visit to the serpent as a political act—as a concession, in fact, made to the popular superstition? or whether they shared in it?"

"I am convinced," replied my interlocutor, "that

the viceroy is as fully persuaded of the divinity of the serpent as the lowest coolie." And to bear out his assertion, he mentioned to me several facts which had lately occurred. Only the other day one of the secretaries of Legation fell ill: they found out that his house was damp, and the minister hastened to take measures to improve its sanitary condition. He spoke of it to a mandarin of high rank—a very intelligent, and even learned man,—in a word, one who was very much superior to the greater portion of the men of his class. "Do not fancy it is the damp which has made that house unwholesome," he replied gravely. "It is *fonshué* (literally, *wind* and *water*—that is, a charm—evil spirits). Why did you build that chimney so close to your secretary's house? It is from thence that the evil spirits come out. Don't you understand? Of what use is it to seek for any other explanation? It is quite evident."

"If the Portuguese cathedral," continued my friend, "has not been destroyed during the two last persecutions of the Christians—if it be still standing, it is doubtless owing to the extreme aversion which the Chinese have for the demolition of great houses. They believe that the evil spirits who inhabit them come out of the ruins and infest the whole neighbourhood. On the other hand, I believe that the literates, to hound on the Tien-tsin mob against the missionaries and Sisters of charity, excited their fears (probably shared in by themselves) of the towers and spires, which always fill the Chinese with dread, as attracting the evil spirits. The spire of the Catholic church in that town was a continual source of irritation and dis-

quiet to the inhabitants. If they did not entirely destroy it, it was owing partly to the solidity of the construction, which resisted all their efforts, and partly because order was re-established before their work could be accomplished. Look what happened here. When the two towers of the French church, which has been recently built, had got to a certain height, the government intervened, and made use of the pretext that from the top of these towers indiscreet eyes might peer into the gardens and courts of the imperial city. But the true reason was the spirits; and Mgr. de la Place has done wisely to obey the wishes of the Tsung-li-yamen."

These superstitious people are not fanatics. I have been assured that, in matters of religion, among both learned and unlearned, and which is more astonishing among the Chinese Buddhist clergy themselves, fanaticism in religion is unknown. It is not the same with the Mongols. The nearer one gets to Thibet, the more the intolerance in religious matters increases. In China everyone may save his soul in his own way; and if, unhappily, an exception be made for the Christians, it is from political motives, and not on account of their faith.

The different sectaries of Confucius—the Taoïsts and the Buddhists—live quietly alongside of one another, and I have never heard that their peace was broken by any religious discussions.

When Mgr. Mouly, the last vicar apostolic at Pekin, died (in December 1858), they gave him a pompous funeral in accordance with Chinese ideas. His body was carried to the Portuguese cemetery in a

rich coffin. The clergymen, dressed in their sacerdotal robes, followed, bearing the cross at their head. All the foreign ministers followed the procession, which had to cross the great thoroughfare leading to the gate of Ping-tsu-men. The streets, as everyone knows, are only raised dykes with two low sides. Well, all the people in carriages whom they met, and among them was a prince of the blood, easily recognized by his green coach, got out of their own accord on the footway, leaving to the Christians what we should call the place of honour. The people looked on with interest and curiosity, without showing the smallest hostility.

There are, at Pekin, three or four noted shops, well furnished with fine porcelain, sculptures in wood and ivory, enamelled china (*cloisonné*), and jade. Here, as everywhere else, second-rate articles abound, and real objects of art which deserve the name are rare and at an exorbitant price. They offered me two pretty vases of old china for £80 sterling, an enormous sum if you consider the value of money at this moment and the nature of the article. It is true that both foreign and native amateurs abound. Europeans cannot trade in this capital, where there are very few foreign visitors, and where the only residents are the members of the Legations and the missionaries. But the Chinese merchants make *battues* in the houses of individuals and send their purchases either to Shanghai or to Tien-tsin through the medium of the European houses there—the china, especially that known as *cloisonné*, being highly appreciated in the elegant

world of St. Petersburg and Moscow. Really beautiful things, however, are rarely found in the shops. The best way of making purchases is to buy things when the occasion offers. The merchants bring to the Legations a quantity of objects which are more or less curious: it is a kind of pedlaring which is renewed several times a week, and gives a little variety to the monotonous lives of the diplomatists, whose days, alas! follow and repeat one another. But it is not enough to have these curiosities shown to one; one must know how to bargain, that is, to fix the price yourself and never exceed it; that is to say, you must be a *connoisseur*, and not be in a hurry. The owner of the coveted bit of china will carry it off, disappear for a month, reappear, then go away again, and finally, perhaps, at the end of a year, accept your price. One of the best *connoisseurs* I know in such matters is General Vlangali. To poke about with him in the streets of Pekin and to examine in his company the multitude of curiosities, which almost every day are spread out in his garden for sale, is one of the most amusing studies and yet the greatest temptation possible.

To sum up the whole, I have seen very few things which seemed to me to possess a really intrinsic or artistic value. What struck me most in the productions of the best periods was the beauty of the colouring and the finish of the work. I think the Chinese have less taste than the Japanese; that their colours are more startling and less harmonious; their designs less rich in invention and deprived of that *humour* which, in my idea, makes the principal charm

of Japanese art. Jade, which is an extremely hard stone, and very difficult to work, is particularly liked by the natives. In some shops there is a great choice. Every man of rank wears a ring of white or green jade.

Europe is flooded with ivory carvings. Here I have only seen one real *bijou;* the rest were commonplace and uninteresting. In an artistic point of view I prefer wood-carvings.

Their lacquer-work does not seem to me comparable to the old Japanese lacquer. As to porcelain, however, contrary, I believe, to the general opinion, I give the preference to the Chinese. Of course, I am speaking now of large pieces of the first class. General Vlangali has a small but precious collection of the vases of the Ming dynasty, and of the emperors of the last century. The most ancient, those of Ming, go back to the end of the sixteenth century or the beginning of the seventeenth. They are remarkable for the brilliancy of their colours; those of the last century for the boldness of the design. It is impossible not to recognize the influence of European taste. How explain that strange and curious analogy with *baroque* art which I have already spoken of in the Japanese sculptures of the reign of Taiko-Sama and his immediate successors? As to what concerns China, the explanation is more easy. It is to the Jesuits, then holding high positions in the court of Pekin and constantly in communication with Europe (from whence they obtained books, maps, designs, and instruments), that we must attribute this infusion, though in a small degree, certainly, of Italian *baroquism*, and later on, of French *rococo* of the time of Louis XIV.

The vases now made at Pekin are inferior, both with regard to design and colouring; nevertheless, they still manufacture some fine things; and in this branch of industry I do not see the falling-off which struck me so much in the same productions in Japan, and especially in the vases of Nagasaki. As to the *cloisonné*, it is certainly not to be compared with what was made in the last century. The designs are less correct and pure, and the enamel does not possess those delicate shades so admired in old specimens. We went to see the studio of a ceramic artist. Nothing could be more simple than his tools or his proceedings. In the middle of a little court a few feet square, was a fire, round which two children were walking and fanning the flame, so as to produce a given heat. Alongside, under a miserable shed, two or three workmen, under the superintendence of the master, shared the toil, and really produced some very pretty things.

For my part, I own I cannot be enthusiastic about Chinese china. It is artificial and not artistic. Real classical beauty is entirely wanting. The more our communications with the extreme East are multiplied, the more I think the taste will diminish in Europe for objects of which the great merit, originally, was precisely the difficulty of obtaining them.

M. Fritsche, a learned young Russian, sent by his government on a scientific mission, has been good enough to accompany me to the Jesuit observatory, situated to the east of the Tartar city, between the Tung-pien-men and Chi-ho-men gates. We cross the

south-east angle of the town : an agglomeration of mud-huts and of a multitude of miserable-looking human beings. But how they swarm! What is the population of Pekin? The geography books, which we learned by heart in our childhood, reckoned the number at 3,000,000. This, however, must be an evident exaggeration. I put the question to Mr. Williams, the best authority in these matters, and to two diplomats, who are also very well versed in such calculations. All three owned to me their complete ignorance. The census made by order of the Imperial government does not deserve reliance, they said. One is, therefore, reduced to conjectures. Their calculations vary from 1,000,000 to 800,000 or 500,000. At the time of Baron Gros' embassy, himself a studious and well-informed person, he obtained from Prince Kung statistical details which gave the population of the empire and its tributary states at 525,000,000.[1] According to Mr. Wade, the Chinese population before the Taeping rebellion amounted to 400,000,000. The opinion of certain authors who have, since this period, diminished the population by one-half, is evidently erroneous.

Here we are arrived at the end of our walk, a square, low tower, adjoining the wall of the town. In the court are two planispheres supported on bronze consols, in the form of dragons, beautifully carved. On the entablature of the town, equally in the open

[1] See Blue Book, China I. (1872) p. 6. See also, "On the Population of China," an interesting article by Dr. Martin, of the French Legation at Pekin (*Bulletin de la Société de Géographie, Julliet-Août*, 1872).

air, are several quadrants and a celestial globe, on which is marked the heaven of Pekin: the whole in a perfect state of preservation. My companion assured me that, in a scientific point of view, these instruments are real *chefs-d'œuvre.* They are not less so as works of art.

Look at this massive wall, this long line of crenelated bastions, the results of brutal force. At your feet, in the town, a labyrinth of huts, surmounted by a forest; beyond, the desert; then the horizon; and, above all, the azure sky. Everywhere the most profound silence, interrupted only by sounds which seem to come from the celestial regions: they are white clouds of pigeons which, at an extraordinary height, vibrate, in passing, their Eolian harps.[1] Everything in this scene is strange, fantastic, or barbarous, saving these instruments, destined to measure heaven, abandoned it is true, but respected by men and by the elements; eloquent remains of an already distant epoch, when it seemed possible that millions of human beings, not by force, but by persuasion, and with the double light of preaching and science, might be gained to Christianity and civilization.

Very often, when I have been walking about Pekin, I think of the heads of our diplomatic offices, who taught me so carefully how to copy a despatch, how

[1] At Pekin pigeons swarm. They are all furnished with tiny bamboo whistles which are excessively light and which they fasten between their wings to protect them from birds of prey. The sound of this ingenious little instrument varies according to the speed of their flight.

to fold it in a particular manner, and especially how to give to everyone the courteous appellation which is his due; to shade, with a nice discernment, the "perfect," "distinguished," or "highest consideration," &c. &c. These worthy men, these noble masters of paper and ink, have for a long time slept the sleep of the just. Why cannot I evoke their manes? How they would rejoice to find a great capital entirely peopled with their fellows! In truth, the Chinese seem born bureaucrats. This is explained by the fact that they must pass through the bureaux to arrive at any important official position. If the mandarins are few in number, a great number of Chinese possess the kind of knowledge required of such functionaries. Look, for instance, at the servants, who, in a social point of view, are very superior to ours: from their careful dress and their scrupulously clean nails, you might take them for gentlemen. What is the essence of red-tapism? The worship of routine. Routine is your compass, your gospel, your habitation, your prison. It guides, enlightens, and sustains you in doubt; it shelters you in political tempests. Governments fall, states crumble, but the public offices remain. After the storm is over you find there the same faces, the same ideas, if they have any, and the same ways. The lodging is narrow—there is no room for genius; but good sense, solid acquirements, a strong sense of duty and perfect honesty, find there their home. To restless spirits, to men above the average, or who imagine themselves to be so, for those, in fact, who kick against the pricks, such a position becomes a forced imprisonment.

In the capital of the Celestial Empire everything breathes of red-tapism. The subject of Chinese functionaries was often discussed in our talks. They are accused of rapacity, venality, and cruelty. The organization of the empire; the union in the hands of the same official of administrative and judicial functions; the independence which the representatives of the emperor enjoy in the provinces, which are real kingdoms; the want of control of any sort; the obligation weighing upon them to send considerable sums to the imperial treasury; their miserable pay, which compels them almost to fleece those under them; the habit of the Tsungli-yamen to make them disgorge on their return to Pekin, not in favour of the shorn sheep, but of the state treasury;—all this and a thousand other circumstances explain, if they do not justify, the abuse of justice, and the arbitrary acts of which the mandarins are perhaps justly accused.

Fortunately, the strong family tie and the spirit of autonomy, which are both so powerful in China, especially in the south, joined to the horror they have of the intervention of the mandarin, and of any recourse to his tribunal, considerably restrain the action of the civil power, and replace it, in a great measure, by patriarchal authority. Courts where, alongside of the man whose age and social position give him the greatest importance in his native town or village, are seated the notables of the clan or of the municipality, take cognizance of all matters of civil and often of criminal law. Tolerated—but not, I think, legally constituted—these courts cannot pronounce a sentence of death. Nevertheless, rather

than refer the case to the mandarin, rather than expose the criminal to have his head cut off, or, which is the most ignominious fate, to be hacked to pieces in little bits, and thus to compromise the fate of his family, who are generally engulfed in his ruin, the patriarch, after having pronounced the sentence, says to the condemned: "Thy crime is of such enormity that we ought to send thee to the *taotai*, who will cut off thy head. If thou wilt escape this punishment, go into the next room, where thou wilt find a cord or some poison." There has never been an instance of the criminal preferring to go before the mandarin.

These delegates of imperial power are, therefore, certainly not popular. It is alleged, as an excuse, that they are all more or less in the hands of their subordinates, who are also very few in number and badly paid, so that they extort money wherever they can. But all the mandarins are not bad. Sometimes they win the esteem and affection of their subjects, and at the expiration of their vice-royalty they receive from them, as a testimony of regret, a scarlet silk parasol, on which may be read, embroidered in gold, the names of the donors. It is this parasol which the functionary who is happy enough to possess one never fails to have carried before his chair when he appears in public.

One day, when taking a walk in the streets of the Tartar city, I saw pass, with great fuss and pomp, a band of servants preceding and following a sedan-chair. This was the minister of finance—a great mandjou lord, and, as Chief of one of the eight banners, having the rank of marshal.

"The life of a statesman," remarked lately this

Chinese excellency, "is sometimes strewn with thorns. This is what has just happened to me. My vice-banner-chief begs to have his salary paid from the first of the month. But as he only entered upon his functions a fortnight after, this demand is inadmissible. But, unfortunately, in my position as chief of the banner, I cannot refuse him my support. I have, therefore, written a note to the finance minister—that is, to myself; and everything that could be said in favour of a pretension so ridiculous and so contrary to law I have said. This done, in my position as finance minister, I summoned my council, who, being all entirely of my way of thinking (that is, as finance minister), refused indignantly the petition of my vice-chief. This resolution, duly approved by me as finance minister, has been communicated to me in an official note, with every regard to my position as marshal of the banner. In this latter quality, I of course cannot fail to express my grave displeasure, which is naturally shared by my vice-chief. Also, he will not give in; and at this moment, as his natural head and protector, I am occupied in drawing up an energetic protest, which I fear will be displeasing to the finance minister. It is a grave and complicated matter. I do not know how it will end."

There are four Catholic churches and parishes here, all served by the priests of the Lazarist congregation. The cathedral, *Nan-tang* (*Church of the South*), commonly called the Portuguese Church, is an imposing edifice of the seventeenth century, and, according to the peninsular taste, abounding in

*baroque* ornaments. The *Quinas*, the old heraldic device or arms of Portugal, which formerly was placed above the portal of this temple, the fruit of the piety and munificence of the "most faithful" kings, have been replaced by the arms of France.

*Pei-tang* (*the Church of the North*), situated in the centre of the town, near the forbidden city, is a fine gothic building of modern erection. Its two towers remain unfinished. We know why. At Pei-tang is the residence of the vicar-apostolic, the principal house of the Lazarists in China, and the seminary. This site was formerly occupied by a Franciscan convent, which disappeared at the time of the great persecution.

The two other Catholic churches are called after their geographical position, *Tung-tang* and *Si-tang* (the churches to the east and west).

The diocese of Pekin reckons twenty-seven thousand Christians, and the town itself eight thousand. Among the latter are a good many respectable artisans; and almost all the clockmakers of Pekin. Clock-making was introduced into China by the Jesuits; and the Christian faith has, together with this art, been preserved in certain families, and propagated from father to son.

One Sunday—on a foggy, dark morning—I was carried to Pei-tang. Mass was going on, at which a large body of the faithful were assisting. They were all natives, arranged with the men on one side, and the women on the other. In the transept, five or six Sisters of charity were kneeling in the midst of their pupils—a multitude of young girls. One of the missionaries played the harmonium; then, mounting on a

stool, near the balustrade which separated the choir from the nave, he addressed a short sermon to the congregation in the Chinese tongue. Every face in this pious crowd was fixed upon him. From where I sat I could examine at my ease these upturned faces. I saw the same cut of features, but a totally different expression to the faces one meets with in the streets. Confidence, respect, and calm were stamped upon them—no trace of scepticism, or irony, or bad-tempered indifference, which is ordinarily to be seen on Chinese physiognomies. Almost all the foreigners who have visited the Christian missions in this empire, whether Protestant or Catholic, have been struck by the influence which the Catholic faith has on the expression and ways of those who have embraced it, and many English authors speak of it in describing their travels. Mgr. de la Place, Bishop of Adrianople, and vicar-apostolic at Pekin, one of the glories of the apostolate of modern times, was kind enough to show me himself over his church, house, and seminary. The Museum of Natural History, which is unique of its kind, was made by the learned Abbé David, a Lazarist. The objects it contains come mainly from the province of Che-li. The ornithological part of this rich collection is the most appreciated by the learned.

The collection of books, formed in part out of the wrecks of the fine library of the Jesuits in old times, possesses some valuable works and atlases, the greater part being Dutch editions given by the emperors. In the fly-leaf of some of them one reads, in the large, bold characters of the seventeenth century, which

time has already yellowed: "*Datum ab Imperatore Kang-hi.*"

In my visit to the seminary, Mgr. de la Place asked me to open some of the pupils' desks at random. Each pupil has one of his own, which contains his books, his writings, his razors, his little "goodies"—the whole arranged with great taste and in perfect order. Some had even invented a way of hanging little sacred pictures or statues in them, and of erecting tiny altars. It is the peculiar talent of this people to know how to utilize the smallest space.

We went into the garden, where the seminarists gave us a little concert. Not Haydn, as at Sû-kia-wei; but real Chinese music, executed with strange instruments, the sound of which, on the whole, was pleasing. I especially admired a small kind of portable organ: that is, a series of flutes joined together, which the musician places vertically on his lips. In managing the numerous keys, his fingers have great difficulty in avoiding a contact with his nose, which fortunately, is not very prominent. There was a certain *tremolo* very pleasing to the ear: but how describe the effect on the eye? A series of fillips, which the artist applied to himself, and which by the jerks of his head, he vainly endeavoured to escape. I held my sides with laughing, and the young *virtuosi*, far from being affronted, shared my hilarity.

The students are evidently well cared for, physically and morally. Their manners were simple, frank, modest, and pleasing. They all seemed in good health. Their very appearance does credit to the seminary at Pei-tang and to all those who direct it.

The Portuguese cemetery is to the west of Pekin, at two miles from the gate called Ping-tzu-mên. Like the cathedral and the library, it owes to the protection of the court of St. Petersburg, and perhaps also to the superstitious fears of the Chinese, its escape from destruction. M. Favier was kind enough to take me there. About two hundred tombs contain the remains of the fathers of the Company of Jesus, who for two centuries, exercised their devoted ministry here, and died in this part of the empire. Nothing can be more striking than the first appearance of this sombre necropolis. The Ricci, Schall, Verbiest,—those great names, which, with so many other of the fathers, figure in the most brilliant annals of science and of the apostolate, are buried in the oldest part of the *campo santo*. Their funeral monuments are composed of four principal elements: the sarcophagus, a kind of slab composed of one single, enormous stone; five large vases as incense-burners; and lastly, the tablets, which crowned with dragons, and resting on tortoises, give, in Latin and Chinese, with the name of the departed, the dates of his birth and death. Everything is grandiose, imposing, and solemn. A colossal cross, planted on a culminating point, reminds the visitor that Christian remains are interred in these mausoleums.[1]

[1] Father Mattei Ricci, born at Macerata in 1552, arrived in China in 1583, and died at Pekin in 1610. He obtained the favour of the emperor and left some valuable works on morality and geometry. Father John Adam Schall, born at Cologne in 1591, arrived in China in 1622, and died at Pekin in 1666. Father Ferdinand Verbiest, born at Pitthem, near Courtrai, in

*October* 23.—This morning I started to visit the Great Wall. At Pekin, the gates of the city close at sunset and only open at dawn. The mules and baggage-horses which are needed for travellers and their suite, must be brought in from the country. Hence

1623, joined the Chinese mission in 1659, and died at Pekin in 1688. He obtained the friendship and confidence of the great emperor Kang-hi (1661–1722), was professor of astronomy, and directed the Canon Foundry. We have a volume from him entitled "Liber organicus Astronomiæ apud Sinas restitutæ." Everyone knows the attack of the Dominicans upon the Jesuits on the subject of the adoption of certain Chinese rites. The enquiry, which passed through an endless variety of stages, was definitively settled by Pope Benedict XIV., who forbade the missionaries, henceforth, to conform to Chinese customs. As soon as Rome had spoken the Jesuit fathers obeyed without reserve; but they ventured to maintain the following:—1. That they had always considered as purely civil and not at all religious, the Chinese rite concerning the honours rendered to Confucius and deceased relations. 2. That it was not only the Jesuits who understood in this sense the real character of these observances. 3. That certain portions of these rites, which were declared superstitious, had been eliminated a long time before the Holy See had pronounced its judgment. This celebrated trial came back to my mind when I saw all those dragons and tortoises, symbols which appear so Pagan, but which, in the opinion of the Jesuits, are purely political and civil. One can understand that monks arriving fresh from Europe and having no knowledge, or a very imperfect one, of men and things in this country, should have been shocked at what they called and thought to be too great a deference to Paganism and a dangerous innovation. Hence their protest. Men who are entirely strangers to the dispute and well versed in questions of Chinese etiquette and rites, have assured me that it seemed to them extremely difficult to draw a line of demarcation between religion and politics: between the worship of the gods and the ceremonies which only symbolize the respect due to the emperor; and which hence are purely civil acts.

an annoying delay. We shall hardly arrive at our destination before the close of the day; and in the celestial empire, night is not a pleasant time for travelling. At last, at nine o'clock, our caravan gets under weigh and leaves the Russian Legation. Mr. Lenzi directs it.

To arrive at the north-west gate, called Têchengmên, we spend an hour and a half. But how could one go quicker? How cut that gordian knot composed of human beings, camels, horses, asses, carriages, sedan-chairs, bonzes, coolies, and peasants? Between the two gates, the inner and the outer, the pressure of the crowd is so great, that for an instant we begin to despair. At last we are out! We come into the long single street of a village adjoining Pekin, which is as dirty, as muddy, and as full of encumbrances as the most frequented thoroughfare of the city. Another half-hour and we have reached the country! Groups of willows, little ponds, and mud hillocks, alternate with cultivated fields and isolated farms. Are we in Moravia, in Hungary, or in China? The resemblance is so striking that I ask myself whether it was worth while to go and seek at the other end of the globe so vulgar and uninteresting a country.

The day is spent in trying to avoid the high road, which is all under water, and in scrambling on to the natural dykes which line it on either side. Very often these last end abruptly, and our men have to plunge into the plain and be up to their middles in mud, swearing, gesticulating, and screaming at the tops of their voices. Of a road there is no longer a trace.

One marches on, then, as best one can. Some of us are in litters: others on horseback. I choose the first method of locomotion, and rejoice in my foresight; for every moment I see one or other of my friends who are on horseback, rolling in the mud. Fortunately, we are in the midst of such a sea of that, that no one is hurt. Their toilets alone suffer. On the other hand, my mules trip at every step, and as we are going along the side of a ravine, the prospect is not very reassuring. Our muleteers and grooms are all Chinese Mohammedans. They choose them by preference because they are less hostile to Europeans. Such is the antagonism between them and their Pagan fellow-countrymen, that they feel as if they had more affinity with the Christians. "We are of your religion," they said to us.

At nine o'clock in the evening, after a twelve hours' march, we arrive at the gates of the town of Changping-chow. But they are shut; impossible to enter. We set ourselves to work to find a temple,—they are always near the gates of the towns. We grope our way, therefore, along the interminable wall. By the uncertain light of a partially-veiled moon, the crenelated bastions seem to get larger, and prolong themselves indefinitely. But here is the temple. The priest who serves it, seated in the court, smoking his pipe, makes a sign for us to enter without disturbing himself.

*October* 24.—To-day will be remembered by me for ever among the recollections of my travels. I have seen the tombs of the Mings.[1]

[1] The princes of this dynasty reigned from 1366 to 1644.

They are scattered temples in a plain separated from the rest of the world, on three sides by the chain of Mongol mountains, and towards Pekin, by the gradual rising of the ground. One arrives by an avenue bordered with colossal statues coarsely carved: kings, horses, griffins, elephants, lions, and camels. They add to the tragic solemnity of the spot. Never did I feel myself so entirely alone.

The tombs are placed behind the temples, each of which is surrounded by an enclosure. I counted thirteen, but I think the number is greater. We visited the last abode of the Emperor Tsuwên. Restored by Kien-lung,[1] it is to-day completely neglected. Admire first the dimensions of the great hall, of which the roof is supported by immense columns,[2] which are the trunks of natural trees, and the gift of the King of Siam. Visit afterwards the sarcophagus, which occupies a separate building. Then go up to the tower, from whence you may enjoy at your ease the heroic and funereal beauty of the site.

At our feet stretches the plain, torn by the beds of the torrents. Towards the east, at the distance of only a few miles, rise the first spurs of the Mongol mountains, thickly covered with brushwood. Making a great curve, these hills run towards the west. Their deep gorges are sunk in shadow, while their summits are glistening with light. Near us everything is of a kind of brownish-red: further on, of Sèvres blue. The last visible range of hills seem to

[1] He reigned from 1736 to 1796.

[2] The middle ones are 60 feet high, and of a circumference of nearly 12 feet.

melt their azure tints into those of the sky, which are hardly less tender. The northern vegetation, as far as one can see it, contrasts with the rich colouring of the south. The weather is magnificent; there is not a breath of wind. A deep silence hovers over the necropolis.

A march of three hours leads us to Nankow.

On going down a steep hill, we perceived at the entrance of the ravine which leads into Mongolia, this little town, surrounded by dilapidated walls and a few groups of trees. We managed to lodge pretty well in one of those numerous hotels frequented by the camel-drivers on their way to and from the north.

Here we were told that the road was completely destroyed, and that the only way of reaching the Great Wall was to make use of the little sedan-chairs of the country. This so-called high road, however, is never practicable for carts. They are obliged to carry them on camel's backs, after having taken off their wheels.

*October* 25.—We leave our caravan at Nankow, and, in spite of the darkness, we start at five o'clock in the morning. Our carriage was a miserable little chair, without a back, carried on two bamboo poles. Two shorter ones, placed in the longitudinal axle of the chair and bound by cords to the two larger poles, rest on the shoulders of our four coolies, who march one before the other, two before and two behind. Furnished with lanterns, they advance rapidly. The road is the bed of a torrent filled with muddy, foaming

water, amidst scattered blocks of rock. It is only by fording or by jumping from stone to stone, that our bearers can get along, and also by passing incessantly from one bank to the other. To keep their equilibrium they stretch out their arms like tight-rope dancers. They slip, they trip, but they scramble on. One of my men fell into the very middle of the current; but the others bore him up and there was no accident. I assure you our trust and confidence in these men, whom we had never before seen in our lives, and whom we shall never see again, was simply boundless! Long journeys make us fatalists. One must really become so if one aspires to the honour of being what the Yankees elegantly call a "globe trotter," *i.e.*, one who travels round the globe.

The air is soft, and impregnated with the bitter perfumes which are exhaled by the aromatic shrubs of the Pyrenees, or the Sierra Morena. We are on the high road to Mongolia. Gengis Khan followed it when he invaded China. His hordes probably presented the same aspect as the men whom we meet now, and who, squatted between the two humps of their camels, are dragging along others in their suite.

We halted for a short time at the fortress of Tsu-yung-quan. The learned are divided as to the meaning of the characters with which one of the doors of the fort is covered. Among the crowd which pressed round us were several galley-slaves. In China, convicts, far from being dishonoured, enjoy, on the contrary, the sympathy of the people. These men wear round their necks a heavy iron ring, and another on their legs. These rings are fastened to an iron rod,

which they hold in their hands like a stick. They seem quite accustomed to this *triste* garb, and honest men talk and laugh familiarly with them as if they had done no wrong.

The further we advance, the more we are stopped by interminable files of great and beautiful two-humped camels. They come or go from Kiachta. M. Starzoff, my amiable host at the temple of Kung-chow, is sending there at this moment a caravan of 15,000 camels, bearing 60,000 cases of tea! This gives one an idea of the importance of the commercial relations of Russia with China.

The gorge through which we are passing narrows more and more. At one spot, named Vu-gui-tow, where a little temple is most picturesquely hung, and, as it were, encased between the rocks, in front of a red summer-house, equally resting on the flank of the mountain, the valley is simply a trench. I do not believe it is more than forty feet broad.

The last part of our road is the most trying. But our coolies, in spite of the thirteen miles they have already run in less than five hours, betray no fatigue, and deposit us at ten o'clock at the foot of the Great Wall, the *Ultima Thule* of my journey.

Seated on the top, above the gate, one foot in China and one in Mongolia, we can contemplate at leisure this celebrated wall.

Towards the north-east, after having crossed the narrow valley, it follows the crest and sinuosities of the mountains. On this side all the heights are crowned with towers. The wall rises and falls, and rises again in zig-zags, appearing and disappearing

behind the rocks. One cannot take count of the distances, save by the gradations of colour, and by the lights and shades.

Towards the south-west, the eye plunges into the valley we have just left. The rocks seem to precipitate themselves into the gorge and to be interlaced with each other. It is a chaos of rugged blocks of every shade and hue; dark brown, violet, grey, and blue.

Towards the south-west a mountain rises abruptly quite close to us. The wall mounts in a serpentine fashion, doubles itself at a right angle, and escalades the summit, which here takes the shape of a camel's back with two humps.

To the north-west the gorge opens out on a little plain. Beyond, a line of other mountains form the second range, and, as I am told, the last of the Mongolian plateau. The thickness of the air does not enable us to see them clearly. At this moment, long lines of caravans are crossing the plain and coming into the defile. In spite of the distance, the sharp cries of the camel-drivers reach our ears. Everything in this picture is grand, sombre, and savage. The absence of sun adds to the indefinable sadness of the whole scene. It is a thorough picture of Central Asia.

Having returned to Nang-kow before night-fall, in spite of the advanced hour, we made another stage in the direction of Pekin.[1]

[1] Everyone knows that there are two walls—the inner and the outer. But neither the learned Chinese nor their European brethren have ever been able satisfactorily to solve the question which is constantly mooted at Pekin: "Which of the two is the most ancient?" The length of the Great Wall is about 500 miles.

*October* 26.—We passed the night at Yaufan, in a good inn, that is, good from a Chinese point of view. At five o'clock we were again in the saddle. During the whole morning, a thick fog shut out all sight of the country. Happily towards mid-day, after a painful march of six hours, always on wretched roads, the curtain of fog lifted. The sun warmed us gently, and lit up the country with its pale light. Great gardens surrounded with walls, fine buildings, summer-houses, and kiosks are seen on both sides, together with wooded hills which are reflected in a large sheet of water, and stand out against the soft blue of the Mongolian mountains. The spires of two pagodas, rising gracefully in the middle of the trees, give a local colouring to this beautiful picture.

We are close to the summer palace, at the entrance of the Yuen-ming-yuen, or, the *magnificent circular garden of the emperor.* The enclosure being shut on that side, we went on towards Wanshow-shan. Going along, the caravan suddenly turned into a little lane, so as to leave the road free to two or three hundred cavaliers of martial bearing, well dressed and armed, some with guns and some (the most numerous) with bows and arrows. These soldiers belong to one of the mandjou corps, who are noted for retrograde ideas. The sight of Europeans acts upon their nerves; and we do well to keep at a respectable distance from these conservative warriors.

That part which I visited is crenelated on the Mongolian side. The height of this strange rampart varies from 30 to 32 feet, and from 10 to 12 feet in the spots where it crosses over the precipices. It is built of a kind of granite which is found in the mountains.

After a short negotiation, conducted by the clever M. Lenzi, and leading to a happy result, we were allowed to enter the court; then passing by a mass of varnished bricks, broken statues, and overturned columns, we went into the park, and from the height of an artificial mamelon we could contemplate the imposing remains of a monument created by the genius of a barbarous people [1] and converted into a heap of ruins by the armies of two great civilized nations. The little that remains standing, and the broken bits of the sculpture have a *rococo* stamp upon them, which one is surprised to meet with in China. Everything here breathes a kind of court atmosphere; one feels oneself transported to Versailles, to Schönbrunn, or to Potsdam. Certainly there is no material resemblance, but there is affinity.

Breakfast was served in the garden, and our Chinese valet surpassed himself. If it be true that in Europe, even on the classic soil of France, the culinary art is on the decline, and that good cooks become more and more rare, one had better provide oneself with some from China. The Chinese are calm: they rarely lose their heads, and possess that greatest quality in a cook —delicacy of taste. Whilst we were enjoying a most excellent meal, seasoned by good appetites, the guardian approached and apostrophised us in language which was evidently the reverse of flattering. He was furious at our having encamped under a portico

[1] During the long reign of Kien-lung (from 1736 to 1796). This palace had so many visitors in 1860, and so many souvenirs were brought to Europe, as well as so many published descriptions, that I suppress the notes I took on the spot.

haunted by certain spirits, who have as little tenderness for the "foreign devils" as the cerberus himself. For a long time the imperturbable Lenzi feigned to ignore the presence of this personage, who gesticulated furiously, and screamed like one possessed. At last, it was necessary to speak. "Go away from here," exclaimed our mentor, with a gracious smile; "the smell of your pipe annoys us." "Your meat infects the air." "Very well, that is an additional reason for you to go away." "That is true," he murmured at last, and retired. This, they tell me, is the only way to treat these children of the South, to be very courteous, very calm, and especially very logical.

In passing rapidly through the town we saw nothing but frowning faces. The inhabitants, who were formerly in easy circumstances, thanks to the long periodical residences of the court, have fallen into destitution since the sack and destruction of the palace.

Our short stay in the capital draws to an end. We have constantly had beautiful weather. This evening a high wind rose, which woke us in the night. To-day the air is again calm, but the thermometer has lowered considerably; at sunrise it froze. Winter is beginning, and will go on till the end of March. During this long period, saving a little snow which falls towards the end of November and in February, and which the wind sweeps away as soon as it falls, the sky is clear, and the sun shines; but with the terribly cutting north-east wind, the cold is severely felt, although the thermometer rarely falls (and that only for a few days) to fifteen degrees Réaumur. Clouds of dust then invade Pekin and penetrate into

the most carefully closed apartments. To take exercise or go out on horseback is impossible. The spring is short and disagreeable; the summer is most trying, owing to the intense heat and the mud. From June to September torrents of rain fall at short intervals, transforming the streets into gutters, and rendering them almost impracticable. I understand now how the prophet Jonah took three days to go across Nineveh. During this season the members of the diplomatic corps take refuge on the sloping hills near the summer palace, or at Che-fu. October is the only fine month. It is then autumn; and at this season, judging by my own experience, I may say that nothing could equal the beauty of the sky, and the soft and yet bracing air, which gives to everyone a feeling of health and strength. The climate is not unhealthy; there are few fevers or epidemic diseases, saving the small-pox, which in China, as in Japan, makes terrible ravages.

As a residence, always excepting this month of October, Pekin is simply a hell. There is no kind of distraction to console you for the climate; no social resources beyond the tiny colony formed by the members of the diplomatic corps. The Lazarist fathers and the few Protestant missionaries, absorbed by the toils and duties of their ministry, do not frequent the salons of the Legations. Nevertheless, I heard few complaints. The younger diplomats, it is true, have now and then fits of discouragement; but they very soon get accustomed to their almost monkish seclusion, and to this family life with its intimate and daily relations between them and their chief. The great want

is women. Formerly there were seven: since the departure of Madame Low and her daughters the number is reduced to four. The wives and daughters of the American and English missionaries do not count socially. The greatest harmony reigns in this noble, and in every respect admirable little colony.

The Russian, English, and French Legations occupy vast spaces. A strong wall surrounds each of these buildings, which consist of the residence of the minister, the bungalows of the secretaries, the servants' quarters, the chapel, stables, and gardens. They are establishments, in fact, worthy of great powers. The Russian Legation, rebuilt or restored under the personal direction of General Vlangali, is distinguished by its noble and elegant simplicity. It consists of a group of houses scattered in a garden, and alongside, a vast court and its dependencies. It is from thence that I used to see the Cossacks start with the heavy mails for Kiachta. These journeys generally take a month. The couriers of the Russian government make the distance from Pekin to Kiachta (1,300 English miles) in fifteen days. The members of the Legation ordinarily take that route, which they judge preferable in the good season (April and May) to the long navigation on the Yellow Sea and the Indian Ocean. They make use of a Chinese cart, to which two camels are harnessed, and carry with them provisions for thirty days, which is the ordinary length of the journey. At Kiachta it is very easy to buy carriages, and you find there also, as throughout Siberia, post-horses and posting stations admirably organized, together with very tolerable inns—in fact, civilization. By this route you can

get over the distance from Pekin to St. Petersburg in two months.

I cannot pass over one very remarkable man in silence.

It is well known that the Chinese government, wishing to put a stop to the frauds committed by its officials with the connivance of the European and American merchants, has confided to foreigners the direction and administration of the custom-houses established in the open ports. The chief, bearing the title of Inspector-General, is Mr. Hart, an Englishman, and other functionaries, his subordinates, all chosen by him and placed under his orders, are of different nations. In Mr. Hart one sees a man in every respect above the average; in him, intelligence, activity, and energy are all combined. He was in the consular service, and then passed on to that of the Chinese government, and reorganized the whole of its custom-house system. He has a very large salary, and pays his subordinates at a rate which is far above that given by our governments. He has, therefore, the first pick of the best men, rather to the detriment of the Legations and Consulates. The existence of this institution is a homage rendered to the honourable character of Englishmen in this part of the world, and does honour likewise to the Chinese government, which, in this matter, has enfranchised itself from its anti-European prejudices. Lastly, it gives Mr. Hart and his staff an opportunity of studying the country and creating relations with the people which, perhaps, some day may make his services as valuable to China as to Europe. Mr. Hart is still young, and up to the

present moment very much esteemed at the Tsungli-yamen. He has lately made himself very popular with foreigners by the publication of a memoir, which he has "submitted to the imperial throne." In this curious piece of writing, the head of the custom-house, trenching on high political ground, denounces the vices of the Chinese administration and the faults and weaknesses of the mandarins in no measured terms.

Are the Europeans established at Pekin exposed to any danger? To this question I was answered in the negative. But they own, at the same time, that there are two eventualities, either of which would involve them in great peril:—a rebellion against the existing dynasty; or, if war with the European powers should become imminent, or should the Chinese government consider it inevitable. Then the hatred against foreigners would break out, and the authorities would lack the means or the will necessary to restrain it. "If we are not massacred on the spot, we shall be kept as hostages," was said to me. It will be a second Abyssinia.

They flatter themselves that the present dynasty will not be soon shaken. "The moral basis of society in this country," they say, "lies in a fatalist submission to the will of the sovereign, as long as it is the will of Heaven that he should reign. To this kind of loyalty, which has nothing in common with the question of right, is joined the respect for parents and for old age. The result is a kind of stability, or rather of immobility." By this process of reasoning people

try to reassure themselves and to reassure the ladies, who were very much alarmed by the terrible massacres at Tien-tsin, last year. One evening, after dinner, my charming neighbour at table—I am not going to betray her—said in my ear: "Do you think we shall be all killed some fine day?" This gives an idea of the position.

As to the men, not only the question of danger does not occupy their thoughts, but it does not exist for them. It would be doing an injustice to these bravely-tempered souls to think them capable of the least movement of fear. In Japan, as in China, the diplomats, merchants, and missionaries, all are convinced that there is no danger. They would never dream of it till the moment came to affront death; like sick men, afflicted with an incurable disease, who only remember it at the moment when they are in pain.

Have the European governments done wisely to establish their missions at Pekin? Let us listen to the "for" and "against."

There is, first, the question of audiences. Whoever approaches the emperor must prostrate himself, *i.e.*, make the *kow-tow*. It is in consequence of these pretensions that the ambassadors formerly sent to China failed. Refusing to submit to this humiliating ceremonial, they returned to their respective countries without having fulfilled their mission. To-day, the representatives of the powers residing at Pekin live at the doors of the imperial palace, and yet find themselves, for the same reason, deprived of the privilege of approaching the sovereign to whom they are accredited.

In a European point of view this is intolerable. The Chinese, on whom the most severe penalties are inflicted if they dare raise their eyes to the sacred and divine person of their master, and who are obliged to shut all their doors and windows on the rare occasions when he goes through the streets to visit a temple—the Chinese, on the contrary, consider the pretensions of the European ambassadors presumptuous to the last degree. The members of the Council of State, when dealing with this question with the envoys, sheltered themselves behind the minority of their master. "Etiquette," they said, "is with us a part of our religious rites. We cannot, of our own authority, consent to its violation. The people would tear us to pieces. Wait for the emperor's majority; for he alone can grant you the necessary dispensation; and, again, it is to be feared that such a concession would injure him very seriously in public opinion."

The admission of the envoys is considered by Chinese statesmen to be a terrible humiliation and a national misfortune; because it will show the people that "The Son of Heaven" is neither the sole nor the most powerful sovereign in the universe. This explains the want of insistance which the English and Russian ministers have exhibited in this thorny question; for they have no wish, and no one can desire, to hasten the fall of the reigning dynasty. French diplomacy has, however, been more exacting; and, if it succeeds, which appears to me problematical, the cabinet of Versailles will have the honour of opening the doors of the imperial palace; but it is also on France that will rest the responsibility of the

consequences. For the moment, the solution of the difficulty is postponed until the declaration of the emperor's majority—that is to say, till next year.

Let us point out other inconveniences.

The commercial interests of Europe in China are enormous. The amount of the transactions with England alone is reckoned at forty-two millions of pounds sterling a year! All this business is done, not in the capital, the entrance of which is forbidden to foreign merchants, but in the open ports, and especially in Shanghai. That would be the natural seat of the Legations. At Pekin, blocked up by ice during nearly six months of the year, it is necessary, to correspond with Europe (saving by way of Siberia), to make use of the couriers whom the Chinese custom-house at Chin-kieng (one of the three trade-ports on the Yang-tse-kiang) sends to Pekin with the Shanghai mails. If they are not robbed and murdered *en route*, which is not at all a rare occurrence, these messengers will take fifteen days to make the distance.

On the other hand, they tell me that the residence at Pekin gives two great advantages to the European envoys—the being near the central authorities, and far from the European merchants.

The relations with the Chinese ministers are reduced to rare visits to the Tsungli-yamen; for on no occasion will Prince Kung or his colleagues receive any of the diplomatic corps in their private houses. Nevertheless, they meet; they can talk, and sometimes they thus prevent difficulties arising which, unless cleared up at the very beginning (and that supposes the presence of the ministers at the seat

of government), might lead to bitter and serious complications.

Again, the Legations are thus free from the influence and atmosphere of the trade-ports. The residents there are all merchants. They have only their own profit in view. That one can understand. But the result is an unhappy tendency to establish on all occasions a solidarity between their commercial interests and the political interests of their country. The least impediment placed in the way of their speculations is immediately declared to be a violation of the treaties. Everyone has recourse to the minister of his own nation, and they make him responsible for the losses incurred, or the gains that have not been made. Commercial enterprises are put on a level with affairs of state, and the diplomatic corps find that they are expected to do nothing but smooth difficulties which rash speculators have created without thought or care. Living in this *entourage*, and finding themselves constantly under the pressure of exigencies put forward by rich, intelligent, active, and perhaps influential men in their own country, the diplomatic representatives would have great difficulty in preserving that freedom which is necessary to maintain the great interests of their respective countries.

*October* 23.—To-day I visited Prince Kung, brother of the Emperor Hien-fung, and in consequence, uncle to the present Emperor Tung-chi, President of the Council, and the most important statesman in China.

Everyone knows the part played by him on the

advent of his nephew. At the approach of the Anglo-French troops, the court had retired to Je-ho. Hien-fung died there, on the 22nd August, 1861. His reign of ten years had been marked by calamities and misfortunes of all kinds: the rebellion of the Taepings, the Anglo-French war, the impoverishment of the empire, and the decay of the government. His son being only seven years old, the dying emperor instituted a Council of Regency composed of eight members, all supposed to be most hostile to foreigners. The most remarkable among them were Prince De I, a near relation of the sovereign; Prince de Ching, and Shu-shu-en, younger brother of the last named. A few days after, Prince Kung, to whom the reins of government had been entrusted during the absence of the court, had to notify to the foreign ministers the death of his majesty. In the circular one read:—"His sacred person, seated on a dragon, has mounted up to heaven." The return of the young emperor, which was for a long time put off, although advised and asked for with eagerness by Prince Kung, and at last resolved upon by the empresses, did not take place till the autumn.[1] Two days before the arrival of the new sovereign, the Prince, accompanied by his troops, went out to meet him, and when the members of the Council of Regency strove to prevent the interview, he declared he would employ force. His adversaries, intimidated by his threats, did not venture to make any resistance. The Prince, therefore, saw the emperor, and what was more important, the two empresses, one the widow of Hien-fung, the other his

[1] 1st November, 1861.

concubine, but the mother of the present emperor. This last had, by a special brevet of the deceased emperor, obtained the title of empress.

Hardly had he returned to Pekin than Prince Kung summoned the Council of Regency, and read to them a decree purporting to emanate from the young emperor himself. "The Council is dissolved; its members dismissed, and the Regency is conferred on the Empress Dowager." This "*coup d'état*," probably concerted with the two widows of Hien-fung during the prince's visit to Je-ho, filled the members of the dissolved council with the utmost terror. The two princes and Shu-shu-en alone, instead of submitting to their fate, ventured to go to the palace with noisy protests and remonstrances. This act of audacity hastened their ruin. Fresh decrees followed. The censors and the nine higher courts were invited to send in their memorials, of which the most important were published in the English newspapers. In this crisis, where he was playing for his life, the Prince showed all the qualities necessary in such an emergency: presence of mind, calmness, and courage. Princes I and Ching were arrested in Pekin: Shu-shu-en, at a short distance from the capital. He was travelling with his wives and with a considerable armed force. But a young brother of Prince Kung's, to whom this delicate mission was entrusted, surprised his victim in the dead of night, made him prisoner, and brought him in triumph to Pekin.

The three councillors were accused of having forged the decree by which the dying monarch had appointed the Regency. Was this accusation just? I was told

that the fact had never been proved, but that it was more than probable. The inquiry into the whole proceeding was conducted with such precipitation, that six days after the emperor's entrance, judgment was given. Princes I and Ching were condemned to lose their lives gradually, that is, to be cut in pieces from head to foot, but obtained a commutation of their sentence, that is, the permission to commit suicide. In other words, they were strangled in prison. Shu-shu-en, who was the object of the particular hatred of the empress-mother, whom he had had the imprudence to offend, was treated like an ordinary malefactor. He had his head struck off in the place appointed for public executions. This great personage walked to the scaffold with an air of perfect indifference, launched some clever sarcasms against his persecutors, and died with the utmost courage. The Pekin public is like all other publics in this world; it loves success. Prince Kung became at once the popular hero and he has remained so, in the sense that they believe him to be the only man capable of governing China. He has also given general satisfaction by his having persuaded the empresses to transfer the court to Pekin.

Nevertheless, his task is not an easy one. The empress-dowager, who has never had any children, is of a gentle, indolent character. The mother of the present emperor, on the contrary, is said to be of a vindictive, restless, and ambitious nature. She has demanded and obtained a participation in the affairs of state. The reports of the high functionaries and of the different councils are addressed to the ministers

assembled at the Tsungli-yamen ; then, by the advice of Prince Kung, they are sent on to the two empresses, who give or withhold their seals of assent at the bottom of each report. The position of the Prince *vis-à-vis* the empress-mother, who is in favour of his adversaries, is often very delicate, and has been several times compromised. At one moment, the disgrace of Prince Kung seemed to be complete. By a decree published in the "Gazette of Pekin," he was dismissed and deprived of all his dignities. The news spread like wild-fire, and produced universal consternation. The highest persons in the realm were seen to shed tears, the empire was considered lost. The empresses were afraid, the decree was revoked in the name of the emperor; and the prince reinstated in all his functions.

It was with a vivid curiosity that I went this morning to see so remarkable a man. After having rapidly passed by the eastern quarter of the town, we arrived at the Tsungli-yamen. A little group of people were gathered round the entrance of this too simple building.

Hardly had we set foot within the gates, than we were received by Wên-siang, member of the council, one of the two assistant secretaries, and by Tsung-Hsün, a celebrated poet, intrusted with the foreign correspondence, and one of the finance ministers. All important decrees concerning exterior or foreign policy emanate from his pen. These dignitaries and a third minister, made us pass by a little corridor which led into a small inclosure. There, in the midst of his court, stood Prince Kung. He took me

by the hand, and led me into a little summer-house hardly large enough to hold a small round table, loaded with a multitude of little dishes: spiced meats, preserved fruits, and sweet things. My noble amphitryon made me sit down on his left hand, which is the place of honour. He and his ministers filling little saucers with these good things, invited us to eat and especially to drink. The wine seemed to me tasteless and heady, and it was not without sinister presentiments that I accepted their toasts. Fortunately, they were contented with my pretending to drink frequent copious libations. Tsung, the poet-minister, never ceased drinking. After each bumper, he showed me the bottom of his empty glass. Prince Kung laughed heartily, talked very loud, and said that Tsung was an old drunkard. Towards the end of the meal he announced to me his intention of paying me a visit on one of the following days; and as I expressed to him my very sincere regrets at being unable to accept this honour, my departure from Pekin being fixed for the following morning, he filled my glass again, exclaiming:—"Well, if that be so, you must drink to-day the wine which General Vlangali would have offered me had I paid you a visit."

M. Bismark, who was good enough to act as my interpreter on this occasion, acquitted himself so admirably of his functions, that the conversation, which, however, was rather commonplace, never halted for a moment. I felt as if I were before the personage in the celebrated novel, "The Two Cousins,"[1] Pékong,

[1] Translated from the Chinese by M. de Rémusat.

the president of the office of ceremonies, who laughs and drinks with the imperial monitors, U and Yang. The prince, who was in very good humour (which, they say, does not always happen to him), joined in the conversation, and seemed to enjoy beyond measure the clever repartees and jokes of his colleagues. I told him that his fame had reached Europe. He replied, "Really, I do not know how I have deserved such an honour; or to what I owe such consideration." "To your high birth, first of all," I replied, "and then to your courage and wisdom. By your courage you have obtained the place you occupy, and by your wisdom you have known how to retain it, and will continue to do so." The prince smiled. The allusion to the crisis so boldly brought about and so adroitly managed by him at the time of the emperor's arrival, seemed to flatter and please him. "I do not know how to answer you," he replied. "On the one hand, I cannot contradict you: on the other, I must not sing my own praises. Let us drink another glass!"

At one moment the conversation took a more serious turn. Wên-siang gave me an opportunity of alluding to one of the vital questions of the day, and was entering into a discussion upon it, when a cold and severe glance from the prince made him stop short suddenly.

The visit having lasted more than an hour, I felt I ought to rise and take my leave. The prince promised to send me his photograph as soon as it was taken.[1] "You have other and more important things to think

[1] He kept his word, and I have his photograph.

of," I replied; "you will forget it." "No," he answered. "Besides," he added, turning to one of the ministers with a marked air of authority, "*you* will not forget."

We were conducted back again with the same ceremony. On taking leave of me, the prince repeated his regrets at my leaving Pekin so soon. "All the more," he added, "that we shall never see one another again!" This kind and courteous expression was said with great simplicity and with a tone of sincerity which remains graven on my memory.

Yih-sin, Prince of Kung, is about forty years of age. He has, for a Mandjou, wonderfully regular features, and a languishing look; he is short-sighted, and has a way of winking his eyes. A gracious and rather sarcastic smile precedes his pleasantries. Before speaking to you, he looks at you fixedly, full in the face; but when he begins to speak, he looks down. His figure is slender and above the ordinary height. His complexion is sallow and his features are drawn, as if from over-fatigue. On the whole he has the indifference, the *laissez-aller* and the simplicity of a man of high birth. One sees also that he is a man who is rather *blasé* with everything; and who has enjoyed power long enough to be surfeited with it; which, however, does not mean that he would willingly give it up or let it be taken from him. His hands, which are rather effeminate, are remarkable, according to the custom of the country, for the enormous length of the nails. Men of high rank let them grow like this to prove that they do no manual labour; just as they lame all the Chinese women to distinguish

them from Mongol ones: it is a way of expressing that the Chinese are not nomads, as their women can do without the power of walking. The left hand of the prince was ornamented with a fine ring of green jade. The rest of his dress was remarkable for its simplicity; a dark blue tunic, with the collar and the turning up of the sleeves, of a lighter blue; on his cap a single button with a tassel of crimson silk. "This statesman," I was told, "is not a man of very superior intellect; but he possesses in the highest degree the precious talent of knowing how to choose able men, and to employ each one according to his capabilities. He is brave and courageous. When the young emperor becomes old enough to take the reins of government, the position of the prince will become critical." The three ministers were dressed exactly like their chief, except that they wore, hanging from their caps, magnificent peacock's tails. Wên-siang belongs to the dominant race. He has a pleasant face and the characteristic features of the Mandjous. Tsung-Hsün is a Chinese, and in this respect differs from his fellow-countrymen—that he looks what he is—a good-natured epicure. He never ceases repeating that the only things he cares for are wine and poetry.

*October* 29.—At last, the painful hour of departure has struck. This morning almost every member of this little colony has come to shake hands with me for the last time.[1] Our acquaintance only dates from

[1] I deeply regretted not to have found at Pekin M. le Comte de Rochechouart, *chargé d'affaires* of France, who, unfortunately for me, was, at that moment, absent.

yesterday, and yet I feel as if I were leaving old friends. The great courtyard of the Russian Legation is very full. Our "good-byes" are prolonged. Our Mongol ponies, held by the "*mafous*," begin to paw the ground. The kind and clever master of the house, his secretaries, and *attachés*, and the minister of the United States, do not leave us till the very last moment. What hearty shakings of the hand, and how many "*au revoir!*" "*au revoir!*" in Europe, be it understood, and not in China! At last, in the saddle! Some of these gentlemen, with M. Lenzi at their head, accompany us outside the town. Then we put our horses into a gallop. The Cossack, always up to his duties, takes care that the servants, the "boys," do not lag behind. Very soon we come in sight of the Tung-Chow pagoda, then of its crenelated walls, then the masts of its junks. Towards nightfall, our boats spread their huge sails, and seconded by both wind and current, we rapidly leave behind us the capital of the empire.

## CHAPTER III.

*TIEN-TSIN.—FROM THE 31ST OCTOBER TO THE 7TH NOVEMBER.*

The Settlement.—The Chinese City.—The Serpent-God.—The Club of celebrities of Shiansi.—The Massacres.

THIS morning a confused noise wakes me up. Our boats are gliding rapidly between a double hedge of junks, anchored before a perfect chaos of houses and huts. We are at Tien-tsin. Half an hour later we disembarked at the European settlement. A most kind welcome, but at the same time a despairing piece of news awaits us. The west wind has driven away the water from the Bar of Taku. It is absolutely impossible to pass it. We are, therefore, stranded. When will it please the north-east monsoon to set us afloat again? God only knows! If the river becomes frozen before the wind changes, we shall have to winter at Pekin. Fortunately, nothing could be more agreeable, poetical, and pleasant, than this involuntary halt. They fight as to who shall have us. Mr. Boyce and my young companions are lodged at the English Consulate. As on my first visit, I accept with great

pleasure the hospitality of Mr. Henry Beveridge, agent of Jardine and Co., a fine type of Young England, and of a thorough gentleman, who thinks it no degradation to work. His charming wife, who is of French origin, and a native of Hong Kong, gathers every evening round her fireside, which is not a luxury, and round her piano, which she plays admirably, MM. de Maison-neuve and Sallandrouze, the commandants of the *Couleuvre* and *Scorpion;* M. Dillon, the French consul; and another young Frenchman, who is employed in the Chinese custom-house. Sometimes Father Delmasure comes to complete our little social circle. We laugh and talk, and exchange wits; and these are not wanting, for in this little *salon* we are in France. Outside, a freezing atmosphere, a sky of polished metal. The stars shine; the Peiho rolls her muddy waters in silence; the wind blows; and what a wind! How it cuts one's face! Do not be too much astonished; it comes straight from Siberia.

As to the mornings, they only seem to me too short. I have visited the Chinese city three times, and have made for myself an all-absorbing occupation. Since the massacres, sixteen months only have elapsed. Here people are still experiencing the reaction from this horrible event. Will it be reproduced? the residents ask one another. To answer this question, one must go back to the origin of the mischief. Has anyone done this? The reports of the English minister and consuls contain some precious information; but as, with the exception of one man, all the Frenchmen on the spot on that fatal day were killed, it was impossible to obtain their depositions, so as to fill up the

gaps in the information obtained by the English agents. To collect the notes on the subject, to put them in order, to compare them with the Blue-Book and with the results of the researches made immediately after the catastrophe by the Abbé Favier, the Pekin Lazarist, this is the work I have undertaken, and which, with the eager help of some of the residents, I have been able to accomplish.

During my eight days' detention at Tien-tsin, I had the good fortune to see and be able to question three natives—a mandarin, a servant of the French consul, and a Christian belonging to the Lazarist's house, who were all more or less mixed up in the bloody scenes of the 21st of June, 1870. They answered all my questions with remarkable clearness and precision. With the help of this information, and an attentive examination of the spots, I have come to a conclusion, which I believe is a true one, of the real facts attending the Tien-tsin massacres. It is true I have discovered nothing very new or important which cannot be found in the Blue-Book and in the depositions obtained by the Père Favier. I have not been able to lift the veil which still shrouds in obscurity the origin, the object and the real authors of the crime.

It was whilst I was giving myself up to this task that the idea first came to me of publishing an account of my travels.

Let us first visit the Chinese city. As to the English and French concessions, they will be quickly described. In the first, you find, as in all the Chinese and Japanese factories, the *bund*—that is, a quay,

lined with some fine and well-built houses. Here—and that alone proves how much everyone in this place must consider his personal safety—all the habitations are surrounded by a strong wall. Everyone has a watchman. Furnished with a rattle, he makes every night the rounds of the house, and does not cease, by the noisy sound of his instrument, to warn thieves of his presence, and to disturb the peaceable sleep of the inhabitants. I saw several fine houses occupied by the English, French, Russian, and North German consuls; by M. Hannen, director of the imperial custom-houses; by Mr. Beveridge, M. Starzoff, my amiable cicerone to Tung-chow; and several other Europeans. They are not very numerous. Nevertheless, they have a club, and in this club I saw a ball given. In consequence of the inundations the guests came in boats. They could only find three lady dancers; but yet everybody was amused and pleased.

The French concession is as yet without houses. The small number of residents lived until lately in the Chinese town. The mission in the native city having now been definitively abandoned, they are building a church on French ground.

From the concessions to the Chinese town there are about two miles. At the time of my first visit, the neighbourhood was only one vast lake, reminding one of Venice and its lagunes, only without the Alps in the horizon. A *sampan* took us across the fields, striking here and there on hillocks, which were tombs. To our left we see a temple, called "The Elgin" Joss-house, because the treaty was signed there in 1858. At last our boat stops near a group of mud huts. We are

arrived. Sickened by the disgusting and mephitic odour, we stopped up our noses, and ran. It is the ordinary mode of going into a Chinese town, the whole outside of which is only a mass of human filth.

The town, properly so called, forms a square. Its walls are crenelated and flanked by towers at the four angles. It is in the suburbs that the trade and commerce of the town are centred. The town and suburbs are situated on the southern bank of the Peiho and of the great canal, which here joins that river.[1]

Another suburb stretches along the northern bank. It was there, near a bend in the Peiho River, that the cathedral was built, commonly called the French Church. This noble building, which was only just finished, was destroyed at the time of the massacres. The walls, the spire, and the little towers alone remain standing. As the staircases were burnt, the hired assassins of the mandarins could not mount up to the pinnacle to complete the work of destruction. Alongside of the cathedral was the establishment of the Lazarists and the French Consulate. These houses, consumed by the flames, have entirely disappeared. The site has been converted into a cemetery. Higher up, about five minutes' distance, is the yamen of the Commissary of the "Three Northern Ports." Behind these edifices stretches a perfect labyrinth of little streets and courts, inhabited by the dregs of the people, and by a turbulent set of malefactors.

[1] At Tien-tsin I was told that this watercourse is not the great canal, but another river called the Yüho. I leave to geographers the task of clearing up this point.

The two banks communicate with each other by a single bridge of boats, which open at certain hours to allow for the passage of the junks which ascend and descend the stream. We must add that the current of the Peiho is very strong, and makes the passage difficult and sometimes dangerous. Nothing, therefore, can be so easy as to cut off the communications between these two banks of the river. This is a fact which is worth noting.

With the exception of the Tartar city of Pekin, where the Mongol element predominates, Chinese towns have all the same appearance. A ditch—or rather a sewer, round a crenelated inclosure; the gates, with two or three roofs, one above the other; then streets and narrow lanes, all filthy, full of dust, mud, or human filth; houses without architecture, shops well or badly furnished, and ornamented with gaudy gilt signs, where they sell drugs, tea, or tobacco. The houses of the rich are invisible: they are masked with high walls. Two or three yamen, more or less out of repair, but, nevertheless, imposing from their two flag-poles at the entrance, their two dragons in stone or terra-cotta in the courtyard, and a crowd of people in rags pressing round the gates, either to solicit some favour, or to receive some bamboo strokes, or worse. Here and there is a temple. Do not let us stop to visit them; it is not worth while, nor worth the pushing and elbowing of the crowd, if you for a moment bar their way. Besides, how can one stop amidst this mass of human beings, with their wan cheeks, dirty complexions, and haggard eyes? They are like a stream pent in between

deep rocks, and drifting, at one moment against a mandarin, or a rich banker, carried in his litter by coolies in livery, at another, against bales of merchandise, bullock-waggons or wheelbarrows full of women. They are not beautiful, this fair sex: but they are rarely seen in the streets—women of high birth hardly ever; and those of the lower classes only when the affairs of their households absolutely oblige them to go out.

We are nearing one of the gates of the inner town. It is an enormous arch, all built of hewn stone, surmounted by a building of two stages, which resembles the tower of a pagoda. The passage is difficult. The carts and sedan-chairs splash about in the mud; the foot-passengers slip and stagger on trestles raised three or four feet above the soil, and so narrow that two persons meeting find it almost impossible to pass one another. Is it the effect of imagination, or a reality? But these scenes in the Chinese streets act upon me like a perfect nightmare. One needs the pen of a Callot to give an idea of such grotesque, terrible, ridiculous devilries. The nearer we get to the gate the more the crowd increases. Ah! why cannot I retrace my steps? But it is too late. This sombre, dark funnel is about to engulph us. My guide, the very type of a herculean Anglo-Saxon, does his best to open the way for me. I try to follow him, but the throng separates us. If I have the bad luck to fall on these slippery boards, no one will take the trouble to come to my rescue. It will only be one foreign devil the less in the world! That is all! He will have fallen down by chance, and by chance they will have crushed him to death. Chance pays no

indemnities; he is not exiled on the banks of the Amoor. They don't cut off his head! And I, who am stumbling on the very edge of these slippery planks! at this supreme moment, feeling myself already under the wheels of the carts, or trodden underfoot by the Mongol ponies and the porters, I seize, in my despair, the tail of a tall gentleman who is walking just before me. Can any position be more droll or more lamentable? An honest European holding on for dear life to the black tail of a Chinaman!—the Chinaman turning his head in a furious rage towards the man whom he is towing along in spite of himself, and whom he can't get rid of: for the crowd prevents his making use of his fists; whilst I, not daring to let go the tail, am striving, for want of words, to express my gratitude by the play of my face and a sickly smile, and, if possible, to appease his wrath.

For the last few weeks Tien-tsin has been in a state of excitement, in consequence of the apparition of a god metamorphosed into a dragon, who has shown himself to mortals under the form of a serpent, found by a Honan peasant, and exposed to the adoration of the faithful. The pagoda (which is miserable enough in appearance) where this new divinity is lodged, is situated on the northern bank of the river in the quarter of Tien-tsin which has the worst reputation. Some tortuous little streets lead to it. After having taken off our hats at the entrance of the temple, which dispenses us from all further acts of civility towards the little beast, we are admitted into the sanctuary, thanks to the protection of our friend, the mandarin.

The offerings, among which were baskets filled with fruit, filled up almost every opening. On the altar, resting on a plate, covered with a sheet of yellow paper, reposed, rolled up and motionless, a serpent about forty centimètres long. We could examine him at our ease—at least, as much as the artificial darkness allowed. But the faithful succeeded one another without intermission, and prostrating themselves at the foot of the altar, deposited their gifts, and then went away without deigning to take any notice of the three stranger devils.

In front of the altar a theatre has been set up, where plays are acted from morning till night. A round table and some chairs, placed in the middle of the temple, are reserved for the mandarins and for the notabilities who come from far and wide. After having made their *kow-tow*, they take their places in front of the stage, and seem to think no more of the god-serpent.

The guard of honour about the dragon is confided to an old military mandarin of the Tien-tsin district, who, at the time of the massacres, played a part which must be called equivocal, to say the least of it. Deprived of his place, as his only punishment, he was soon after appointed to the command of the Taku Forts. But it seems that this honourable official was bored there, which I should think was very natural; and that he sought too often the distractions of Tien-tsin, which ended in his being again deprived of his post. To indemnify him, doubtless, he was named chamberlain-extraordinary in the service of the little serpent. I had the advantage of making the acquaint-

ance of this amiable personage, and was struck by the contrast which existed between his distinguished manners and his suffering face.

Place yourself under the protection of a native of high rank if you wish to see the Chinese town with either profit or pleasure. To-day, the young mandarin again does the honours of his native place. He is a real type of his class. A pale face, projecting cheek-bones, but well-covered, plump hands, nails like bird's claws, abundant tresses, a thick-set figure, promising obesity in maturer age; and for costume, two tunics, quilted with blue silk, worn one over the other, for it is cold; a cap, with the button of the required colour—the whole, both the individual and his dress—clean, cared for, and elegant. Add to this the manners of an official, full of deference, or imperious, civil or the reverse, according to the rank of his interlocutor—but never familiar. Avoiding the great thoroughfares, we stroll along from shop to shop. I saw some very fine pelisses. Tien-tsin has a considerable market in furs. We enter an opium-house—a sad and heart-breaking sight! "Bad! bad!" exclaimed our mandarin. "Bad" and "good" composed his English vocabulary. Happily, M. Dillon, the French consul, who has the goodness to accompany me, speaks Chinese with rare facility.

We went into the club of notabilities at Shansi. This province reckons a good many rich persons among its inhabitants, and those who come for business to Tien-tsin or who live there, seek the society of their fellow-countrymen. You may see them

every morning gathered together in their magnificent club. Our best circles in Paris, Vienna, or London could not bear a comparison with that of Shansi.

This vast establishment consists of several separate buildings and isolated summer-houses, where people meet to talk or receive friends. They are narrow, oblong rooms, furnished with tables and chairs, which according to the custom of the country, are arranged symmetrically along the walls. The latter are covered with finely sculptured trellis-work. In the theatre, which is ornamented with magnificent China lanterns, different pieces are performed all day long. The president of the circle was condescending enough to present us with an index of the plays inscribed on ivory sticks two or three feet long. Each of these sticks contains the name of a particular piece. We chose an historical drama. The actors hasten to finish a vaudeville that they were in the middle of performing, and whilst the "clowns" are being turned into heroes, our Amphitryon offers us a little luncheon. Tea is drunk in quantities. With great difficulty we escape a dinner also. But the theatre is filling rapidly. Several members of the club arrive. They are all men of high rank in their own country—literary characters, or rich merchants, some of whom through their financial successes, have acquired the rank of mandarins. They bow profoundly to one another, shake their heads, and lightly bending forward, do the *chin-chin*, that is, show one another their fists, rubbing them and giving them a kind of rotation, quickened or slackened according to the amount of respect or affection which they owe one another. Then

they go up to the square tables placed at the foot of the stage, each surrounded by four chairs. That is the moment to perform another series of demonstrations. No one will sit down first; nor take the left side, which is the place of honour. This polite struggle being over, and the actors having painted themselves, and put on the rich heroic costumes necessary for the characters they are about to represent, the piece begins. They made use of the same grimaces as in other Chinese theatres; the same noise from an infernal orchestra; the same fights and processions; the same skill in imitating the voices, walk, and gestures of women. It is well known that the fair sex are forbidden to appear on the stage.

The conversation with the president, in the meantime, does not flag. Among other civil speeches, he said to me: "Europe is worth more than China. You have the telegraph, and railroads, and your streets at night are lit by gas. We are very much behindhand." What struck me in these literates was their exquisite politeness, and their easy graceful manners, which make one forget that one is in China; but also the emptiness of their conversation and the poverty of their ideas.

After having shown us a fine temple full of horrible idols, the president, whose name I forget, had the moral courage actually to accompany us into the street; and in presence of a crowd who looked at us with curiosity, but without any disagreeable manifestation, to make the *chin-chin*, in a word, to pass through all the phases of Chinese ceremonial.

Alas! it was a courageous act. It is true that there have been no recent acts of violence to deplore, but a profound mistrust exists. It is reciprocal, Europeans and Chinese equally listen to the sinister rumours spread periodically of a coming war and of fresh massacres. Only in April last the natives talked among one another continually of the hour when they would *wash* (*i.e.* kill) all the foreigners. The European merchants, to the number of five or six, have kept their counting-houses and shops; but they do not dare pass the night in the Chinese city. Every evening they retire for safety to the concessions.

Only one month before the events took place of which I am going to try and trace the mournful history, the great town of Tien-tsin enjoyed profound tranquillity.[1] There were certainly some men

[1] I have written the account of these Tien-tsin massacres after verbal communications with the ministers accredited to the Pekin Court; with the foreign consuls residing here and at Shanghai; with Father Favier, Lazarist, sent by his superiors to Tien-tsin directly after the catastrophe; with Dr. Frazer, the English physician; with M. Starzoff, Russian merchant, both of whom are settled at Tien-tsin; lastly, with three Chinese interrogated by me with the help of an able Chinese scholar who was kind enough to act as my interpreter. They are: a mandarin, a servant of M. Fontanier's, and a man in the service of the Père Chévrier, Superior of the Tien-tsin mission, all three witnesses of the massacre. I did not see M. Coutries, the only member of the little French colony who survived the carnage. But I read his relation of the facts, which he made to his friends. I had the good luck to find in the club of the settlement the English Blue-Book (China, No. 1, 1871), and I have also before my eyes "The Tien-tsin Massacre," by

to be found who did not attempt to conceal their hatred of foreigners; sometimes injurious and threatening words were used against them; and it ought to have been known in official quarters, and at the Pekin Legations as at the Consulates, that the whole state of affairs was anything but satisfactory. Ten years had passed since the opening of the empire, and no real advance had been made in reconciling the natives to the presence of foreigners. Nevertheless, saving one or two little incidents without any apparent importance, the five or seven or nine hundred thousand inhabitants of the town of Tien-tsin (so much do the calculations differ), especially the middle and lower classes, manifested no hostile or malevolent dispositions towards the handful of Europeans, missionaries or merchants who had ventured to leave the concessions and install themselves in the heart of this great and populous city.

In the first rank among these must be reckoned the French consul, the only member of the diplomatic

George Thin, M.D. (Edinburgh, 1870); also the "Memorandum sur les Affaires de Tien-tsin," printed at Fuchow in September 1870. The author is the Baron de Méritens, formerly secretary and interpreter to the French Legation at Pekin; and then commissary of the Chinese custom-houses. These two pamphlets, without giving a complete recital of these horrors, are interesting from their appreciation of the events and of the conduct of the principal actors and victims on that fatal 21st of June. I have also seen the letters of the Père Chévrier and the Père Ou, written only a few days before their death. In quoting the Blue-Book in support of my story, my readers must understand that they are the "Papers relating to the Massacre of Europeans at Tien-tsin, presented to both Houses of Parliament." (China, No. 1, 1870.)

body who, to watch over the Catholic establishments, preferred the exile of the Chinese town to the pleasanter and safer existence that he might have created for himself in the concessions. M. Fontanier, though of a quick and choleric temperament, was universally looked up to and respected. In later days, it was remarked by people about him, that his character had been rather soured. Friends began to keep aloof. Besides M. Fontanier, only one European resided at the Consulate, his secretary, M. Simon. The nearest neighbour to the consul was the Lazarist Father Chévrier, Superior of the Catholic mission of Tien-tsin. A low wall alone separated the courts of the Consulate and the presbytery: but the relations between the two neighbours had cooled. Although naturally gentle and gay, M. Chévrier had left off going to the consul's. Irritated by the earnest but respectful representations of the Superior, who foresaw the coming danger, M. Fontanier had, on the 9th of June, formally forbidden him his house. A Chinese father named Ou, an excellent priest, zealous, learned, and amiable towards everyone, a Catholic literate, named Wang-san, and a few servants, in addition to the orphanage, completed the staff of the mission, which was much frequented by the native Christians.

On the other side of the water, in the centre of one of the most populous suburbs, not far from the river, in a small house near a small church, ten Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul were established, of whom six were French, two Belgians, one Irish, and one from Tuscany. These religious had the care both of the hospital and an orphanage. Dr. Frazer, the

English physician, though established in the concessions and a Protestant, came constantly to visit and treat their sick. By the testimony of the most impartial witnesses, these good sisters were universally loved and respected. "Sister Mary" was continually sent for to the different Chinese houses; and up to the last hour of her life never ceased to visit the homes of the poor. The other residents were French, English, Swiss, and Russian merchants and a French lady; in all, about twelve or thirteen persons.

In the Chinese world, Chung-hou held the first place. He was one of the guardians of the hereditary prince, adorned with the insignia of the highest rank —a peacock's plume with two eyes—Lieutenant-General of the Han-chün division under the red flag and one of the Vice-Presidents of the War Department.[1] A Mandjou by birth and highly thought of at court, he had for ten years filled the functions of commissary of the "Three Northern Ports."[2] Like the Viceroy of Nankin in the centre of the empire, and as the Viceroy of Canton in the south, he was employed in the direction of all affairs regarding foreigners. The latter spoke warmly of his benevolence, his pleasing manners, and his perfect courtesy. The agents of the foreign powers, whose business it was to treat with him, had the very highest opinion of this functionary. *Vis-à-vis* the authorities of the province and of the town, however, his position was ill-defined, and in consequence full of embarrassments. Chung-hou had no jurisdiction in Chinese affairs. On this

[1] Blue-Book, p. 83.

[2] These three ports are: Chefu, Tien-tsin, and New Chwang.

point, his influence over the governor-general of the province and over the *taotai*, and the magistrates of the town, was limited to confidential communications, and had only the weight attached to his Mandjou origin, his high rank, and the favour he enjoyed at Pekin. He had, besides, the command of the troops assembled at Tien-tsin, that is, about 4,000 men, all armed and disciplined in European fashion.

The governor-general of Chih-li resides alternately here and at Pao-fing-fu, the capital of the province, situated at a hundred miles from Pekin, and at the same distance from Tien-tsin. Tseng-kwo-fan, the newly appointed holder of this post, annoyed at the interference of Chung-hou, had lately changed all the mandarins in his government. He was absent at the time of the massacres.

The principal functionaries residing at Tien-tsin were: Chou, the *taotai*, or chief administrator in the departments of Tien-tsin and Ho-kien-fu; Chang, the *chi-fu*, or prefect of the district of Tien-tsin; lastly Lin, the *chih-hüen*, or magistrate of the town.

Properly speaking, the *chih-hüen* is the chief, and though belonging ordinarily to the category of little mandarins, he exercises great influence over the population. He is the judge in all criminal cases, and even pronounces sentence of death, which, however, to be carried into execution, must be confirmed by the governor of the province.

There was besides the *chên-ta-shuai*, or military chief of the district.

A few days before the massacre, General Chên-kwo-

shuai arrived, who was a native of Hupeh. Compromised during the rebellion, he had turned king's evidence and betrayed his old comrades to save himself. As a reward, he was raised to the rank of *ti-tu*, or commander-in-chief of a body of irregular troops. Being at the same time the terror and the disgrace of the government, this turbulent fighter, who was adored by the Pekin mob, made himself noted in the provinces by continual acts of violence and intense hostility against the Europeans. At Nanking and at Chinkiang he had tried to raise a riot among the people. No official duty called him to Tien-tsin. Followed by a band of five or six hundred malefactors, he came of his own accord; and it was soon discovered with what intentions. Outside the official regions, the town contained a considerable number of what are called literates. One knows what these men are and what they feel on the subject of the white intrusion into their country. Do not let us forget also the forty-eight old and several new corporations of firemen. The heads of the former were all of the literate class. To these men, who are brigaded and always ready to trouble the public peace, we must add the *Imins*, or old volunteers, against the Taepings; free lances, in fact, authorized to carry arms and always ready for any fray.

Nevertheless, no signs of movement or hostile preparation were visible. The people went on quietly with their own business; Tien-tsin was in its normal state.

It was towards the middle of May 1870 that the position became anxious. Alarming rumours were in

circulation and industriously spread among the lower orders. Certain children had disappeared. They had been kidnapped by persons in the pay of the missionaries. The sisters had killed them. They had torn out their eyes and their hearts to serve for charms and magical remedies. This was not the first time that such absurdities had been propounded. Therefore it was hoped that these new rumours would vanish like the rest. Contrary to this expectation, however, they assumed greater consistency. The dispositions of the public (not of the mob, which were always bad), but of respectable people, visibly changed towards the sisters. Vague and superstitious terrors seemed to have taken possession of the people. The good sisters, formerly so beloved and respected, met with nothing but cold or angry looks when they went out; no one would make room for them or show them any of the usual marks of courtesy. One evening, angry groups gathered round their house, and it was the same the next day. The accusations against them were multiplied; facts were asserted, and what is worse, believed. There was no actual disorder as yet, but a profound disgust and an excitement which became every moment more menacing. The immense population of Tien-tsin was quivering like the leaves of the forest in the gusts which precede a great storm.

Fate seemed to conspire with the authors of these sinister rumours. An epidemic illness declared itself in the Sisters' Orphanage. Several of the children died. They were buried in the cemetery of the poor, behind the French Consulate. During several days

some hundreds of people went there every morning.[1] Many of the coffins were opened, and the bones thrown here and there. Those of the Christians were grossly outraged. Père Chévrier rushed to the spot. He seized a man, whom they surprised rifling a tomb, and dragged him to the Consulate. He then and there saw M. Fontanier, and conjured him to speak to the Chinese authorities. He stated "that it would be easy for them to quiet the growing agitation; that the mandarins could do it at once; that if the thing was allowed to go on there would be serious misfortunes; that they would be lost in the midst of that huge, hostile population; that the concessions were far off; and that, besides, menaced themselves in case of an outbreak, they would be unable to assist them, as there was not a single man-of-war in the Pehio." Such was the language of the Superior of the mission. His proceedings, however, produced, unfortunately, no effect on the consul, who, to put an end to the missionary's importunities, simply showed him the door.

Nevertheless, the position became worse from day to day. This is how the Père Chévrier describes it in a letter written on the 16th of June, five days before his death: "Again am I behindhand—always behindhand! It is more than half-past nine, and I must write to . . . to . . . but first to you. Pray for me that at least I may not arrive in heaven after the gates are closed. The day before yesterday the Superior, accompanied by Sister Sullivan, made up her mind to go to the consul's. Two Englishmen, who went to see the establishment, advised this step. They were

[1] On the 4th of June for the first time.

not badly received. There was no mention made of me. But with regard to the atrocious calumnies which are spread and believed more and more, it seems that, in the consul's opinion, the hour is not yet come to say a word to the Chinese authorities. One of the rumours to-day is, that the first and second catechists (Chinese) are in despair because they have killed the daughter of the first and the wife of the second! To-day, Corpus Christi, there were hardly any women at mass. The Pagans, who formerly were such great friends with the Christians, draw back now, and consider us 'bad people.' To-day I tried to prove to my congregation that they were happy mortals: '*Beati estis quum maledixerint vobis propter me. Gaudete et exultate quoniam.*' But this doctrine did not enter quickly into their heads. Sister Mary said to me to-day that when she goes into a village where formerly she was received with open arms, now everyone runs away and hides himself. They asked me if I did not fear for our own little establishment, as organized bands were going about trying to sow disorder and stir up the people against us. In the midst of all these devilish projects, we and the sisters place our confidence above, and do not despair of receiving help from on High."

More anxious than irritated at the strange inaction of M. Fontanier, Père Chévrier went to the concessions. He addressed himself to the Russian consul-general, and communicated to him all that had passed between himself and M. Fontanier, entreating him to use his influence with his French colleague; and, in concert with him, to appeal to Chung, and act upon the authorities of the town. M. Skatschkoff, judging the position to

the full as seriously as the Lazarist father, instantly went off to the Chinese town. Arrived at the Consulate, however, he was refused admittance on the plea that M. Fontanier had gone out. He returned then to the concession, and demanded an interview in writing. M. Fontanier accordingly came to see him the next day. But when M. Skatschkoff began talking to him of the danger of the moment, he interrupted him with the words: "What business is it of yours to meddle?" and instantly left the house.

Vexatious incidents followed one another in rapid succession. One evening a young girl stopped before a shop to buy some rice. According to Chinese custom, she did not go in on account of her sex. She held out her basket, therefore, in which were some *sapèques*. The tradesman filled it with rice, and was going to return it to her, when he saw that the young girl had disappeared, and was following an individual. He left his shop, and called the attention of his neighbours to this strange fact. Evidently the man who was walking before the young girl was a sorcerer. How was it possible to doubt it? He was followed, insulted, dragged before the chih-hüen, condemned to receive so many blows of bamboo, and, for want of proof, released. The people went away, murmuring and dissatisfied. Two days later, two Chinese strangers made their appearance in the western quarter, inhabited by Mohammedans. They carried a sack on their backs, and were leading two little children by the hand. They were questioned to know where they came from, and what they were going to do, when the men made their escape. More than ever convinced that they were

sorcerers, they were pursued, seized, and dragged to the yamen of the chih-hüen. In their sacks some Mexican dollars were found (the coinage generally used by Europeans) and some packets of drugs. Put to the torture, they owned to having bewitched these children by means of the drugs; and that the dollars had been given to them by the sisters in payment of their crime! The chih-hüen actually allowed these depositions to be taken down. The law provides against the crime of sorcery. Besides, the confession of these two men had nothing surprising to a Chinese mind, even were it that of a literate or a mandarin. The chih-hüen referred the case to the chi-fu. The two men, convicted on their own showing of a crime said to be committed at the instigation of the sisters, were condemned to death, and executed. It was implicitly condemning the sisters and denouncing death to the Europeans. A proclamation by the chi-fu brought the facts to the knowledge of the public. Without directly naming the sisters, it seems that the magistrate dwelt on the fact of the natural indignation of the people and the sympathy of the mandarins. Enchanted with this act of complicity on the part of the authorities, which they reckoned on working for their own ends, the authors of the disorders organized a popular demonstration. They clubbed together, and presented to the chi-fu, in token of gratitude, an official umbrella, on which was inscribed the names of the donors. The execution of the two men was carried out in conformity to a decree of Tsing-kwo-fan's, governor-general of the province, then absent from Tien-tsin. This high functionary approved of this

summary judgment, and authorized the execution of the sorcerers. In other words, he published martial law in consequence of the frequency of these imaginary crimes. The chi-fu, the military mandarin, and the chih-hüen, next went to Chung. They enlarged upon the gravity of the matter, and asked for an authorization, which he refused, to make an inquiry on the spot —that is, to exhume and examine the bodies buried in the poor people's cemetery, situated, as we have said, behind the French Consulate. On this occasion the three mandarins solemnly affirmed that they believed the sisters of charity to be guilty. Chung-hou maintained the contrary; and persisted in refusing the permission asked of him. At last, intimidated by the violence of public opinion, which was already rather unfavourable to him, he yielded. He did like Pontius Pilate, and washed his hands. The inquiry took place. This was the first act of the tragedy. The Chinese mandarins came into the inclosure of the mission, under the very shadow of the French flag, and were followed by a furious crowd, who, by their screams and vociferations, already anticipated the verdict of the magistrate. In the cemetery, several bodies were dug up and examined. In some cases the eyes were wanting—the natural result of decomposition —but this was interpreted as a positive proof of the culpability of both sisters and missionaries.

A Catholic Literate who was at the head of a school in the neighbourhood, accompanied by one of his pupils, came on a feast-day to Tien-tsin. In the evening, on their way back to their village, they stopped at a Chinese restaurant. Some men who were

seated near him at table remarked that the pronunciation of the schoolmaster—he was born on the frontiers of Mongolia—differed from that of the child; an evident proof that he was a sorcerer. They beat him cruelly with iron bars heated in the fire, and dragged him before the chih-hüen. The inquiry proved his entire innocence, and on the demand of Père Chévrier, the unhappy man, who had one of his ribs broken, was carried on a litter to the Lazarist Mission, amidst the yells and groans of the mob. On the 14th of June, four days before the massacre, they arrested in a neighbouring village a young man named Wu-lan-chên. He was also accused of having bewitched a man. Brought before the chih-hüen, he made the following deposition: "I am a native of Ning-chin-shien. I am nineteen years old. My father and grandfather are still living. My father's name is Wu-tsun; he is in his forty-fifth year. My mother's maiden name was Fang. I have not any brothers. I was married the first month of this year. Not having anything to do in the house, I left it on the 18th of February, and . . . went to Tien-tsin, where I earn my living as a boatman. Until this time I did not know Wang-san of the Ho-lou (of the Catholic Church), but on the 13th of June he gave me a drug and dragged me into the church. I did not cross the threshold. Wang-san

[1] The Blue-Book, p. 18, gives this curious document. I reproduce it *in extenso* because it throws a strong light on the customs, ideas, and superstitions of the Chinese people. The reader will see later on that the magistrates of Tien-tsin owned, themselves, the entire falsehood of Wu's depositions, who was only the miserable instrument of the authors of the carnage.

insisted on my becoming a Christian. I began by refusing. Wang-san then said he would kill me. He frightened me, and I consented. He gave four dollars to a man named Tang with an order to keep them for me. On the 14th he gave me a little packet containing a soporific drug, and with it the commission to go about the country and recruit men by means of this drug. It was a fine sort of powder, folded in some thin paper. I went to Mu-chuang-tzu, and there met a young man about twenty years of age, dressed in a blue tunic and trousers of the same colour. I put the powder in the hollow of my hand, and with it rubbed the man's cheek. At once he became like one stupefied, and followed me. I returned in hot haste to the Catholic church, and gave the man up to Wang-san. In return he gave me five dollars and another packet of powder. I went to the village of Tao-hua-ssu, where I saw a man called Li-so occupied in drawing some water. I made him giddy with the powder, and he followed me in the same way that the other had done. But I was arrested by the peasants and taken before the magistrate. There are in the Catholic church seven men besides me employed as recruiters. Each night we slept in the inclosure of the church. Wang-san was our chief. Every morning he brought from an inner chamber a certain number of packets containing this powder. He gave one to each of us, and also 300 pieces of copper money for our food. When we had not been able to bring in any fresh person, we gave back the powder to Wang-san. (Here he mentioned the names of his pretended accomplices.) Wang-san is about twenty years old.

He has a pale complexion, and is slightly marked with small-pox. After he had drugged me and taken me to the church he gave me an antidote. Hardly had I taken it than I recovered consciousness. Wang-san told me that after having taken that powder one must make a mixture in which they put sweet herbs, the calapash of a grasshopper, and that of another insect, dried in the fire and pulverized, and some sesamum oil. This decoction, drunk hot, makes you all right directly. Yesterday, after having followed me, the villagers asked me what was to be done. I replied that they must give this antidote to Li-So, and that he would be cured as soon as he had taken it. I hid in the sash of my trousers the five dollars I had received for having bewitched the man from Mu-chuang-tzu. I lost them when I was arrested. During my stay at the Catholic Mission, Wang-san gave me every morning before I went out a red powder to take, like snuff. After having taken it I felt all my courage revive, and thought of nothing but how I could recruit people. When I returned in the evening a few drops of the drug given me by Wang restored my consciousness. But then the gates were shut, and I could not get away."

In consequence of this (utterly ridiculous) deposition, the chi-fu and the chih-hüen requested Chung-hou to demand the extradition of Wang-san. Then followed the same hesitations and evasion on his part. He either did not dare or would not take this step against the French consul. "They were welcome," he said, "to act according to their judgement, but on their own responsibility." They took possession

accordingly of this unfortunate man. The chih-hüen put him to the question, when he was most cruelly tortured, and then sent back with his ankles broken and mangled. On the 19th the taotai presented himself to the Consulate. He brought the deposition of several witnesses, who declared they had been the victims of these recruiters of children employed and paid by the missionaries. He demanded an authorization from the consul to make an inquiry. M. Fontanier had not much difficulty in proving to him that all these rumours were false, and the work of evil-disposed persons.

Some hours after, the chih-hüen, accompanied by an emissary of the police, appeared again at the Consulate. M. Fontanier tried to excuse himself; but, the magistrate insisting on seeing him, he was obliged to make a virtue of necessity. The Chinese official was consequently introduced into the drawing-room whilst his suite invaded the Consulate. An animated conversation followed between him and the French consul. Their angry voices were heard in the ante-chamber. The mandarin insisted on an official inquiry being made in the houses of the missionaries and sisters, and dared to threaten the consul with the resentment of the population. The latter, no longer master of his anger, broke up the interview, declaring he would not treat the affair with anyone but Chung. The chih-hüen left the Consulate in a furious rage, and the consul dispensed himself from accompanying him to the gates, according to the rules of etiquette. At the moment the mandarin was going out, M. Fontanier was heard to say to him: "If there be a tumult,

I shall consider you responsible." The secretary, who followed the chih-hüen, drew near to the consul and begged him, in a low voice, not to mix him up in this business. That same day, the English doctor, Dr. Frazer, on leaving the Sisters' house, was attacked by the mob, and only saved by the fleetness of his horse. In the hospital was a captain in the English merchant service. Although he was seriously ill, the Superior hastened to have him removed to the concessions, fearing he might, otherwise, perish with the Sisters in the massacre which she already foresaw.

For the last few days, General Chen-kwo-shuai had been at Tien-tsin. His arrival was the signal for an increase of the agitation. The streets were covered with incendiary placards. They cried for vengeance on the recruiters and sorcerers of their children. In passing by a group of people who were whispering together, the comprador of a European resident heard these words: "Let us kill all the foreigners." Others replied: "Quick, quick, let us make an end of them; now is the moment, for there is not a single man-of-war in the river."

On the 20th of June a great crowd was assembled on the quay. Some men more audacious than the rest threw stones and bricks against the Mission and the Consulate. Night dispersed these groups.

Chung, informed by a message from M. Fontanier of the scene of the day before, came himself to the Consulate. Although pretending to excuse him, he spoke in severe terms of the chih-hüen, and complained of the little attention he had paid to his remonstrances. He said, "that it was in vain he had

tried to prove the falsehood of the rumours spread against the missionaries. At last he had been compelled to allow them to have their say." His conduct seemed to entitle him anew to the public epithet, of being "the right hand" of the Europeans. Whilst these confidences, mingled with amiable words, were being interchanged between the representatives of France and China, the one pre-occupied with his personal embarrassments, and taking good care not to allow that there was anything serious in the affair, the other lulled by a false security, which seems almost inconceivable, the missionaries and Sisters did not give themselves up to any illusions. They felt and knew that the hour of their martyrdom was at hand. M. Coutries, one of the residents in the Chinese city, had met the Père Chévrier in the course of the day. "Come to-morrow to mass," said the good priest; "it is time to prepare ourselves for death."

That same evening M. Thomassin, interpreter of the French Légation, arrived at the Consulate with his young wife. This young couple had just arrived from Europe. They had been urged to stop at the concessions: but being hurried, they preferred passing the night in the Chinese town, so as to continue their journey to Pekin on the morrow. Little did they think that they would there meet their death! In the concessions the greatest consternation prevailed. The residents not only trembled for the fate of their fellow-countrymen, exposed to such grievous peril in the Chinese town, but they feared also for themselves. A deputation, composed of Dr. Frazer

and four more of the notabilities of the place, went to the English consul to intreat him to send for one of the gun-boats stationed at Che-fu. Mr. Lay, fearing probably to increase the panic, seemed not to share in it. He had already written to Chung on the morning of the 20th, begging him to publish a proclamation exhorting the people to civility towards foreigners. In consequence of the insult received by Dr. Frazer, he repeated his request in a second note,[1] which was sent to Chung the next morning, only a few hours before the massacres. The evening before, [20th of June,] he sent the following message to Mr. Wade :—"We are urgently in need of a man-of-war. When there are none in the Peiho disorders of this kind increase. That the spirit of the Chinese is very hostile to all foreigners at this moment is an undoubted fact. The fire has been smouldering under the ashes: now it is on the point of breaking out." He was amazed at the inaction of M. Fontanier as regards the Sisters. Everyone asked, in fact, why in the world they were not sent to the concessions? If it were not possible for them to leave the convent by daylight, and all together, could they not, at least, withdraw them, one by one, at night? But M. Fontanier did nothing, for he did not believe in the danger.

The very day of the massacres, before they were known in the settlement, Mr. Lay wrote to Mr. Wade:[2] "It is my painful duty to inform you that the state of things here is very unsatisfactory. For some time

[1] Blue-Book, Mr. Lay to Mr. Wade, pp. 19-32.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 21.

the Chinese have threatened to kill all foreigners, and to drive them from Tien-tsin. These last days the excitement has increased. The Chinese have announced their intention of burning the Catholic church and the French Consulate, and of killing all foreigners. . . . I do not think that we are actually in danger of death, but I am very anxious concerning our property, our warehouses being full of merchandise. Every day reports are spread that we are to be killed or driven away. . . ." He wrote also to Che-fu to hasten the return of the gun-boat. Wiser than his French colleague, whom an inexplicable fatality seemed to blind, Mr. Lay saw the danger; but even he did not measure it in its full proportions. In the Chinese city the gong was already summoning the assassins to their bloody work, while he was writing the lines we have just read.

We are now arrived at the ill-omened 21st June. According to the pious advice of Père Chévrier, M. Coutries went very early to the cathedral to attend the six o'clock mass. The church was quite full. A large number of native Christians, feeling that their last hour was come, crowded round the confessionals of the two fathers. By nine o'clock far more considerable groups than the day before had gathered before the mission house and Consulate. Very soon projectiles of all kinds began to fly against the windows. An invasion seemed imminent. It was ten o'clock: the taotai, the chi-fu, and the chih-hüen with a numerous suite arrived at the gates. They brought with them Wu-lan-chên,[1] the wretched man

[1] He is still alive in the prisons of Tien-tsin.

whose denunciations against the missionaries we have read above. Received by Père Chévrier, who had himself asked for the inquiry, they were taken over the whole house, questioned all the servants, and at last owned themselves that they could find nothing suspicious whatever. The miserable Wu-lan-chên, confronted with the two missionaries and the servants, became confused, and did not know either the persons he had denounced or the localities which he had pointed out in his previous depositions. At last the magistrates, disgusted with their failure, and full of angry spite at having been duped by Wu-lan-chên, retired amidst the ironical laughter of the crowd, but without attempting to make the least effort to calm the mob or make them disperse. They simply got into their chairs and said they were going to refer the matter to Chung. This last official had just sent for the head of the mission, and Père Chévrier hastened to obey his summons. Chung began by repeating that he did not attach the least weight to the calumnious rumours which had been circulated; nevertheless, in order to disarm suspicion, he begged of him in future to let the mandarins know the birth-place, name, and, in case of necessity, the death of all such children as should be received in the mission school or into the Sisters' orphanage. The Père Chévrier gladly consented, and hastened to return to his house. There the state of things had become worse. Fresh stones were thrown at the church, threatening cries were heard on all sides, and the mob seemed ready to commit any excesses. Men belonging to the fire brigade had mingled with the people. Their presence was a bad sign. Père

Chévrier, on going back, found all the glass in his church destroyed. Nevertheless, he sat down to dinner and made believe to eat, wishing thus to reassure the Christians and give them an example of quiet courage and resignation. The tumult increasing, he presented himself before the populace, and invited them to enter the house to convince themselves of the entire falsehood of the rumours spread against the missionaries. At the same time he ordered all the gates to be thrown open. It was then one o'clock. The mob rushed into the courtyard, and then, as if seized with a sudden panic or shame, retired again into the street. But after a few minutes, encouraged by some one among the crowd, they came back again and invaded the house. Seeing that their last hour was at hand, and despairing of any help from the consul, whom he rightly judged was as completely lost as himself, the good Père Chévrier made a last appeal to Chung-hou. He sent him his visiting card by a servant—for visiting cards are much thought of in China,—told him the extreme danger of their position, and asked for troops. Having done this, in haste, the two fathers, Chévrier and Ou, took refuge in the church, which they barricaded. Four other Christians were also there. After having heard the confessions of Père Ou, Père Chévrier received the same Sacrament from his brother priest, when the doors of the church yielded to the violence of the blows. The two fathers took refuge in the sacristy. There we will leave them for a moment to see what had become of the French consul.

You remember that the Consulate and the Mission

touched one another, only being separated by a low wall. The building inhabited by M. Fontanier looked upon the quay, if one may so call the space between the river and the houses. Like all European habitations in China, the Consulate was surrounded by a veranda. It was there that, attracted by the noise, the consul and his two guests, M. and Mde. Thomassin, were quietly watching the first scenes of the tragedy. The consul had sent M. Simon, his secretary and his "literate," to Chung, to ask for troops. Whilst these two officials tried to reach the yamen of the high commissioner, M. Fontanier, wishing to take advantage of M. Thomassin's approaching departure, began to write to M. de Rochechouart, the French *chargé d'affaires* at Pekin.[1] "Our little town of Tien-tsin, generally so quiet," he writes to his superior, "has been troubled the last few days by cries and crowds who have gathered in the neighbourhood of the Consulate and of the Sisters of charity." Then follows an account of the visits of the taotai and of Chung-hou, and also of the scene with the chih-hüen. "A little incident," he goes on, "which might have taken a serious turn but for the intervention of Chung-hou, but which to-day is pretty nearly at an end—Chung having besides promised me that in a few days he will publish a little proclamation to quiet the people's minds."

While reading these lines, written at ten o'clock on that fatal morning, one seems to be in a dream. The cries with which this *little* town is disturbed the last

[1] Blue-Book, M. Fontanier to the Count de Rochechouart, p. 20.

few days—this *little* town having six or seven hundred thousand inhabitants! The *little* incident—that is a serious quarrel with the chief magistrate who has already plotted his ruin! The *little* proclamation which Chung promises to publish *in a few days* to appease men's minds! Why, M. Fontanier, in a few hours you will yourself be a mutilated corpse!

Chung sent some police agents. "How!" exclaimed M. Fontanier. "I ask for soldiers and he sends me a few mandarins!" In a rage he went down into the street and told them to go away. In truth, finding themselves powerless to disperse the mob, and being themselves attacked, they quickly disappeared. One of them, who was cruelly ill-treated, only saved himself by jumping into the ferry-boat and getting to the other side of the water. The Consular messenger tried to prevent the yells of the crowd. He was beaten, and saved with great difficulty by the cook.

At this moment M. Coutries, who was close to the door of the Consulate, saw on the right bank of the river a Chinaman richly dressed, and surrounded by a numerous suite. The mob saluted him with acclamations of joy. After having spoken to the people for a few moments he retired, pointing with his hand to the Consulate, and turning round to the unoccupied establishment of the Jesuit fathers. Directly the cries and sinister noise of the gong recommenced, and the mob began to throw stones against the house (which had been hitherto respected) of the fathers of the society.

M. Fontanier, after having waited in vain for the

succours he had demanded of Chung, resolved to go himself in search of them. Armed with a six-barrelled revolver, and accompanied by his secretary, M. Simon, who had hastily put on a sword, he left the Consulate by a back door, in spite of the entreaties of his servants, and tried to gain the residence of the commissioner for the "Three-ports," which was not far off, by passing through some little back streets. M. Coutries, armed with a gun, and the principal Chinese servant belonging to the consul, seeing the danger to which he was exposing himself, ran after him in hopes of being able to rejoin him.

We have mentioned that Père Chévrier had sent a man in whom he could trust with his card, and a verbal message for Chung. This servant likewise tried to reach the yamen by the back streets; but, attacked with stones, frightened by the crowd, and finding it impossible to get through it, he retraced his steps, and then perceived the consul and his secretary, the first seizing a Chinaman by his tail, and brandishing a pistol in the other hand. The Chinaman was one of those little mandarins whom Chung had sent to re-establish order before the church and the Consulate. M. Fontanier, in a furious passion, overwhelmed this man with reproaches. "How," he exclaimed, "you a mandarin, you do not attempt to appease the people, and yet you still dare to wear your button! Come with me directly to Chung-hou." These words, heard and repeated round the consul, added to the fury of the mob. On all sides they cried out: "He is going to kill a mandarin!" Arrived at the yamen, they found the gates shut. The consul burst open the

door with one blow of his foot, and rushed in, accompanied by M. Simon and the mandarin. The servant of Père Chévrier did not dare follow them into the second court; but he could distinguish the angry voice of the consul, exclaiming: "How! our very lives are threatened, and you do nothing to protect us!" He did not hear any other noise. Very soon M. Coutries and M. Fontanier's servant arrived. These three were consulting as to what had better be done, when they were all of a sudden attacked by the soldiers and servants of Chung, who were assembled in the outer court, to the cry of, "Kill! Kill!" The consul's servant was knocked down, and received several pike wounds; a secretary of Chung's managed to save him. M. Coutries owed his life to the protection of a friend of his, a little official, who hid him in a dark cupboard. The next day Chung had him escorted to the concessions. M. Coutries thought he heard his protector say: "He is not a Frenchman; he is English." The servant of the Lazarist fathers, watching for a favourable moment, escaped unperceived.

What passed in this interview between the consul and Chung-hou no one knows, unless people choose to believe the statement of Chung himself, whose veracity seems to me more than doubtful. These are the terms in which, on the very day of the massacres, he describes, in a report to the Tsungli-yamen, the last visit of M. Fontanier:—[1]

"After having taken leave of Père Chévrier, wishing to dispel the suspicions of the people and

[1] Blue-Book, Chung-hou to the Yamen of Foreign Affairs, p. 21.

reassure the foreigners, I was occupied in drawing up a proclamation in that sense, which I intended to publish immediately, when, about two o'clock, I heard there had been some fray between the people of the cathedral and certain idle vagabonds gathered near the church. I had just sent an officer to inquire into the disturbance and re-establish tranquillity, when I learned that M. Fontanier himself had come to the yamen. I went to meet him. The consul was in a violent rage, and carried two pistols in his waistband. Another foreigner, who accompanied him, was armed with a sword. Both of them rushed forward to meet me; and hardly had he come near me than M. Fontanier began to speak in a most improper manner, drew his pistol from his sash, and fired it in my presence. Fortunately, no one was hurt, and M. Fontanier was arrested. As it would not have been dignified on my part to have come to blows with him, I retired. M. Fontanier, in coming into the reception-hall, broke all the cups and other objects on the table, and never ceased vociferating with rage. I again approached him, and told him that the crowd (which had gathered round the entrance of the yamen) had taken up a menacing attitude; that the fire brigade had joined them, with the evident intention to assist them in any mischief; that I feared disorders might ensue, and therefore begged him to stay where he was. But he, regardless of his life, rushed out of the yamen. I sent some men with orders to rejoin him and serve him as an escort."

Such is the account of one of the interlocutors. The other perished a few minutes after this interview. One must then hold to Chung's version of the affair.

But leaving out the lies which this high functionary did not blush to tell about the death of the consul, and which he was subsequently obliged to retract, the account we have just read is only admissible on the supposition that M. Fontanier had completely lost his head. To fire a pistol in the interior of a yamen, in presence of a mandarin of high position, if not at him, would have been an act of sheer madness. There is no doubt that the consul was killed on the spot by the soldiers and mob stationed near the Consulate; and perhaps Chung-hou, even if he had wished it, could not have saved him. On the other hand, it is affirmed that, on returning towards the Consulate, M. Fontanier seemed like a drunken man.[1] But if in the midst of a pack of devils thirsting for his blood in the face of Chung's cowardice, and the scarcely-disguised treason of the magistrates, the unfortunate Fontanier had for a moment lost his reason, his trouble of mind had not stifled the accents of his brave and loyal heart. His post was at the Consulate. He had to protect, not only the missionaries, his neighbours, but M. and Mde. Thomassin, his guests. It was then to the Consulate that he strove to return. He knew that he was thus meeting death; that in staying with Chung he would probably be

[1] This was the expression of several ocular witnesses, of whom the greater number were native Christians, who told it to the Lazarist fathers. His servant, when questioned by me as to the pistol shot in the yamen, was silent. A short time after the event he declared he had heard it, then he denied it. M. Coutries and the servant of Père Chévrier (this last also interrogated by me) declared that they heard nothing like the firing off of a pistol or of any fire-arm whatsoever.

safe; but he did not hesitate for a moment in rejecting the offer of the high commissioner; and, followed by his secretary, he left the yamen. About a dozen little mandarins, ordered by Chung to protect him, followed him on foot.[1] The chih-hüen, first in his chair, and then on foot, marched by his side.

The unhappy consul had scarcely crossed the threshold of the palace when he received a lance-thrust in the side. This was his first wound. He was then in a fearful state of over-excitement. They saw him gesticulating violently. Perhaps to calm him and prevent his adding to the irritation of the mob, the chih-hüen touched him with his hand. The consul thought himself insulted. "Wretched chih-hüen!" he exclaimed, "miserable mandarin! will you do nothing to keep back the mob?" The magistrate shook his head, saying, "That is not my business."[2] They were then on the quay, where several little streets meet, all of which at this moment were full of men, armed with pikes. They rushed instantly upon the two Europeans. M. Fontanier used his revolver, but hit no one; then, turning to the chih-hüen, fired straight at him. He, being a little man, and seeing the pistol turned towards him, had the presence of mind to hide behind his servant, who received the charge, was fatally wounded, and died a few days after. The mob cried out, "He is killing us! Let us kill him and all those who try to prevent us!" These

[1] One of these officials was the mandarin whom I questioned myself.

[2] Account given by the Christians who were interrogated by Père Favier.

words were the signal for the flight of the chih-hüen and all the mandarins of the escort. They were at this moment close to a little pagoda, half-way between the bridge of boats and the church. It was half-past one o'clock. The two Frenchmen, though badly wounded by the lance-thrusts of their enemies, resolved to make one more effort, charged the crowd boldly, and opened a passage which enabled them to reach the great gate of the Consulate, but there, overpowered by numbers, they sank under the blows of their murderers. At this moment, the two fathers, Chévrier and Ou, pursued by a horde of assassins, who had tracked them into the sacristy, jumped out of a window into the court of the Consulate, and endeavoured to hide themselves in a little summer-house, surrounded with rock-work; but the wretches, who had just despatched the consul and his secretary, rushed upon them and killed them.

These were not the first victims. M. Thomassin and his young wife had, during M. Fontanier's absence, quitted the Consulate and taken refuge in a neighbouring house, inhabited by some Swiss merchants, MM. Borel. If they had remained there they would have been saved; but, taken with a sudden panic, and hoping to reach their boat, which was waiting for them at a very short distance off, to take them to Pekin, M. Thomassin, armed with a pistol and a Chinese sword, went out with his young wife. A stone was thrown at them, and he had the imprudence to fire on the crowd. Instantly he was cut to pieces, and his young wife killed by a blow of a hatchet on

the nape of the neck.[1] Their bodies, completely stripped, were thrown into the river, and the next day fished out close to the concessions. It was after this first crime that the crowd rushed upon the Consulate and began to demolish it.

When the chih-hüen saw the consul lying mortally wounded by the side of his secretary, this mean-spirited assassin was filled with terror. He ran back to Chung: "A, terrible misfortune has happened!" he exclaimed. "The consul has been killed. I reckon upon you to save me." "How can I save you?" replied the high commissioner. "I shall have a great deal of trouble to save myself. You are the chief magistrate of the town. It was your business to quiet the people. So far from doing so, or fulfilling your duty, you have encouraged the disorders. If the consul has been killed, the only thing you can do is to protect the other Europeans and prevent pillage."[2] Hastily taking off his official costume, Chung then left his yamen, and staying prudently near the gate, watched in silence the sinister spectacle of the burning of the cathedral, mission-house, and Consulate, which were speedily consumed by the flames.

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It will be remembered that the most turbulent portion of the Tien-tsin population lived on the north bank of the river, and that a single bridge of boats

[1] Proved by the examination of the corpse.

[2] This curious colloquy is, it seems to me, one of those facts which cannot be invented. The mandarin whom I have mentioned above related it to me, and said he had been present and heard the words himself.

connected it with the inner town and the great suburbs on the opposite side, where the church, convent, and orphanage of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul were situated. We may remember also that the confraternity of firemen on both sides of the river sympathised with the assassins, who, directed by invisible agency, openly encouraged by General Chên-how-shuai, and secretly by the military mandarin of the district, only waited for the signal to begin the work of blood. This signal was given at mid-day. In five different quarters of the town the gong called the firemen and volunteers to arms. The most simple prudence would have recommended the prevention of a union between these two disorderly bands by stopping the crossing of the river. Nothing could be so easy. They would only have had to withdraw one of the boats which formed the bridge. It was not, however, till after the massacre of the consul that Chung gave this order. They were on the point of obeying him, when General Chên-how-shuai appeared on the quay, and insisted on crossing the bridge. They did not dare resist him, and he crossed, dragging over with him a whole horde of assassins. On the left bank of the river the work had been accomplished—the Europeans had been killed, their houses and church pillaged and burnt. Now for the Sisters.

For more than a week the poor Superior had been in the greatest anxiety and agony of mind as to the fate of her Sisters and children. She had, as we have already mentioned, considered the position so dangerous that she had sent away the English captain from the hospital in spite of his precarious state.

Dr. Frazer, that good Samaritan, who every day, and sometimes twice a day, devoted himself to the care of the sick in the hospital, had been very nearly assassinated the last time he went to see them. He had only escaped, in fact, owing to the fleetness of his horse. Since this adventure he had not dared to return to the Chinese city. Their communications with the Lazarist Fathers had likewise been stopped, as the Sisters did not dare, as before, show themselves outside their gates. For the last three days a dense crowd, yelling and howling, had been stationed from morning till night in the neighbourhood of the convent. Nevertheless, flight was still possible. In the night the Sisters might have made their escape to the concessions. But then, what would have become of their orphans and their sick? Utterly abandoned, without any human succour, surrounded by a fanatical mob, who were evidently ready to commit any excesses, these holy and courageous women made up their minds to remain and fulfil their duties to the end.

These are their names:—The Sister Superior, Marie Thérése Marquet, born in Belgium, 46 years old; the Sisters: Marie Séraphine Clavelin, born in France, 48 years old; Marie Pauline Viollet, born in France, 39 years old; Marie Anne Pavillon, born in France, 47 years old; Amélie Caroline Legras, born in France, 36 years old; Adélaïde Marie Angélique Lenu, born in France, 38 years old; Marie-Clarinde Andreoni, born in Tuscany, 34 years old; Alice O'Sullivan, born in Ireland, 34 years old; Marie Joseph Adam, born in Belgium, 34 years old; and Marie-Anne Noémi Tillet,

born in France, and 44 years old. About a hundred children were in their orphanage. Towards half-past two o'clock, to the sound of the gong and the letting off of petards, a horde of assassins, crying out, "Death to the French!" "Death to the foreigners!" arrived before the convent. They set fire to it, and the door was burst open in a moment. The wretches found themselves face to face with the Sister Superior, whom they immediately thrust through with a lance, and finished by sword-cuts. The other Sisters took refuge in the church, in the cellars, in the garden, and in the dispensary. But they were all seized in a few minutes and massacred. The rage of these madmen makes one hope that their death was instantaneous.[1] Their bodies were literally torn to pieces, and thrown into the flames. Some strips of roasted flesh and calcined bones heaped up in the courtyard of the hospital was all that remained of these noble, devoted, and holy women.[2] Their remains, sent by the taotai to the

[1] This is according to the opinion of Père Favier. My pen refuses to reproduce the details of the horrible outrages committed upon them, as they are described in the reports to Mr. Lay. (Blue-Book, pp. 24 and 28.) Père Favier is persuaded that, considering the fearful excitement of the mob, the Sisters were killed on the spot, and that the murderers only wreaked their vengeance on their lifeless bodies. In spite of the most careful inquiries made by the ecclesiastical and consular authorities on the death of the Sisters, the information obtained is most obscure and unsatisfactory. This is easily explained. The Chinese Christians had fled, and the pagan neighbours of the Sisters, who were all more or less compromised in the massacre, took care not to talk, and especially not to tell the truth.

[2] "The Pious and Good Sisters of Charity: The Tien-tsin Massacre," p. 52. By George Thin, M.D., Vice-President of

English consul, were not enough for five complete bodies. What had become of the remainder? The most careful researches made by Père Favier and Dr. Frazer amidst the ruins of the house and church produced no result. One cannot attribute the disappearance of so many corpses to calcination, for in that case some of the bones would have been found. Probably the bloody limbs were carried off as charms and distributed among the people. According to the deposition of one of the children in the hospital, a man struck her on the cheek with the hand of one of the Sisters, which had been cut off, exclaiming brutally, "Here is thy mother" (the name given by the orphans to the Sisters) "who is punishing thee!" One of the Chinese witnesses, quoted in the Blue-Book (page 75), asserts that a hundred children belonging to the orphanage were stifled in a cave where they had taken refuge. This assertion, happily, was not confirmed. The children, half dead with fright, hid themselves in every direction. They were seized, thrown into prison, and questioned. As they would not say anything against the Sisters they had much to suffer; but at the end of six weeks they were given up by the Chinese authorities to the missionaries who were sent from Pekin for that purpose.

A good many native Christians lost their lives at the entrance of the convent. The others, tracked by the murderers, fled in every direction, and tried to

the "Northern China" Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. English people residing at Tien-tsin and at Shanghai, Protestants who have know them and seen their works, have spoken to me of these good Sisters with tears in their eyes.

hide in friends' houses, or to leave the town. One woman was thrown into the river, and dragged out only on condition that she would promise to denounce the Sisters (who were already murdered), and declare that she had been bewitched by them. They took her off to the yamen to be interrogated, which is a curious fact and worth noticing, because it is one of the numerous proofs that the assassins proceeded with method and were directed by men who felt the necessity of being furnished beforehand with some legal justification.[1]

M. de Chalmaison, a merchant established in the Chinese city, was massacred at the moment when he was going out of his house. A French lady, who lived under the same roof, ran down a little back street and was saved by a poor woman who hid her in her house. In the dead of night, disguised as a Chinese, she went back to her residence, but, finding it abandoned, she retraced her steps, but could not find again the home which had previously sheltered her, and knocked at a wrong door. Recognized as a foreigner by her accent, she was instantly killed. An Englishman, living in the same quarter, owed his life entirely to the fidelity of his *comprador*. This last, after having hid his master on the roof of the house between two chimneys, shut the doors and windows, and, quietly smoking his pipe, presented the key of the house to the leader of the band of assassins. "Come in," he said to him, "the owner is gone to the concessions." The two Swiss merchants, MM. de Borel, were miraculously saved. From mid-day till evening they remained

[1] Blue-Book. Evidence of a native, p. 37.

blocked up in their house. The mob appeared from time to time, but, thanks to the entreaties of their *comprador*, they always ended by going away. During the night Chung had them conducted to the English concession.

A M. Bassow, and a young couple, married only during the few previous days, M. Protopopoff[1] and his wife, the sister of Mde. Startzoff, all three settled in the European concessions, had gone that very morning to the Chinese town to breakfast with some merchants of their own nation who lived in the eastern quarter of the city. Not attaching any importance to the gathering crowds in the streets, they had quietly sat down to breakfast about twelve o'clock, when a Chinese servant came running in to say "that the Catholic church had been thrown into the water." They resolved to go back to the concessions as quickly as possible. The bridge being crowded, they took the road of Hé-doune (salt road), that is to say, the left bank of the river. As they had come in the morning in sedan-chairs, the young couple and M. Bassow started to return home in the same way. The three other Russians followed on foot, but meeting troops of armed men, they hid themselves in the sentry-box of one of the guards. They were questioned, and after having proved their Russian nationality, they were allowed to proceed. M. and Mde. Protopopoff and their friend were rapidly crossing the streets of the northern quarter of the town, when, to the cry of: "There go some foreigners: kill them! kill them!"

[1] Blue-Book, pp. 105-139, and from the verbal communications of M. Startzoff.

they were set upon by a band of murderers. In vain they asserted that they were not French—that they were English. They answered, "Never mind; we mean to kill all the foreigners!" They had not time to get out of their chairs, which were broken to pieces at the top of them. The two men who tried to defend the young lady were despatched with swords. The unfortunate Mde. Protopopoff was massacred also, and the bodies, stripped naked, were buried in a field, and during the night thrown into the stream. Four Protestant chapels (English and American) were destroyed or badly damaged. At half-past five o'clock the tum-tum beat the retreat on all sides. The different brigades of firemen, considering their work done, formed themselves into columns and returned to their homes in perfect order. The crowd dispersed. The darkness and silence of night followed the horrible orgies of the day.

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Whilst blood was thus flowing in the Chinese city the greatest consternation prevailed in the concessions. Being without any means of defence, deprived even of the feeble help of the gunboats, separated from the scene of the massacres only by a flat piece of ground where nothing could stop the invasion of hostile bands, the residents considered themselves as fated to die. A heavy rain which fell towards evening probably saved them. However, they armed themselves in haste. But what could such a handful of men do if attacked by thousands of wretches drunk with blood and all armed with pikes or knives? The English and American missionaries, with their wives and children, took refuge on board a merchant steamer

anchored in the Pei-ho.[1] The next morning Chung made his appearance very early at the concessions, and demanded to see the consuls. His proposal to send troops for the protection of the Europeans was declined. M. Lay answered him very justly when he said that his soldiers were more to be feared than the people. Chung gave his own account of the events of the day before, and especially of the visit and death of M. Fontanier. "This last," he declared, "after having fired two pistol-shots at him, had been killed at his side. He had taken care of the body, which was at his yamen, and would be sent to the concessions with the remains of the other victims."

Throughout the day bad news from Tien-tsin followed rapidly. The fears of an attack were renewed. "Our position," writes Mr. Lay to the Queen's representative at Pekin, "is really terrible. Every man in the community mounts guard. But, consider, how few are our numbers!"

Before their windows, floating on the river, were the mutilated corpses of their friends. The first body taken out of the water was that of the unfortunate French consul. Chung's account, therefore, was proved to be a deliberate lie. His Excellency had simply invented the whole thing. The taotai sent the remains of the Sisters. The male portion of the white population being occupied in watching over the general safety, and the coolies positively refusing to touch a dead body, it fell to the lot of the English consul and his

[1] In mentioning this fact to Mr. Wade, Mr. Lay added: "And although this is against my wish as an appearance of danger, yet I have no power to stay them." Blue-Book, p. 23.

subordinate to place them in their coffins. This painful task accomplished, Mr. Lay had to reassure the ladies, to answer the thousand questions asked him by the men, and to take all possible measures of precaution, all the while striving to allay the panic which had naturally invaded the little community.

In the Chinese city, also, the agitation continued. Those who had anything to lose, fearing reprisals from the Europeans, and the pillage of the people, hastily left the town. The merchants turned all the ready money they possessed into goods; for thieves carry off money more easily than cumbrous articles. The "literates" continued to cry, and caused to be cried, "Death to the foreigners!" Mr. Lay was very much afraid that the French minister at Pekin would strive to punish the assassins with an insufficient force. "If they attempt," he writes to Mr. Wade, "a *coup de main* with two or three gunboats, not one of us will survive to give an account of the defeat or of the fresh massacres which will ensue." The women and children were embarked on board different merchant vessels.

In the Chinese town they sold fans and pictures representing the murder of MM. Fontanier and Simon. The Chinese authorities seized these atrocious prints, which have in consequence become rare. I possess two on this subject. With some few varieties, you see Chung's yamen, and in the middle, the cathedral, very correctly represented; the consul's house and the Lazarist mission in flames; the consul and chancellor knocked down; four assassins striking them with lances and swords; a man stooping down to tie his shoes, and holding his sword in his mouth meanwhile,

turns his head towards the scene, which seems to amuse him; this is the clown of the band; further on, a functionary, and, according to the saying of the Tien-tsin public, the chih-hüen himself, standing near his chair, and surrounded by mandarins, is quietly looking on at the murders; on both sides of the river, and on the bridge, men are seen running towards the scene of action, armed with pikes; others are coming in boats; a curious crowd assist by agitating their fans; further on, are two men on horseback, probably meant for General Chên-how-shuai and the military mandarin of the district, both of them deserving, by their conduct, the honour of figuring in these infamous pictures. Although coarsely done, they breathe blood and carnage, and are striking from the strange contrast they present between the agitation of the murderers and the Olympic quiet of the spectators.

But at last, English gunboats arrived from Che-fu and Shanghai. Chung addressed the people in a proclamation, which brought instant calm. This was a fresh proof that the mandarins, if they had only chosen to do so, could easily have kept back the people, and restored tranquillity.

Later on, towards the beginning of winter, alarms were again felt. What would be the fate of the residents at the settlement after the departure of the gunboats, which could not be exposed to the risk of being taken prisoners by the ice, and which had, in consequence, received orders to return to Che-fu as soon as the first frosts set in? The English government suggested the idea of facilitating the departure of the residents from the concessions during the winter season. At Pekin,

also, the question was mooted of the departure of the Legations. Mr. Wade, however, in accordance with the views of his colleagues, opposed such a measure; "not justified," he writes, "by circumstances, contrary to the general opinion of the other factories in China, and prejudicial to English *prestige* in that part of the world." But at Tien-tsin the state of things became more and more critical.

"I am no coward," writes Mr. Lay to Mr. Wade; "and I shall stick to my post as long as they don't drive me out of it. If they attack us, I hope we shall give them a warm reception. But I cannot expose the lives of my wife and child; yet, if I remove them from hence, it will be the signal of a general flight. What am I to do?" "Do nothing," was Mr. Wade's answer. "You have been on the *qui-vive* for the last three months. You have become nervous. There is more fear than danger now at Tien-tsin." Do you understand a position like this? The consul quite ready to sacrifice his own person, but trembling for the lives of those dear to him—the minister taking upon him to reassure him by pleading public interests.

Really, diplomatic service in China is no sinecure. Let us give due homage to the devotion, coolness, and imperturbable courage of these worthy representatives of a great country. We must own that subsequent facts have justified the opinion of the Queen's representative. Order has not again been disturbed at Tien-tsin. Chung and the governor-general of the province, Tsêng, who was sent expressly to the spot to direct the inquiry, knew how to overawe the mob, keep the "literates" in order, and protect the few

European travellers who, on the way to Pekin, or returning from that town, were obliged to traverse Tien-tsin.

We have now come to the time when we should look back and examine the conduct of the principal actors in this dismal tragedy.

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They have accused the missionaries and the Sisters of having, by their imprudence, and by an indiscreet zeal in proselytizing, brought about the events of which they became the victims. The very day of the massacres, the 21st of June, in the morning, Mr. Lay writes to Mr. Wade: "The Sisters of Charity have been stupid enough to buy children," &c.[1] Now, it has been fully proved that this assertion was entirely false; and Mr. Wade, who had at first believed it, hastened, with that loyalty for which he is distinguished, to rectify his error.[2] A deputation of English merchants engaged in the Chinese trade waited on Lord Granville to present a memorial. We there read: "The community to which these Sisters belonged has existed for upwards of three hundred years; and we believe that in this long space of time no complaint has ever been made or proved against them. Every one was perfectly cognizant of their

[1] "The Sisters of Charity have been very stupid in buying children," and so on. Blue-Book, p. 19. This passage has been universally blamed by the English residing in the trade ports.

[2] "My impression, that the original cause of the excitement was the belief that children received by the hapless Sisters of Charity were taken into the orphanage for unholy uses, remains unshaken; *but I am assured that it is incorrect to assert that any of these infants were, as I had thought, purchased by the sisters.*" Blue-Book, p. 68.

works and way of proceeding. It is maintained, in a most categorical manner, that they never gave any money for children, even for those who were brought to them when they had been abandoned."[1]

The vague accusation of "indiscretion" raised against the Lazarist Fathers of Tien-tsin, seems to me to have just as little foundation in truth. Those who were so anxious to prove that the anger of the people was solely directed against the Catholic priests and sisters, and that both one and the other were mainly French, would certainly not have neglected any opportunity of justifying their accusations if they could have produced the smallest fact in support of their hypothesis. Now, nothing of the sort can be found in the brief regarding this case. The absurd depositions of the miserable Wa-lan-chên, evidently paid by the "literates," were afterwards withdrawn by him, and the Chinese functionaries admitted their entire falsehood.[2] Besides, these accusations were made against all Catholic missionaries and Sisters of Charity in general. I shall come back to this point when dealing with the question of missionaries. Here I will confine myself to stating the fact, that the only wrong which could be imputed to the good Sisters of Tien-tsin was that of having received the sick in their hospital, and the children in their orphanage. An epidemic disease had broken out amongst them, and a few cases of death had occurred. The instigators of the massacre took advantage of this to hound on the people. How is it

[1] Blue-Book, p. 51.

[2] Chung-hou to the Yamen of Foreign Affairs, 21st June, 1870. Blue-Book, p. 21

possible to make the Sisters responsible for this epidemic? Remember too, in their defence, if defence be needed, and as they cannot defend themselves, death having closed their lips,—remember, then, the facts, warmly affirmed by a great number of Protestants, and by all the residents of Tien-tsin, that during the space of eight years, and, in fact, till the middle of May, that is, till one month before the massacres took place, these very Sisters were universally beloved and respected by the natives; that, as regards the admission of children into their house, they had never changed their way of proceeding; that several times before, when illness had broken out in the place, the mortality in the orphanage had been greater than during the few days preceding the massacre; but that until then, the ill-natured rumours occasionally spread against the Sisters and priests of the mission, had always promptly evaporated—and you will, I think, come to the conclusion that by no possibility could these disastrous events be laid at the door of the Sisters with any shadow of truth.

The unfortunate French consul, the victim of a strange blindness, and who would neither listen to the advice nor the warnings of his neighbour, Père Chévrier, nor to those of the Russian consul, his colleague—of a violent temperament, over-excited by the presence of a danger which he had neither foreseen nor tried to avert—this unhappy man did, in fact, nothing to prevent and everything to accelerate the catastrophe. He was himself one of the first victims. His faults, expiated by a noble death, were faults of judgment and character; the most pardonable in a

public man, although, unhappily, the most pregnant with unhappy and sometimes fatal consequences. If the consul had judged rightly of the state of affairs he would have warned his colleagues in time and tried by a united movement to reanimate Chung's courage, who feared the violence of the mob, but who ought to have been made to fear a good deal more the complaints of the diplomatic corps at Pekin, and his consequently impending disgrace with Prince Kung. It would have been easy to send the Sisters to a place of comparative safety; and to insist, on the morning of the massacres, when he saw the angry groups gathering round the Consulate, that the bridge of boats should be opened and the communication between the two banks of the river consequently stopped. After a reiterated and careful examination of the localities, and an attentive study of the Blue-Book, with the help of all the information I could obtain both at the concessions and in Pekin, I am bound to say that my opinion entirely coincides with that of almost the whole of the residents who at that time were living in the concessions. Their conviction is, that had M. Fontanier only followed the line of conduct we have just indicated, these terrible misfortunes would have been averted; that he might not, perhaps, have been able to prevent the destruction of the establishments in the Chinese city; but that he would have saved the Sisters, probably all the Europeans, and without neglecting his duty, himself also. One is exposed to being taxed with harshness for thus severely judging the conduct of a brave man whose own life was so cruelly sacrificed. I have done

full justice to the noble feeling which induced him to overlook his personal safety and meet death at his post, but I could not be silent as to his faults. The first and often the painful duty of a historian is the search for, the respect and the worship of, truth. Mr. Lay, also, although in a less degree than the French consul, was deceived as to the serious nature of the position. I judge exclusively from the correspondence signed by his own hand. Seven days after the event, he writes to Mr. Wade:[1] "I had not an idea that the affair would be so serious." In fact he evidently had not. His conduct proves it. He wrote twice to Chung, it is true: but when? His first letter is dated the 20th June; his second on the morning of the 21st! That is to say, on the eve and on the very day of the massacres. In one, he begs the high commissioner to exhort the people to be civil towards foreigners, and to respect the chapels and hospital. In the other, complaining of the insult offered to Dr. Frazer, he requests Chung to explain to the Chinese, by a proclamation from the chi-fu, that they were not to molest the Queen's subjects.[2] This proves how little Mr. Lay attributed the effervescence in the Chinese city to any cause of real importance. In his excuse one may say that he was not on the very spot; that the Sisters who came to pay a visit to Mrs. Lay only a week before their murder, did not seem to think they were in any danger; and that the little Russian colony shared in this melancholy delusion. If it had been otherwise, how could the unhappy young

[1] Blue-Book, p. 32.

[2] *Ibid.*: Mr. Lay to Mr. Wade, quoted above.

couple, Protopopoff, have ventured to go to the Chinese city on the very morning of the massacre ?' Their Russian friends who lived there, and with whom they went to breakfast, did not seem to have been better informed. On the other hand, it is certain that this ill-founded security was not general. The Russian consul, Dr. Frazer, and many other notabilities, insisted on precautions being taken, and especially that the commandant of the naval station of Che-fu should be intreated to send the gunboats without delay. After the catastrophe Mr. Lay's conduct was admirable.

As to the Chinese functionaries, the one in the highest position, Chung, is with justice accused of negligence and irresolution. Unpopular among the "literates," by the very fact that his functions obliged him to hold personal intercourse with the foreigners, he saw himself surrounded by a soldiery who were unwilling to obey his orders, and who, moreover, were excited to rebellion by the infamous Chên-kwo-shuai. Chung exercised no jurisdiction and no direct action on the taotai and the two magistrates of the town. His situation was false, and his action impeded. To have conducted himself differently he should have possessed the two qualities in which he was most deficient—courage and energy.

That the chi-fu and the chih-hüen should have indirectly both encouraged and favoured the murderers is a fact which has not only been abundantly proved, but which has been tacitly recognized by the imperial government. It is well known, and recent experience has abundantly proved, that in ordinary times the mandarins, by their proclamations, can always prevent

serious troubles. Numerous and quite recent facts confirm this. To mention only two: the temporary Superior of the Lazarist mission at Pekin—the vicar apostolic being at that moment in Europe—was alarmed for the safety of the Sisters at Peitang, and resolved to send them to Shanghai, for which purpose he demanded an escort. The Tsungli-yamen hastened to reassure him by promising to answer for the security of the Catholic establishments in the capital.

At Tungchow, on the Blue River, there are some American missionaries. Frightened at the menacing attitude of the lower orders, they had taken to flight with their wives and children. The taotai sent them a message, begging them to return, answering for their lives and property. In both cases the Chinese authorities knew perfectly well how to restrain the population. But the conduct of the two magistrates of Tien-tsin was entirely different; and if there be no actual proof of their having taken an active part in the murders, the proclamations of the chi-fu and the chih-hüen would alone suffice to establish their complicity in the crimes.

There is positive proof that General Chên-kwo-shuai openly encouraged and directed the assassins in their bloody work; and that the military mandarin seconded him, though in an underhand manner. After all, it does not much matter inquiring now what part in this horrible business was taken by each one of these wretches. What would have a really practical interest for Europeans would be to find out the secret authors of these crimes, and the motives of their action.

From whence did the blow come? And against

whom was it really directed? Unfortunately, these capital questions remain shrouded in obscurity. A mass of depositions have been taken, but with no positive result. In spite of the insistance of the diplomatic corps, the imperial government has constantly refused to make any serious inquiry into the origin and cause of that general rising among the people which produced the massacres.

Among the Europeans two distinct opinions were formed. According to some, the imprudence of the missionaries and Sisters aroused, first the suspicions, and then the anger of the people. A spontaneous explosion was the consequence; but the attack was directed solely against the French (the Sisters and priests belonging mainly to that nation), and not against other foreigners. Among those who maintain this thesis—and their number, I must say, is very limited—Mr. Wade stands first. A long residence in the country, personal relations with great dignitaries, "literates," and rich merchants, a profound knowledge of the men, things, history, and literature of China, the wide horizon given him by his exalted position—all these advantages, added to a proverbial loyalty, give to the opinions expressed by the honourable representative of Queen Victoria a great value, and make him in such matters a real authority. He founds his theory on a general appreciation of the state of the country, and on the facts reported in the relation we have just read. The murderers were heard to cry out: "Kill the French!" The three Russian merchants were spared when their nationality was proved. Mr. Wade's great argument seems to be the excite-

ment produced by the imprudence of the Sisters. "I think it my duty,"[1] he writes to Mr. Lay, "to express my conviction that, without the suspicion conceived by the Chinese that children had been kidnapped, no serious agitation would have taken place among the people, and that the excitement produced by this suspicion would have had no serious result, if the habit of the Sisters of admitting into their hospital a large number of children had not been considered by the Chinese, in their ignorance, as a proof of the guilt of these unhappy ladies. The anger of the people once roused against them, their fellow-countrymen and co-religionists were naturally included in the same sentence of death. I learn that even native Catholics were arrested and ill-treated, while they set Chinese Protestants at liberty."

Now, let us listen to an opinion directly contrary to the one we have just mentioned. Here it is. The blow had been for a long while preparing by the "literates." The fury of the people, it is true, was directed first against the Sisters and the Catholic establishments; but the real object of the instigators of the movement was the expulsion and destruction of all foreigners. Mr. Lay, who is also a great authority —for he, too, knows China well, and has resided here for years, besides having been himself close to the scene of the massacres—Mr. Lay writes to Mr. Wade:[2] "The cry (of the mob) was not 'Kill the Sisters,' but 'Kill the French,' and then 'Kill all the other foreigners.'" Mr. Wade replies: "I cannot admit

[1] Blue-Book, p. 45.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 32. Mr. Lay to Mr. Wade.

your version, according to which the origin of the outbreak was hatred against foreigners in general."[1]

If there be two men in China whose opinions on the events of the 21st of June may be considered as authoritative, they are, I repeat, Mr. Wade and Mr. Lay; and yet, as we see, their ways of thinking are diametrically opposed to each other. If three Russians were spared because they could prove their nationality, three other Russians were massacred, although they said to the assassins: "We are not French; we are English." (They would probably have done better had they said they were Russians.) These two facts were proved, according to the Blue-Book, by the depositions of the natives, and confirmed to me by M. Startzoff, the brother-in-law of one of the victims, who made every possible inquiry on the spot.

Lastly, the opinion that the massacres were only a partial realization of a vast programme having for its object the extermination of foreigners in general, is shared by the immense majority, I should almost say, by the totality of European and American residents. I have already done justice to the honourable character of this class; and no one can deny to many of the foreign merchants a long, exact, and intimate acquaintance with both men and things in this country. Their opinion of the matter, therefore, is equally entitled to great weight.

I ought not to pass over in silence a third version, widely spread among the natives, and accredited specially by the rich Chinese merchants. They think that the events of Tien-tsin are the first results of a great

[1] Blue-Book: despatch quoted above.

conspiracy, plotted by the patriots in the centre of the empire, with the object of provoking a war against the Europeans, and in consequence, the downfall of the Prime Minister, Kung, if not the upsetting of the Mandjou dynasty.

In the face of such conflicting opinions, each resting on such high authority, it would not become me as a simple tourist, to pronounce judgment. I will only venture once more to observe that the most minute inquiries made on the spot by the consular and ecclesiastical authorities, the depositions of several natives, and the unanimous testimony of the European residents at Tien-tsin (both in the Chinese city and at the concessions), have concurred in asserting the utter falsehood of the accusations of imprudence and indiscreet zeal launched against the Fathers and Sisters of the mission. These devoted priests, these good and holy women were the victims, but were certainly *not the cause* of the massacres.

The news of the events of the 21st of June spread like wildfire in the interior and all along the shores of the empire. At Wu-ching, not far from Kiu-kiung, the mob burnt a Catholic church, the priest of which was fortunately absent. At Hankow the agitation of the lower orders gave some alarm to the small factory there. The English consul offered an asylum to the Sisters of Charity who were there; but these courageous ladies, who were all Italians, preferred remaining at their post, and happily were not molested. Even Canton, in spite of the 1,500 miles which separates it from the banks of the Peiho, felt the rebound of the catastrophe of Tien-tsin. The French consul, fearing

for the Sisters of Charity, forced them, in spite of their protestations, to take refuge at Hong-Kong.

At Pekin the events of the 21st of June gave rise to long negotiations between the heads of all the foreign Legations and Prince Kung. The most active part naturally reverted to M. le Comte de Rochechouart, the French minister. Mr. Wade had also to intervene specially, in consequence of the murder of the Irish Sister, who was a British subject. The Blue-Book gives several diplomatic reports and a good many letters exchanged between them and the Chinese authorities.

On the 3rd of August a solemn funeral service for the victims took place at the Tien-tsin cemetery. The representatives of France and England, admirals Dupré and Kellett, commanding the English and French squadrons in the Chinese seas, all the consuls, the captains of the gunboats anchored in the Peiho, and all the European and American residents, followed the coffins to their last resting-place. Chung himself received the procession. The vicar apostolic of Pekin performed the religious service. After the ceremony, the bishop, the two diplomats, and Admiral Dupré, pronounced the funeral orations. The ordinary garrison of Tien-tsin had been reinforced by the troops of Prince Kung and of the governor-general of the province. No incident or any symptom of a hostile demonstration troubled the funeral solemnity.

Immediately after these events Chung was named Ambassador Extraordinary to France, with the mission to explain the conduct of the Chinese Government.[1]

[1] Circular of the Count de Rochechouart to the French consuls in China. Blue-Book, p. 230.

Tseng-kwo-fan received orders to go to Tien-tsin to make the necessary inquiries on the spot, and to give instructions for the individuals accused of complicity in the massacres to be brought to trial. He came late and did nothing. A visit from M. de Rochechouart, and the news, which came from Che-fu, that Admiral Dupré was on the point of coming up the Peiho with his gunboats, at last stimulated the zeal of this mighty personage.

After four months of negotiations and delays, the final sentence was given under the form of an imperial decree.[1] It was declared that the chi-fu, Chang-kuang-tsao, and the chih-hüen, Lin, on the occasion of the conflict which had occurred between the people and the Christians, had neglected, before the event, to take the necessary precautions, and after the event, to proceed promptly in arresting and punishing the guilty. "In consequence," continues the decree, "we (the Emperor) have deprived them of their official position and sent them to the Hsing-pu (literally, 'punishment department'), to receive the reward of their deeds." After having been interrogated by Tseng-kwo-fan, they were again remanded—he having proposed that in addition to the dismissal which had been inflicted upon them, in conformity with the law relating to such servants of the state as had proved themselves incapable of restraining the people in case of disorders, these two functionaries should be sent to serve at the frontier stations (to be reduced to the ranks and serve as private soldiers).

[1] Communicated by Prince Kung to the diplomatic corps. Blue Book, p. 194.

"Their fault," continues the decree, "was already serious enough; but they have aggravated it by going away of their own accord and stopping according to their good pleasure, one at Shun-te and the other at Mih-yun, which was mocking the authorities." In consequence "an *extreme punishment* shall be inflicted on Chang and Lin. The place of their exile shall be changed. They will be sent to Hei-lung-chiang (in the province of Tsituhar on the banks of the Amour). And in expiation of their crimes, and as a warning to others, they shall be employed in forced labour."

This decree needs no comment. It shows the clear-sighted and yet Chinese mind of Prince Kung. He regretted the massacres, and felt that satisfaction must be given; but at the same time he tried to humour the national susceptibilities. As they were compelled to make an example of the guilty, at least let them be punished according to the regular forms of justice of the country, and not with the appearance of any pressure from without.

The condemnation of the two magistrates to military service on the frontier having appeared insufficient to the diplomatic corps, they were compelled to go a little further; but to mask this fresh concession they inculpated the guilty in a fresh crime—they had gone away without the permission of the authorities—therefore, they had been wanting in respect, and, consequently they were condemned to forced labour. M. de Rochechouart had insisted that their lives should be forfeited. But on this point Prince Kung was inexorable. Twenty of the wretches who had owned their participation in the massacres were executed, and

thirteen others exiled for ten or five years. But General Chêng-kwo-shuai, who on the 21st of June had actually directed and ordered the massacres, was only brought before the Hsing-pu as a matter of form and released. Thanks to his rank as a Mandjou and a general officer, he escaped all punishment.[1] As to the military mandarin of the district, who was guilty likewise, I had the honour of making his acquaintance when I visited the little serpent-god, in whose court he officiated as chamberlain. Two hundred and fifty thousand *taëls* were granted as indemnity.

Knowing the importance of imperial proclamations and the effect they produce on the masses, the diplomatic corps exacted and obtained, though not without great difficulty, that a proclamation should be issued and spread in every part of this vast empire.

This proclamation briefly relates the events we have been describing: the credulity of the people; their suspicions; their anger; the massacre of a large number of foreigners,—"acts evidently criminal and committed in defiance of the laws." Then follows an enumeration of the punishments inflicted on the guilty. The two functionaries have been punished with "unusual" severity. "They wished to make an example." The most important passage, however, reminds the higher classes, the military, and the people generally, that "since the conclusion of the treaties, foreign merchants may trade and missionaries

[1] Heaven did not leave him unpunished: for he has since been executed in prison for a crime which had nothing to do with the Tien-tsin massacres.

preach freely, the object of their sermons being to make men virtuous, and trade being as advantageous to the natives as to foreigners. . . . No one, therefore, has the right, on any pretext whatever, to gather a mob together and commit acts of violence. Whoever then, chooses to misunderstand the express will of the Emperor in this respect will act contrary to the laws, and will be punished with the greatest severity. The functionaries and people of Tien-tsin will be to the offenders the mirror of Yin.[1] Let each man tremble and obey! Let no one dare to resist! Special proclamation."[2]

Follow me to the cemetery. In the vast inclosure which formerly contained the houses of the consul and

[1] That is to say, the punishment inflicted on the two functionaries and the people compromised in the massacres of Tien-tsin, will be for those who disregard the decree—the mirror of the Yin dynasty,—in other words, they will see the punishment that awaits them.

[2] *Annexe* to the report of Mr. Wade to Lord Granville, of the 24th October, 1870. Blue-Book, p. 222 and 223. To complete the account given above, I have only to borrow from the *Journal Officiel*, of Paris, of the 25th November, 1871, the following note: —"The President of the Republic received at Versailles the Chinese Ambassador, Han-Tchiou (Chung-hou) who presented the regrets and excuses of the Chinese Government for the Tien-tsin massacres." The same paper and number contains the list of the reparations offered, *i.e.*, degradation and exile of the prefect and sub-prefect of Tien-tsin, condemnation to death and execution of twenty-one murderers, and exile of twenty-five others found guilty. Indemnity of 3,450,000 francs for the families of the victims, both lay and religious, as well as for the loss of merchandise and destruction of buildings, &c. The *Journal Officiel* of the 15th March,

of the Lazarist mission, rise, arranged in two groups, thirteen large stone tombs, ending, according to Chinese custom, in a half-cylinder. Here repose M. Fontanier at the head and the other lay victims; there, the Fathers Chévrier and Ou, the ten Sisters (that is, the little that remains of them), and some Christian servants of the house, killed at the same time as the Fathers. Inscriptions will be placed on all these tombs by the care of the Chinese authorities, who are to erect, besides, an expiatory monument where a proclamation is to be engraved, which will be more or less satisfactory.

Let us mount up on the eminence formed by the ruins. Close to us, the spire of the cathedral rises to heaven still surmounted by the cross. The stream, furrowed with ships, flows majestically onwards, and disappears in the horizon between a forest of masts. In front is the town, sombre, barbarous, and terrible. Its confused noises reach up to us even here. All around us is the calm and sleep of death, the sadness of which is transfigured by the glories of martyrdom.

1872, contains a decree naming the commission to divide the indemnity. I do not know what reparation has been made to the Russian victims. Whilst I was at Pekin the negotiations were drawing to a close, which had been conducted by General Vlangali with as much firmness as prudence, and especially with a perfect knowledge of the Chinese spirit.

## CHAPTER IV.

### *HONG-KONG.—FROM THE 7TH TO THE 25TH OF NOVEMBER.*

The amenities of the Yellow River.—Appearance of Hong-Kong.—Its commerce.—Its political and military importance.

*November* 7 to 19.—Shall we have to pass the winter at Tien-tsin? That becomes more and more probable; for the cold, which is already intense, goes on increasing; very soon we shall be fast bound in the ice. Flight alone can save us. But how to fly when the west wind is continually driving the water from the bar, and preventing the ships detained before Taku from entering the Peiho? There is not a single steamer in Tien-tsin, and if there were, they could not get out. The captain of the *Maison Neuve* has solved the difficulty. He has had the great good-nature to carry us to the mouth of the Peiho in the *Scorpion*, commanded by M. Sallandrouze. Arriving that same day at Taku, we crossed the bar in the captain's gig. Half an hour after we are safe and sound on board the *Sinan-Sing* a magnificent steamer of the house of Jardine & Co.

Then came the pleasures of the Yellow Sea: gusts of wind; the skylights stove in by the waves; great douches of frozen water pouring in upon us from above in the middle of dinner; two pleasant days' respite at Shanghai, where winter is set in already; then fresh storms; Chinese junks well-nigh wrecked; and all under a metallic sky, without clouds, and in a temperature which even now makes me shiver to think of. The Amoy Canal behaves itself as ill as it well can. It is the *bouquet*. Really these Chinese seas deserve their detestable reputation! But one fine morning we wake and find ourselves in the tropics. The sky smiles upon us. The sun warms us. The coast, with its steep rocks, and its triple band of little islands, reminds one of Norway; balsamic scents reach us in soft puffs. On the 19th of November we cast anchor in the roadstead of Hong-Kong.

Fancy to yourself the Rock of Gibraltar, on a large scale, looking to the north. There facing us is *terra firma*. Let us scramble up to the flag-staff, proudly standing on the highest peak of the mountain. The sun, which is already low, bathes sky, earth, and sea, in crude, fantastic, exaggerated lights. Woe be to the painter who should dare reproduce such effects! happy would he be if he could succeed.

Towards the south, the sun and the fogs are fighting over the islands, which at this moment stand out in black groups on a liquid gold ground, framed in silver. Towards the north, we look over the town, officially called Victoria, and vulgarly, Hong-Kong. It is stretched out at our feet, but we only perceive the roofs,

the courts, and the streets; further on, the roadstead is crowded with frigates, corvettes, gunboats, steamers belonging to the great companies, and an infinity of smaller steam and sailing vessels of less tonnage. In front of us, at three or four miles' distance, is a high chain of rocks, bare and rugged, but coloured by the setting sun with tints of rose colour and crimson, resembling a huge coral bracelet. That is the continent. Towards the west are the two passages which lead to Canton and Macao; to the north-east is a third passage by which we ourselves have come. The sea here is like a lake, bordered on one side by the rocks of *terra firma*, and on the other by the peaks and summits of the Hong-Kong cliffs. I have seen in many other lands softer and more harmonious effects of light, but I never saw any so strange.

Victoria is charming, sympathetic, and imposing; English, and yet tropical—a mixture of cottages and palaces. Nowhere can be found a happier combination between the poetry of nature and the prose of commercial life; between English comfort and the intoxicating exuberance of the south. The streets, which are well macadamized, well kept, and beautifully clean, run in a serpentine fashion along the rock, sometimes between houses, of which the rather pretentious façades are coquettishly veiled by the verandas, sometimes between gardens, bamboo hedges, or stone balustrades. It is like Ventnor or Shanklin, seen through a magnifying-glass and under a jet of electric light. Everywhere there are fine trees—banians, bamboos, and pines. One may go on foot

from one end of Hong-Kong to the other, and yet always be in the shade. Only, no one dreams of walking. Nothing is to be seen but chairs. The coolies, their heads sheltered by enormous straw hats, carry you at a rattling pace. Nothing can be more delicious than a night promenade in an open sedan-chair. In the lower part of the town the scene is most animated and busy: officers and soldiers in red uniforms and with swarthy complexions (sepoys), Parsees, Hindoos, Chinese, Malays, European ladies in elegant toilets, and men and women with yellowish skins, dressed like Europeans (half-caste Portuguese). The higher you climb the quieter you find it. Insensibly the town turns into country. Scramble up still a little higher, and you are in the middle of rocks bare of trees, but covered with odoriferous shrubs, and traversed by a fine macadamized road, with glimpses of views here and there of marvellous beauty.

General Whitfeild, military commander, and the temporary civil governor, Mr. Austin, the colonial secretary, Mr. Caswick, of the house of Jardine, the judge Mr. Ball, the representatives of the house of Russell,—in fact, all the persons whose acquaintance I have made, overwhelm me with civilities. Dinners, pic-nics, excursions in carriages and in boats, succeed one another without intermission. It is English hospitality on a large and princely scale. The official and high commercial world live on an excellent footing with each other; but civil functionaries and the military and naval elements seem to predominate. Everywhere you find that solid luxury which already struck me at Shanghai and in the other ports. I am

enjoying the hospitality of the Austrian consul-general, M. d'Overbeck, one of the most considerable merchants of Hong-Kong. His house, which is partly a villa and partly a *château*, combines all the agreeableness of an English country-house with the splendour of the tropics; the whole, however, subdued by a fine and chastened taste.

We have spent the afternoon at East Cliff, and we have come back in a carriage by the Happy Valley—"happy," because there is a little more shade, a little more breeze, and greater freshness here than elsewhere.

We follow the line of the sea-coast: the sun has already disappeared behind the rock on which the flag-staff is perched. Again one of those magnificent and startling effects of light! The sky orange and pearly grey; the ships at anchor riding out like black spectres against the silvery haze; the granite rocks, dark violet colour, speckled with yellow.

The trade of Hong-Kong has not only shared the fate of all the other European commercial establishments in China, but in these last few years it has changed its nature. When this rock was seized by the English government (in 1841) and transformed into a second Gibraltar, Canton seemed to be about to become the great centre of the commercial operations between the mother-country and China. This prevision has not been realized. Shanghai has replaced Canton. The great artery of the Yang-tse-kiang attracts the exports of the centre and even of the south of the empire. Canton is now only a shadow of its

former greatness. Nevertheless, Hong-Kong will always be a commercial port of the first order. Here are stored the treasures of the great foreign houses established at Shanghai and other open ports. Politically and militarily, one cannot exaggerate the importance acquired by this little island since it has fallen into the hands of its actual possessors. I think no Englishman can visit it without feeling a legitimate pride in his country. Hong-Kong is the hand; the colonies on the Straits of Malacca, Ceylon, Aden, and Malta, the arm; England the head and heart of that great British giant, which holds in its grasp the south of Asia and the extreme East.

## CHAPTER V.

*THE CHRISTIAN SETTLEMENTS OF SE-NON.—FROM THE 25TH TO THE 27TH OF NOVEMBER.*

The villages of Si-kung, San-ting-say, and Ting-kok.—History of the Christian settlements of the district of Se-non.

WE have just come out from tiffin. Sitting in M. d'Overbeck's veranda, we are enjoying the freshness of the afternoon, for although it is hardly three o'clock the sun has already disappeared behind the peak of the Hong-Kong mountain. In front of us, on the other side of this arm of the sea, the rocks of the continent are bathed in light. Every crevice is visible. "That white line," says some one to me, "which looks almost vertical, is the road which leads to Kao-lung in the interior, and to several villages inhabited by the A-ka." "Let us go there," I exclaim. "Impossible," answers one of the guests of the consul. "Difficult," says another. "It is a perfect nest of pirates. When we go there, which is very rarely, for a shooting party, we are very numerous and armed to the teeth. This winter again an English gunboat has tried to purge those inner seas.

The only result was the capture of a junk which had been purposely wrecked and abandoned by the pirates. Nothing can be so easy as to escape from justice in a country where all the inhabitants are alternately agriculturists and brigands. They are as clever with their oars as with their spades. Pedlars and little tradesmen abound. They have only to stretch out their hands to pillage them. The occasion is too favourable a one, and it is the occasion which makes the thief. Give up the idea of visiting the Se-non district." At these words the Père Raimondi, procurator of the Propagation of the Faith for the Chinese Missions, and charged with that of Hong-Kong, smiled and said to me: "I will take you there, and I will answer for your safety."

The day before yesterday accordingly, in the morning, we started for Se-non, Father Raimondi, a Chinese Father who speaks Latin fluently, and I. In fifty minutes we had crossed the channel which separates Hong-Kong from *terra firma*. Then we escaladed, by a little pathway, partly paved, this great granite wall, which forms a band round the Chinese continent. From the summit, the view of Hong-Kong was superb.

During three days we lived and travelled with an apostolic simplicity in that wild country, and in the midst of a population of pirates, who, nevertheless, begin to improve, inasmuch as the Christians have all renounced brigandage.

We passed the first night in the Christian village of Si-kung; and the next day on a little island called San-ting-say, all the inhabitants of which have received baptism. In the evening we arrived at Ting-

kok, the most important point in the Se-non mission. The Fathers possess a comparatively spacious house there, of which the salubrity would be perfect without a curtain of trees which prevents the western breeze from bringing a little freshness to it. The superstition of such of the inhabitants as have remained pagan would not allow of their making gaps in the wood. It would displease the spirits. The new Christians already laugh at the alarms and ignorance of their unbaptized brethren. This little trait struck me. The greatest obstacle which one meets with in China to the work of civilization is superstition. Remember that conversation which I quoted of the Pekin diplomat with his friend, a man of learning, enlightenment, and education; civilized, therefore, to a great degree in some things, and yet mortally afraid of disturbing the evil spirits, and in this respect more benighted and less civilized than the poorest Christian villager of Ting-kok.

The other Christian villages each have a little chapel, ornamented or not with a cross according to the favourable or hostile disposition of the population, and flanked by a miserable little room which serves as a shelter to the priest during his numerous visits.

Here the configuration of the country, saving the sky and the vegetation, remind one of the shores of Norway. It is a labyrinth of granite mountains and arms of the sea, which partly resemble rivers and partly lakes. Towards the south the rocks are completely bare, but on their northern flanks they are clothed with pines and dwarf palms with indented leaves. Every little corner of earth is worked and

cultivated. But generally we walk through ravines full of scattered blocks of black granite, of which the sharp peaks glisten in the sun of the torrid zone. The island of San-ting-say looks like a black ewer filled to the edge with flowers and exotic plants. These two colours, black and green, the green in every variety of shade, marry one another most harmoniously. The Christian community of this island is not very numerous; but what good faces! Here, as in all the other Christian settlements we have visited, our arrival produced a certain sensation. People flocked round us from all quarters. The men went into the missionary's room; the women, many of them mothers with babies slung on their backs, passed in file before the door without crossing the threshold. All knelt and asked for a blessing. Now I understand the influence and moral ascendency of the Fathers. They live amongst their people, know, share, and console them in their sufferings.

The Se-non district reckons above 600,000 inhabitants. It is part of the Apostolic Mission of Hong-Kong, founded after the English had taken possession of this island; and it was from thence that missionaries were sent to explore this territory, which was then completely pagan. Father Borghinoli, of Verona, was the first to establish himself here in 1863. To-day there are above 600 Christians. In this number I do not include the children of the *Sainte Enfance* that is, the babies picked up in the streets or brought to the orphanages.

Of late years they reckon annually about 100 conversions, which is considered a very good result;

only all these converts belong to the lower orders. There is not an example of a "literate" having been baptized. Two European Fathers of the Hong-Kong mission reside alternately in the thirteen Christian villages, which constitute the mission of Se-non. The taotai of the district resides at Nam-tao. Without favouring the missionaries, he condescends to ignore their presence. On a recent occasion he has even indirectly acknowledged their merit by exhorting his subjects in a proclamation to give their children to the Fathers rather than to kill or expose them.

At Ting-kok I took leave of the Father-procurator, who, followed by Don Andrea, the Chinese priest, continued his tour of inspection. A young missionary, Don Luigi de Bergamo, accompanied me on my return. He has hardly seen twenty-four summers, but has been here for two years. The sun of the tropics, and the fatigues and privations of his wandering existence, have not yet extinguished, on his fine, manly face, the beauty and freshness of youth. He has the tall, straight figure of the children of his native soil—just such as old Marshal Radetzky delighted in. "I love those *Bergamasques*," that great captain exclaimed one day; "they are all *born* grenadiers." This excellent Don Luigi—this valiant grenadier, fighting for the faith—marches before me with a bright, quick, elastic step. The stifling heat, which half kills me, does not appear to affect him in the least. It seems as if he scarcely felt it, so accustomed is he to go along these very paths under the self-same sun, though a far more cruel one, in the height of summer. He tells me about his labours, his difficulties, his deceptions, his consolations,

—a good conscience, I think is, after all, the best investment,—the vicissitudes of his apostolic life, the sufferings of his parishioners, their clever *ruses* to withdraw themselves from the vigilant hatred and denunciation of the "literates," their weaknesses, which are rare, their sublime devotion, their heroic courage and constancy—epic poems, animated Chinese pictures, exotic fruits gathered from the stem!

## CHAPTER VI.

### *CANTON.—FROM THE 28TH NOVEMBER TO THE 2ND OF DECEMBER.*

The Canton River.—Shamien.—Elegant shops.—A bonze's head.—The Temple and Convent of the Ocean Banner.—Eng and his house.—Procession of the God of War.—The Great Prison.—The Pretorium.—Visit to the Viceroy.—Fati.—City of the Dead.—The Place of Executions.—Departure for Macao.

We are going up the Pearl River. Here is Bocca-Tigris, known also under the name of Bogues; then Wampoa, the port where foreign sailing ships are to discharge their cargoes when destined for Canton. The British flag floats over the cellular prison of the British consul, the only European established in this little town. Further on, two spires rise up towards heaven. The English call them first-bar and second-bar pagodas. We are on the spot where the first intercourse was established between the Red Whiskers and the Black Tails. Here the prologue of the great drama, in several acts, was played, entitled, "Opening of China." These first acts were startling. The curtain has fallen on Canton, Nankin, Taku, Palikao, the sum-

mer palace, Tien-tsin. The sequel will soon appear. The unravelling of the tale is the secret of Providence.

Seated on the foot-bridge, I let the soft breeze caress my cheeks. The magnificent river rolls its calm and abundant waters between flat banks, covered with rice-fields, sugar-canes, and groups of gigantic trees. Here and there we see villages, with towers rather resembling Gothic spires or crenellated castles. But they are neither churches nor feudal habitations ; they are simply the depôts of pawnbrokers. Why have they dispelled my illusions ? I fancied myself going up the Rhine—that is, an ideal Rhine,—transfigured by the tropical sun.

We have a Chinese prisoner on board. On the route to Kao-lung—precisely the same which I followed yesterday—he robbed and murdered a merchant who was passing by. Arrested at Hong-Kong, where he had taken refuge, an English policeman will give him over to the authorities of Canton, which is his native country. In the night he tried to break his head against the wall. The captain of our steamer, when pointing him out to me, had the delicacy to describe, in expressive pantomime, the fate which awaits him. A shudder and a look of utter despair passed over the poor wretch's face. And yet this malefactor, who knows that to-morrow, if not this evening, he will be either beheaded or crucified, or slowly cut in pieces, is walking about the deck, dragging his heavy chains after him, his head bound up with bandages and plasters, and admiring, with open mouth, the wonders of civilization.

It is twelve o'clock. Before us a green curtain still

hides from us the view of the capital; but already the dome is to be seen of the French cathedral. Behind it, at a great distance, are seen the outlines of the "White Cloud" Mountains. They deserve their name. Very soon, masses of houses appear on both sides of the river and on the island of Honan. The details of the picture are the same as we see in other Chinese towns, but the whole *ensemble* is imposing. We cast anchor in the entrance to this quarter, which is composed entirely of boats, taking the place of houses. To arrive at the quay, we cross a whole street of hotels in a rowing-boat. Besides the boat-hotels, there are in this floating Canton, tea-boats, flower-boats, furnished boats, and so on. It is in these that native travellers, arriving in the evening in their junks, and about to start again the next morning, pass the night, the doors of the town being shut at sunset. Both on land and water the scene is as busy as possible.

I land at a house belonging to Mr. Russell of Shanghai. It is built on the spot formerly occupied by the old English factory, which has been entirely destroyed. The new settlement, which only dates a few years back, is called Shamien. There are only a few houses as yet: but these are all elegant and well kept, with a fine episcopal church served by Archdeacon Gray, a club-house, and a good deal of land to sell, or rather to resell. A magnificent granite quay, some great trees, and a fine view over the island of Honan, form the glory of this quarter, which more resembles a country-seat than a great commercial centre.[1]

[1] Everyone knows the history of the old factory of the East India Company at Canton, the events which led to its destruction,

Archdeacon Gray comes to fetch me: he has the good-nature to be my guide. No one knows this town as well as he does, and no one is better known or more appreciated. As all foreigners who come here try to see him, and as all those who have once seen him can never forget him, he cannot think it amiss if his numerous friends spread his photograph. He is, besides, a public character.

The Rev. John Henry Gray was born on the Scotch border. He is, I should think, about fifty, and has exercised his ministry here for nineteen years. The most busy time of his life coincides with the occupation of Canton by the English, when war and sickness, even more than Chinese balls, cut short so many young lives. It was then that the Cantonese became accustomed to see this good man in his cylindrical hat, white cravat, and long black greatcoat, rushing from hospital to hospital, and from port to port, tending the sick, consoling the dying, and burying the dead. It was from that moment that dates the reverend gentleman's great popularity. A fine and noble face, an intelligent look, whiskers white as the driven snow, a tall figure, square shoulders, vigorous arms—the *ensemble* thoroughly sympathetic. After having seen him for a quarter of an hour you feel as if you had known him from childhood, and you regret not to have some terrible secret on your conscience. What a relief it would be to be able to

and later, the creation of this comparatively second-rate establishment. Canton, which, since the war, has been open to foreigners, has been so often described that I shall here only give some fragments of my journal.

confide it to him! In the meantime it is he who is to let me in to the mysteries of Canton.

We are in the western suburbs, which is the rich, populous, commercial part of the town. The narrow streets are sheltered from the sun by matting. Under this tent glide a multitude of human beings. At Canton carriages are both unknown and impossible. I did not see a single horse. It is a town of foot-passengers and sedan-chairs. At every step one is pushed, but gently: the Cantonese seem made of cotton-wool. A dim half-light gives a magical effect to these picturesque streets. Here, as everywhere else in China, the signs, which are long lacquered or gilt boards, are hung perpendicularly before the shops like the side-scenes of a theatre. The twilight mitigates and harmonizes colours which otherwise might be too glaring. It is like a symphony for the eyes.

Every two minutes my guide stops, jumps out of his chair, draws close to mine, and explains to me in a stentorian voice the objects most worthy of my attention. The shops are all very high and wide open towards the street. On the threshold you see a little altar consecrated to the tutelar god of riches; at the back, another altar, in sculptured and gilt wood, is dedicated to the ancestors of the proprietor. This last, simply but elegantly dressed, smiles pleasantly at you. His two or three clerks, living images of bureaucratic decorum, bow to you profoundly. In front, and all along the pavement before the shop, the goods are exposed with a taste and skill worthy of the best decorator of a shop-front in Paris or

Vienna. Seated before a little table, two or three gentlemen with a grave and pompous air are examining minutely the different articles which tempt them. The calm of this picture, the interchange of civilities between the personages concerned, the beauty of the shop, which is high, thoroughly airy, and built so as to show off all its treasures, contrast curiously with the motley, ragged crowd who pass rapidly through the street, crossing and re-crossing one another, a perfect current of human beings, who, while struggling in this narrow channel, never infringe its banks. "A striking proof," says my guide, "of the respect for property among the Cantonese." Here, they sell jade and every description of jewellery; there, a Chinese "Chevet" displays his delicacies; further on, *à la brioche économique*, the poor people find eatables at a cheap rate: rats, mice, dogs' legs, and the dorsal spines of these animals, which are much appreciated by gastronomists.

Let us go into this baker's shop. His counter is loaded with different kinds of fancy bread, maccaroni, and cakes. A back-door leads us into a gallery which stretches far away out of sight. More than a hundred bullocks are employed in grinding wheat, turning in a circle. By a special contrivance, as simple as it is ingenious, the exigencies of cleanliness are provided for at the same time as the demands of the agriculturists, who come here to make their provisions of manure. In China nothing is thrown away, nothing is lost. The vilest matters have their value. We pass before a shop of which the shutters, which are closed, are all covered with hand-bills. It is the shop

of a bankrupt, and these notices are put up by his creditors, who thus make known the amount of their losses.

Everywhere the archdeacon makes himself at home: he goes in and comes out without paying the smallest attention to the shopkeepers. He knows exactly where the things are which he wants to show me. He seizes them, spreads them out on the table, and explains them, just as the guardian of a museum would do. His museum is Canton, and, strange to say, no one finds fault with him. They all smile when he comes in, and let him do what he likes. Everyone knows and loves him. Besides, in China, a white beard always commands respect.

"You have never seen a bonze's head quite close, have you?" said he to me one day. "And yet it would be well worth your while." By chance, at that moment, about a dozen bonzes were passing quite close to us. They walk one by one: *Taciti, soli, seuza compagnia.* "The head of each one of these men," said my guide, "is marked with as many white spots as he has made vows. They are burnt in. You shall see." Saying these words, he seizes the head of one of the bonzes, draws it down to a convenient height, and begins his explanations with as much coolness as a medical professor before an audience of students. The companions of the luckless bonze whose skull we are about to examine thought it prudent to make their escape as fast as they could. "Here is the vow of chastity." . . . (Here a convulsive movement on the part of the bonze.) "Steady!" roared my guide; and he goes on. "The other white

points are: a vow to abstain from wine; a vow not to kill a pig; a vow not to eat meat; a vow to respect the life of the carp in the temple ponds;" and so on. From time to time the head, the object of our study, moves uneasily; but the archdeacon holds it tightly, repeats his "Steady!" and pursues his course of sacred anatomy. At last he sets the bonze at liberty, who, more surprised than angry, after an exchange of polite phrases and *chin-chins*, hastens to rejoin his brethren. "And the vows on the arms," exclaimed the archdeacon; "we had forgotten them." He calls back the bonze, who good-naturedly retraces his steps, turns up the sleeve of his tunic, and lets us see, on his lean, fleshless arms, a whole heap of white burns, indicating as many vows, one more strange than the other.

We have just come back from a visit (in the Island of Honan, which is in front of Canton, and forms part of the town) to the celebrated temple of the "Ocean Banner." We then paid a visit to the abbot. We went into the convent, which occupies a vast space of ground, and is full of bonzes. Through this labyrinth of houses and little streets the archdeacon has no difficulty in finding his way all alone. The abbot, a little old man with a weary face, dull eyes, but a fine smile, receives us in his bedroom. Everything is beautifully clean and well kept. A fine mosquito-net protects the bed; the furniture is elegant; on the mahogany tables, made in Hong-Kong, are a heap of Chinese and European nick-nacks and three or four clocks. There was no luxury, but everything

that was necessary for a moderate enjoyment of the pleasant things of this world, combined with the ascetism which is obligatory on the bonzes. His room has something, I know not what, of ecclesiastical about it. In another room, alas! we perceive the fatal flute —the opium pipe. This worthy prelate has that weakness; and in spite of repeated efforts (always seconded and encouraged by the archdeacon) he has never been able to throw off this sad vice. Like all opium-smokers, he knows that he is killing himself: there are times when he has a horror of himself; but the chain is too strong; he cannot break through it; and he comes back with delight to his magic pipe. This holy personage will decidedly die in final impenitence.

In one corner of the immense garden is the *crematorium*, where they burn the bodies of the dead bonzes; in another corner is the mausoleum—a granite cylinder. There are placed the urns, containing the ashes of each, carefully ticketed. The Chinese are constantly occupied with the thoughts of death; the recollection of it does not frighten them in the least; but they have a horror of a corpse. Hence in this convent there is a most barbarous custom. When the doctors despair of saving a sick monk, or when he is arrived at a great age, he is carried to a separate building, which is the abode of the dying. Those who know the inside of it are perfectly aware that he will never come out of it alive.

Close by, in a sort of warehouse, there are a great number of coffins placed vertically, and provided with tickets, which contain the names of the proprietors.

These coffins belong to private individuals, and are generally presents, given by affectionate children to their parents when they have accomplished their sixty-one years. These useful articles of furniture are kept, until wanted, in a holy place.

In the Island of Honan is also the palatial residence of Eng, the chief of one of the most illustrious and noble families of Canton. Eng, his sons, his sons-in-law, their wives and children, their tenants, servants, and slaves, in all more than six hundred persons, occupy a group of houses surrounding a vast inclosure. Nothing outside betrays the riches hidden behind these vast walls. The annual expenses of Eng's establishment amount to £20,000 sterling. The archdeacon is the friend of the house, so that we get into this little town without any difficulty. The vestibule is a perfect arsenal. In all the corners they have heaped up pikes, lances, and bows and arrows—a necessary precaution against thieves, and I fear one which gives the lie direct to the glowing picture which my guide, who always sees the good side of humanity, is apt to draw of the virtues of the Cantonese people. We pass by a great number of drawing-rooms, smaller apartments, and studies. On our way we meet a good many children, each one accompanied by his pedagogue, who with one eye smiles graciously upon us, and with the other betrays the surprise he feels at seeing a stranger here. In his right hand he carries the sign of his employment, an instrument not much to the taste of his pupil. The archdeacon is really wonderful. He knows all the ins and outs of this labyrinth. Except to the ladies' apartments, which he respects, he goes

everywhere. One might fancy he was the lord of Eng, and not the venerable archdeacon. The persons whom we meet and surprise in their different occupations let us pass without taking any notice of us, or come forward and salute my guide with cordial eagerness.

The garden, which is finer than any I saw in the north of China, contains a lake, with banks of curious shape, which is entirely covered in summer by lotus-leaves; on the two opposite banks are two large summer-houses, one for men and one for women. Here they meet to smoke and play at different games.

In the men's summer-house we find Eng himself. He was surrounded with stewards and agents writing from his dictation; but on our entrance they retired respectfully into one corner of the room. The master of the house rose, left his pipe, and came to meet us, welcoming the archdeacon as an old friend, and bestowing upon me the civilities usual on such occasions. His manners are those of the best society. He has a consciousness of his own importance, and feels no necessity of impressing it upon others.

The most richly decorated building in the house contains only one large room, open on one side, and consecrated to the memory of the deceased chiefs of the family. Here, in the "hall of their ancestors," and before their monumental tablets, are accomplished all the great acts of Chinese self-government—the reading of wills, the distribution of property, amicable arrangements, trials in criminal cases, judgment and condemnation. Here deceived husbands plead their cause. Woe be to the guilty wife! She pays for her forget-

fulness of her duties with her life. The slips of a husband, on the other hand, are expiated by a few strokes of bamboo.

This evening we had a ball at Shamien. The whole of the little colony were present. The European merchants of Canton no longer embark in great commercial speculations. Shanghai and the opening of the Yang-tse-kiang have killed Canton. But the grand style of their establishments is that of their predecessors, who were more favoured by fortune. There is nothing of the *parvenu* about them, or of the newly-made *millionaire*. One sees that these merchant princes of old days sprang from the rank of landed gentry, and indirectly from England's old nobility. The factories founded by them have been endowed with the *comme-il-faut* and the luxurious tastes which characterized high life in the last century. I was expressing these thoughts to an old gentleman who, like me, had made his way into the ballroom. There, in a heat of 30° Réaumur—we are precisely under the tropic of Cancer —three or four young ladies, in the freshest and most irreproachable toilets, and as many young gentlemen, with white neckcloths and flowers in their button-holes, were going through the arduous labours of waltzing, with that British seriousness which seems to be considered a necessity in such cases. "Without doubt," replied my neighbour with a sigh, "all this luxury is not in proportion to our profits. But it would be impossible to reduce it. It would discourage the old, and take away from the young all confidence in the future. Live and let live."

This morning, very early indeed, in a temperature which is now that of a fine May day, but which at noon will be tropical, I am walking alone on the crenellated walls of the town. I look towards the north, where Canton, properly speaking, lies—that is, the old town; but, as at Pekin, one only sees masses of trees, surmounted here and there by a pagoda. The highest tower belongs to the Mohammedan mosque. On the horizon rise the "White Cloud" Mountains. I make my way through the suburb, as my object is to reach the French church. It is a noble building, in the Gothic style. The architect was a M. Lhermite, a young Frenchman, who died too soon for his reputation; for he was, in my opinion, the equal, if not the superior, of the most distinguished architects of his country.[1] Alongside of the church is the house of the missionaries; and further still, that of the Sisters of Charity, whom the French consul, as we have already said, thought it his duty to send to Hong-Kong after the Tien-tsin massacres. The five priests of the Foreign Missionary College at Paris received me with the greatest kindness. They fear for their brethren scattered among the Christians in the provinces of Sze-chuen and Yünan, which are far distant. What on earth will be their fate if the anti-European party should happen to get possession of the young emperor, or if the dynasty itself were to disappear? From the Mongolian wall to Canton, and from Pekin to the heart of the empire, the soil trembles under your feet.

[1] The palace of the governor at Saïgon, and the town-hall of Hong-Kong, the two finest buildings of this kind that I have seen in the east, are the work of Lhermite.

In passing through the western suburbs we visited the residence of a magnate, which was almost as magnificent as that of Eng. The gardens seemed to me finer and more vast. They have built a theatre in the middle of them. A pond divides it from a kiosk destined for the spectators: the women and their friends occupy the upper story. In general, the rich go to great expense to amuse their wives and daughters, *intra muros,* of course.

The street, which is very narrow, is thronged with people. Fortunately we have had places reserved for us in the angle of a doorway. There we wait amidst thousands of other curious spectators for the passage of the "God of War." Dislodged from his temple, which certain bankers have been restoring, he is going to return solemnly to his former abode. All Canton is on foot. The street is like a channel lashed by a tempest. From the side-streets fresh arrivals pour in every moment. Hence a continual flux and reflux. In the midst of this fearful crowd fruit and bon-bon sellers balance above their head in the palms of their hands tempting dishes coquettishly arranged on little trays. No one thinks of touching them without having first deposited his *sapéques* in the tray. Would it be the same in Europe? "Would the mob in our capitals behave as well?" my guide asks proudly.

After waiting for a long time the dull sound of the gongs and an infernal music announce the approach of the god. Police-agents armed with *rotins* (a species of knout) open the procession. How in the world is it to pass through such a dense crowd? It is a mystery; but with the help of the bamboo and

the goodwill of the people themselves they are formed in line and I see defile before me a succession of shifting pictures of an indescribably strange and fairy-like character.

The procession has lasted for two hours. The elements of which it is composed file past with great regularity. Coolies carrying banners, of which the highest point rests on a fork which another coolie holds with great difficulty in order to maintain its equilibrium; screens of a curious shape, richly-sculptured, lacquered, and gilt; various offerings; divers utensils; richly-brocaded parasols; children of noble family mounted on ponies representing different gods; and young girls dressed in historic or fancy costumes, fastened to iron triangles so that they seem to fly in the air. There are courtesans, who, wishing to give themselves an appearance of modesty, have adopted for the moment the stupid, sad expression of women of rank. Then come the ancients of the quarter who are received with loud acclamations by the people; then a number of young men of a respectable class, dressed simply but carefully; then men armed with halbards, pikes, and old swords. Bands of music, which succeed one another at short intervals, fill up the narrow passage with a bewildering noise. The hero of the feast closes the triumphal march. This god looks like a good-natured devil. His staring eyes, open mouth, and flat colossal ears frighten no one. Mars has nothing martial about him. Although gilt from head to foot, he is a sorry gentleman. Even the coolies, who bear him on a miserable litter, are not in any way impressed with

the holiness of their mission: they are smoking, chattering and laughing. So true is it that it is not enough to be born in Olympus; one must justify by one's personal qualities the advantages of position which it has pleased Heaven to give us. The crowd which was so restless, so turbulent, so eager when waiting for the procession, seems satisfied and satiated: it disperses slowly and peaceably. The rich Cantonese, like wise men, try to win the friendship of the people. One day processions, another plays, a third distribution of rice. *Panem et circenses.*

With all due respect to these divinities, and even, to a certain point, to this false god, I own that a group of young ladies during this religious ceremony gave me many distractions. In front of us, on the other side of the street, four young ladies, or young women, occupied the hall of a house let for the occasion. To judge by the comparative whiteness of their skins, their air, their simple but elegant dress, they are ladies of high rank. My guide confirms my supposition. Their hair is beautifully dressed, and two of them, even in Europe, would pass for great beauties. Women of their rank ought to look apathetic and bored. It is *de riguer* when they appear in public. The rules of society exact it. But when people begin to talk and laugh with one another the mask falls. That is what took place in the hall: their faces brightened; their little almond eyes sent forth lightning glances; and a malicious sceptical expression replaced the conventional look which had been put on at first. A matron, very much painted and very fat, a striking likeness of Madame Thierret of the Palais

Royal, seemed to have the charge of them as duenna. She is imprudent enough to be shocked at the direction of my eye-glass; and I must own it is not always that of the procession. She accordingly places herself before the door so as to prevent these young ladies from seeing or being seen. From thence, as by an electric wire, communications are established directly with the foreign devil; a formal order to the duenna to allow their glances to have free course and for me full liberty to contemplate this scene of Chinese *high life*. Old gentlemen approach these ladies, bow profoundly, showing their fists, obtain in return a gracious smile, order tea for them, and then retire very respectfully. The young ladies meanwhile, seated on little stools, talk, laugh, play with their fans, and enjoy the fun of teasing and plaguing the duenna.

An order from the viceroy opens to us the doors of the great prison. It is an oblong building divided into several courts and surrounded by a double gallery. The inside one is composed of cells occupied by men; the external one, which a narrow, uncovered passage separates from the great outer wall of the inclosure, is reserved for the women.

In the courts, those who are detained before or after their sentence push against one another. The greater portion will be executed at the coming term. Save in exceptional cases, executions in China take place only twice a year, in spring and autumn. At Canton it is a real carnage. Amongst these prisoners one set were painfully dragging their

heavy chains, the others wore them with revolting indifference. To judge by their countenances, which were the most impudent and abject imaginable, these poor wretches were not innocents, or alas! they are no longer so. This infected atmosphere, this permanent contact with vice, must stifle the last remains of the honourable or human feelings which they may have brought with them into this cursed place. One of them said to me: "I am accused of murder, but I deny it." The warder answered by a sardonic smile, which meant to say, "Torture will make you own it." A young man comes up to us with a half-idiotic look. At fifteen he had poisoned his schoolmaster, a crime which the Chinese law ranks with parricide. His youth alone saved him from a horrible death. Every year his father, who is of good family, implores his pardon of the viceroy. The viceroy sends it to the Tsungli-yamen, who submits the question to the empress regent. The request is always rejected.

We went into a room leading out of the gallery. It is meal-time. The half-famished wretches throw themselves on their miserable pittance and devour it like wild beasts. The click of their chains replaces the music at table. To compare this scene with that in the Zoological Gardens would be doing an injustice to the beasts.

In one great room without windows, and of which the profound darkness is only relieved by a few feeble rays of light from the sombre hall, we guess rather than see, behind a massive iron grating, the men condemned to the terrible torture of the *cangue*. They groan, they cry, they sigh. Some are lying on the bare

ground, others are standing, leaning against the wall. A good many are crouched down on their heels; a few are walking round in a circle. All are incessantly moving and striving to find, what they never can, poor creatures!—a little comparative ease. On seeing us, they all crowded towards the grating, cast upon us looks of hatred, vengeance, and despair—real looks of the damned! Then they crawled away again into the darkness.

There are other dungeons perfectly dark, from whence we hear the most agonizing cries and howls accompanied by the clicking of chains and the dull thud of the bamboo. In one room, which was comparatively clean and well kept, some *gentlemen* prisoners were smoking their pipes and taking their meals served by their own domestics. These are privileged mortals, condemned to death, perhaps, but who, by paying an exorbitant price, have obtained the use of a separate room. The letting of these cells is one of the perquisites of the mandarin director of the house. Other rooms are transformed into gambling-halls,—an excellent way of making money, and getting custom out of the prisoners.

We next went into the exterior gallery, reserved to the women, and separated, as I said, by a narrow, uncovered passage from the high wall round the prison. It is the sublime of the horrible, or, rather, it is the abyss of abomination—the imagination of Dante can alone rise so high or descend so low. What he only partially imagined with the help of his genius, I have seen with my own eyes, in flesh and blood. Everywhere a fallen woman is more degraded than a man in

the same position. Made of a finer and more delicate stuff, she falls from a higher pinnacle, and, therefore, falls lower. One finds oneself here face to face with all kinds of physical horrors and moral degradation. And in this infamous den are shut up as hostages, pell-mell with the condemned, honest wives and young innocent daughters, whose husbands or fathers have fled from the pursuit of justice. Let us fly from this terrible spot since flight is possible to us! Before the door a certain number of living skeletons are chained, who are compelled to keep in certain attitudes. On their breasts is placed a notice in writing that they are there exposed to "public derision!" What a subject for mirth!

At the moment we crossed the great court which precedes the prison, a touching spectacle was presented to us. About thirty men, just arrived, were resting under the shade of a sycamore. There are men in the prime of life, others quite young, some few old; several of them seem to belong to the respectable classes. They are sorcerers or recruiters: their trade has been to furnish involuntary emigrants to the *barrancoës* of Macao. These unhappy creatures are bound by fours, their tails being fastened to strong cords. Sitting on their heels, or lying on the ground quite close to one another, they are like a flock of sheep. Death awaits them, and before death, torture. They know it. Every Chinaman knows his code by heart. The expression of their faces tells it plainly enough: some are crying in silence; others sigh deeply; a few seem to be the prey of abject terror; no one speaks. Passing by them an hour later, we

found them smoking some cigarettes, which a good Samaritan had given them. For a moment they forget their awful fate in this quiet enjoyment. A kind of apathetic indifference had relaxed the faces which we had seen contracted and set in sheer despair.

The pretorium or judgment hall, a little oblong court, is close to the great prison. The judge is seated in an open gallery, with a table before him loaded with briefs. On his right is a clerk, and on his left an interpreter, both of whom are standing. At a few steps in front of the table is the place reserved for the accused. On both sides are five or six subaltern agents of the tribunal. The executioner and his assistants, leaning against the wall alongside of their instruments of torture, stained and rusty with blood, await the signal to make use of them. The archdeacon and I place ourselves by the side of the interpreter. Speaking in a low voice, which is the only concession he makes to the majesty of the court, my guide rapidly translates for me the essential parts of the interrogatory. The court is quite empty. There is not a single spectator save the two strangers, *i.e.*, ourselves. Neither the judge nor his assistants take the smallest notice of us; they pretend not even to perceive our presence.

The judge is a man of about forty years of age, perhaps fifty. A pale face, cat's eyes, adorned with a pair of enormous glasses, a repulsive expression, his dress simple but cared for, his nails like bird's claws, on his thumb a great jade ring—his whole person respectable, imposing, and hideous to the last degree. This Chinese Minos bends over the table, and never

takes his eyes off the two sets of papers, one of which is written in black ink, and the other in red. Behind his seat stand his servants. From time to time one of them passes a long pipe under his arm, and withdraws it quickly, his master contenting himself with one or two puffs. Although the judge understands and speaks the southern dialect perfectly, he is supposed to know nothing but the mandarin, the language of the north; hence the necessity of the interpreter. He never himself takes any part in the interrogatory. That is the business of the clerk and the interpreter; but he directs them by saying a few words from time to time in a low voice. There is the most profound silence throughout the audience. Shall I own it? The look of the judge freezes me with terror. There is nothing human in that bronze face—not a trace of mercy or of charity. I look around me, and I see the same expression on all these different countenances. I try and put myself in the place of the accused, and feel a cold perspiration mounting to my brow.

They brought in the first prisoner, or rather they carried him in in a basket. Here, on this very spot, yesterday, he was put to the torture. They broke his ankle-bones. To-day he is simply a packet of bones and flesh, incapable of answering a word. His life is ebbing fast. On a sign from the judge he is carried off.

A young man of the lower orders is now brought in, loaded with chains. He kneels in the place set apart for the accused; they always kneel before the tribunal. Fear and craft are combined on his ignoble face, where crime and vice have left indelible traces. After

the usual questions as to the family of the accused, his parents and grandparents, the interpreter says to him: "You stole thirteen dollars?" The accused denies it obstinately. On a slight movement from the hand of the judge the executioner advances. At the sight of him abject terror seizes the unhappy culprit. He hastens to own it. "Yes, he stole the money, but it was from hunger, to buy rice." "In what shop? Was it in such or such a street?" (The scene, probably, of some other crime—a murder perhaps, committed by this very man.) Here the accused turns pale, hesitates, sobs, implores the mercy of the judge, and denies the crime again. The interpreter, who till now has tried to intimidate him, takes, all of a sudden, a soft, insinuating voice. "Why deny it, my child?" he says; "own it; and you will then only have to praise our tender mercies. Come along; take off his chains." This to the executioner, who obeys. "And now, my child, speak." But "my child" is not so easily taken in. Here begins a struggle between these two men of audacity, lying, and *ruse;* the one knowing that his life is at stake; the other, his reputation as inquisitor. The coaxing tone of the latter contrasts with the look of hatred and ever-growing terror which may be read on the face of the accused. At last the poor wretch persists in his denial, upon which the judge, in a low voice, speaks to the executioner, who, with his assistants, throw him down, stretch him on the ground, strip off his clothes, and then, squatted on his heels, the executioner, counting each stroke in a loud voice, applies at least a hundred blows on his body with a long bamboo. I own I almost fainted at the horrible

sight, and my excellent archdeacon was very nearly as bad. The assistants looked at us with disdainful surprise. Never, as long as I live, shall I forget the screams and howls of this poor fellow. After some minutes, however, the roars ceased. He was only an inert bleeding mass—impossible to proceed to-day with the second part of the question—that is, to break his legs. They drag him off, therefore, or rather, he is carried away.

The young thief is replaced by two gentlemen of respectable appearance—a merchant and his head clerk; the latter, a young man elegantly dressed; the former, a man of a certain age. They are accused of having passed contraband salt. After having bowed profoundly to the judge they knelt as usual. Neither the one nor the other seemed much moved. The old man began by pleading guilty; the clerk tried to defend himself. "He had only obeyed the orders given to him. He did not know that he was acting contrary to law. It was true that he had given some rice to the customhouse officers. But was it a crime to feed the hungry?" Whilst he was speaking, his master, evidently anxious as to his revelations, never took his eyes off him, and tried by signs to impose silence upon him. This scene is suddenly interrupted by the judge. He takes a huge English watch out of his pocket, consults it attentively, and then suddenly rises, and closes the sitting. They carry off the two merchants, who have evidently bribed some one in court. The judge, followed by his suite, without deigning to honour us with so much as a look, takes his solemn departure; the clerk and the interpreter shut up their ink-bottles, and fold

up their briefs; the executioner and his assistants put away their horrible instruments into a recess. Everything is done in perfect silence, but with order and system. This pretorium is a real hell, but a hell which is well organized.

Mr. Hughes, the English consul *ad interim*, is good enough to accompany me to the yamen. A discharge of little cannon, arranged on steps in the court, fire a salute, and thus give notice of our arrival. The viceroy comes to meet us, and takes us into a prettily-sculptured and lacquered summer-house, which opens into the garden. The sun, which is already low, shines through some exotic plants into the little apartment where, seated round a square table, we give ourselves up to the enjoyment of a regular Chinese meal. The viceroy never ceases loading my plate with all the tit-bits he can find in the little saucers with which the table is covered. I return the civility in a like manner. The champagne is served in tea-cups. The servants are numerous, and well dressed. The scene, as a whole, might have been borrowed from an old lacquered screen.

The personal friend of the late emperor, and for nine years in the most important government of China, as it embraces the two great provinces of Kwang-tung and Kwang-si, and also the most difficult to administer, owing to the necessary intercourse with foreigners, Yue is one of the most remarkable men in the empire, thought highly of at court, and likely very soon to form part of the ministry. Everyone praises his intelligence and sweetness. He is sixty-two, and

has the exterior appearance of a statesman grown old in the management of important affairs. He has a noble and clever face; a clear, frank eye; and a fine and caustic smile. He wore his official costume, which is a dark-blue tunic, with the lining of a lighter blue, and the front above the breast richly embroidered in gold. Round his neck hung a huge rosary. A magnificent peacock's plume hung from his cap, which was ornamented with a crystal button. The conversation turned on different subjects. There was a great interchange of compliments, but few commonplace phrases.

At our departure we had to cross a variety of rooms and passages. The viceroy accompanied us to our sedan-chairs. At each door we had to do *chin-chin*. There is nothing so ridiculous as to see a European perform this ceremony. You raise your two fists to the height of your forehead and give them a rotatory movement; whilst, slightly bending forward towards one another, you look at your friend fixedly between the eyes. But the viceroy acquitted himself of this grotesque duty with such grace and dignity that it gave me quite a new insight into the *chin-chin*. In fact, ever since my visit to his yamen, when I see Chinese gentlemen executing these gymnastics, I am no longer inclined to laugh. As an antidote to the too great familiarity of manners which we have borrowed from the Americans and which is invading our own country, I would venture humbly to recommend to those who give the '*ton*' to our European *salons*, that the *chin-chin* should be acclimatized.

In the village of Fati (field of flowers) we went to

see the large nursery-gardens of the florists who provide Canton with these luxuries. What a strange and perverted taste they display! The singular pleasure of metamorphosing orange-trees into vases, box-bushes into dragons with porcelain eyes, and oleanders into monsters, cypresses into junks and pheasants! and all these plants grow and flourish and are reproduced; painfully, it is true, and awkwardly, just as the women walk painfully and awkwardly on their mutilated feet. The principle is the same. The genius of this nation, which in everything is both cruel and subtle, delights in mutilating without killing.

While descending one of the numerous streams which throw themselves into the Pearl River, we heard the sound of a gong, mingled with piteous cries of pain. It is a thief whom they are marching through the great street of a village which has a bad reputation. The man with the tum-tum precedes the penitent; the executioner follows, showering blows on his naked body. The villagers look on with open mouths. This sight seems to amuse them: I should doubt if it would correct them.

It is nearly night. We are in the south-east quarter of the town, in the *City of the Dead*. Fancy a whole town full of corpses! Here are provisionally deposited the bodies of Che-kiang natives who have died at Canton, waiting for their relations, who come to fetch them and transport them into their own province. Each coffin is placed in a *chambre ardente* which is preceded by a little hall. It is

the system of corporations, so essentially Chinese, applied to the dead. The greatest cleanliness reigns in this necropolis. Not the slightest smell betrays the fact of decomposition. One passes from catafalque to catafalque. A man with a lighted torch precedes us. What a melancholy walk!

We have just passed through a little street lined on one side with shops where pottery is made, and on the other by a brick wall. Fortunately they are not *at work* on that side. But we see all along the wall the instruments which are made use of: the tables on which a man is stretched when he is to be hacked in pieces, crosses for crucifixions, little cages where the heads are exposed, vases filled with a kind of paste to take the flesh off the heads, &c., &c. All these utensils, as one sees but too plainly, have recently been used. At the time of the public executions the soil in this street is literally soaking with blood. Let us hurry our steps and pass on.

*December* 2.—For my voyage to Macao the viceroy has been gracious enough to place at my disposal the *Peng-chao-hoy*, a steamboat belonging to the state, used for the customhouse service. It is a magnificent steamer, commanded by an old officer of the Austrian navy, Captain Vasallo, a native of Prague. At five o'clock in the morning he comes to fetch me in his gig; and after having woke the peaceable inhabitants of Shamien by a noisy salute of guns, the red and white Austrian flag flying, I think, for the first time alongside of the dragon of the Celestial Empire, the *Peng*

descends the Pearl River, making about twelve knots an hour. M. Bowra, inspector of the imperial custom-houses at Canton, and Mr. Thomas, one of the residents in that town, are good enough to accompany me.

He who has not visited Canton has not seen China. Pekin is central Asia—the town of the Bible; above all, a camp—the nomad tent during a halt. Canton represents China; Pekin, Mongolia. Canton is the centre of a huge population, civilized and yet perverted. In its crowded streets one sees the whole life of the Chinese people. At every step the eye is surprised, pleased, and disgusted.

At breakfast we meet in our amiable captain's cabin. Here we are in Austria. Furniture, curtains, carpets —all come from Vienna. On the walls are portraits of the emperor and empress, of the Archduke Maximilian, and various views of our common but distant country. At our meal we are served with "Gumpoldskirchen," a wine well known and much appreciated in Vienna.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the steamer doubles the Port da Barra, on which floats the venerable flag of Portugal. A quarter of an hour later we land at Macao.

## CHAPTER VII.

*MACAO.*[1]*—FROM THE 2ND TO THE 4TH OF DECEMBER.*

Its decay.—The question of the coolies.—Progress of the Chinese element.—Camoës.

It is a feast day. Mixed with a group of young dandies, who are dressed in that exaggerated style and bad taste which characterizes the Iberians in their "Sunday best," I see arriving in sedan-chairs on the steps of the church, which they painfully climb, a number of Macao beauties, all covered up in their black *capas*. They have dark skins, slits of eyes, and look like great packets of flesh. Followed by their duennas and Malay servants, they go into the church, and do as they do in Portugal—that is, they squat indolently on their heels, murmur a few prayers, and play with their fans. If the servants, like all the women of the lower classes, have a darker skin and eyes more slit than their mistresses, it is that they have more

[1] Macao is a little peninsula formed by three little hills united in a kind of plateau which is entirely covered with houses. An isthmus connects it with the continent. In this respect the analogy with Cadiz is very striking.

Chinese or Malay blood in their veins; they are not quite so fat, and wear *capas* of calico of the most brilliant colours possible. There are not a dozen families of *pur sang* left in Macao. In this number I do not include the doctors or the civil and military functionaries, whom the government sends here at certain seasons, and who, being miserably paid, when they have served their time, return to their own country. The days when Portuguese merchants came here to make their fortunes belong to history or rather to the age of myths. No one prospers here except the coolie-brokers and the proprietors of the gambling-houses. Shut these up (they told me), suppress the coolie trade, and you will see the grass grow in the streets of Macao. Besides the Portuguese, there are three English residents and five Germans—both one and the other merchants without any business. Sometimes, though very rarely, the governor invites them to meet one another at an evening party. This is the only place, in fact, where the Germanic and Lusitanian races meet, saving in the streets, which are always deserted, and contrast wonderfully, in this respect, with the Chinese quarter, which is full of life and activity. There you find a succession of tempting shops (full of customers), flanked by huge signboards; *restaurants* full of consumers, and gambling-houses, which are always crammed. Between a double row of low houses built in the native style, you meet porters stumbling against one another, hawking their goods in sharp cries or songs, coolies bearing heavy cases or sedan-chairs, and innumerable foot-passengers, men, women, and children. It is real China. But turn round that

corner and you find yourself in a country-town in Portugal. No one is in the streets, unless it be some soldiers who are lounging about, smoking their cheroots, or, very rarely, a sedan-chair, filled to overflowing by one of those ladies with whom we made acquaintance under the church porch. The houses, which are of stone, whitewashed, or coloured red or yellow, bear the stamp of the mother-country.

One may say that not one of these is older than the year 1622, and that very few are later than 1650. Behind the houses, and on each side, above walls ornamented with vases, or crowned with massive stone balustrades, we perceive cedars, banian-trees, and exotic shrubs with shiny leaves. The magnificent cathedral of St. Paul, built by the Jesuits at the end of the sixteenth century and transformed into a barrack under the Pombal ministry, was entirely destroyed by fire a few years ago. Only the façade remains, which, though overdone with ornament, is very fine. The other churches are of strange shapes, and without any artistic pretensions. The flights of stairs and heavy balustrades remind you of Abrantes, Santarem, and Viseu. At every step one comes upon imposing buildings. They are old convents of monks and nuns, now transformed into barracks without soldiers, museums without any of the treasures which they are destined to hold, and public offices full of clerks who are dying of hunger. The *praya grande*, or quay, is a suite of houses turned towards the sea and looking to the south—it reminds one of the Junqueira of Lisbon. By a strong hyperbole, the people of Macao compare it to the Chiaja of Naples. Here they enjoy

in summer the south-western monsoon; and in all seasons a very fine view of the coast of *terra firma* and the archipelago which surrounds it. These islands, deprived of all vegetation, saving some shrubs burnt up by the sun, arrest your attention by their fantastic shapes and by the shifting effects of light which this sky, although less beautiful than that of the south of Europe, does not cease to produce.

The Chinese element gains ground continually. Nothing can be more natural. The Chinese represent life, the Portuguese, sleep, if not death. One sees in consequence the Chinese settled in some of the finest and oldest Portuguese houses. I have visited some of them. The metamorphosis is complete. The image of the Madonna, which certainly was not wanting in any one of these houses, is replaced by the altars of the ancestors. There is no longer a trace of that simplicity of furniture, that disdain for the conveniences of life which characterizes the homes of people of the Iberian race. You find, on the contrary, a thousand little useless things which are the delight of all Chinese in easy circumstances: toys, rolls of stuff or painted paper, strange pots and pans, porcelain vases, and all those little nick-nacks and china monsters which we call *Chinoiseries*. Whilst the English and German residents are leaving Macao because their business is at a standstill, and whilst the Portuguese element, by the continual infusion of Asiatic blood, becomes vitiated, and finally dies out, the Chinese, thanks to their extraordinary activity and marvellous sobriety, are accomplishing what their government tried in vain to obtain, either by force or artifice: under the

very shadow of the Portuguese flag they are retaking possession of the territory which formerly was conquered by Lusitanian heroes.[1]

The increase of the Chinese element, which is so odious to the Portuguese, has given rise to a law which reminds one of those by which California tries to defend herself from the invasion of the yellow race. At Macao, the Chinese are prohibited from building houses in the native style on the *praya grande* or the adjoining streets—a measure which is as unjust as it is powerless and impolitic. The result is simply that the Chinese buy Portuguese houses. When these pass into native hands their value is doubled. I am living now in a magnificent and spacious mansion surrounded by a fine garden close to the *praya grande*. The proprietor, who has his own reasons for not selling it, has let it to a Canton merchant, whose family pass the summer here, for the ridiculously small sum of forty dollars a month! If sold to the Chinese, it would represent at least double its actual value.

The causes of the decay of trade in this place are: the competition of the Chinese, and the opening of the treaty ports.

Everything, in fact, conspires to ruin Macao. Yet it was the great emporium of the first Portuguese merchants; and since the last half of the sixteenth century, the centre of Catholic science in the extreme east. It is even to-day the link which binds this branch of the Portuguese race to faith and civilization.

[1] The Chinese government would never recognize the occupation by the Portuguese of the Macao peninsula.

I have received several visits to-day. The governor, Vice-Admiral Sergio de Souza, seems to me to deserve his popularity. The streets are clean and the roads well kept; everything which relates to the administration is perfect; that is his great merit. The coolies give him a great deal of anxiety. He told me he did all he possibly could to regulate and humanize this slave-trade of the yellow race. The foreign merchants who came to see me, spoke bitterly of the increasing stagnation of trade. "Canton," they exclaimed, "is no longer what it was; and Macao was only a kind of supplement to Canton. The vessels which had shipped their black tea at the latter port used to come here to complete their cargoes. But the tea arrives no longer either at Canton or Macao! It is sent to the ports on the Yang-tse-kiang. Consequently there are neither ships nor business. It is only the coolie trade which brings in any profits, and men who have any regard for their own reputation, like the English and Germans, will not embark in this infamous traffic. These are the results of the pusillanimity of the English government. What we want is a more energetic policy." Thus, the more they suffer, the more warlike they become. In the eyes of these merchants, the only panacea for all these evils, is war!

I have visited the *barrancoës* in great detail. It is a large building painted blood-colour, and containing some good-sized halls. On the walls are placards in large Chinese characters telling the conditions on which coolies are engaged; either for Peru or the

Havanas. On their landing, they are shut up in the *barrancoës:* then they collect them together, read to them the conditions of their engagement, and ask them, three or four times over, if they are really determined to start? When they have given their definitive and final assent, which is done by a formal act before a notary, they are considered bound. It often happens that at the last moment they declare that they wish to go home again. One day out of 800 coolies, 300 demanded to be sent back again. As they had not made any formal engagement, they were put back on Chinese territory. Those who are really engaged are taken on board ship. These embarkations take place three times a week. A number of fine sailing-ships, anchored in the roadstead, weigh anchor the moment their human cargo is completed. According to their destination and the season, they either double Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, and generally take three months on the voyage. At this moment they are building some large steamers to replace the sailing-ships. The duty of the governor is to see that the number of emigrants in each ship, which is fixed by certain rules and regulations, shall never be exceeded. Impartial witnesses have assured me that Admiral Souza has the best will in the world to provide for the well-being of the emigrants, and especially to prevent that any of them should be put on board contrary to their own will. He also strives to insure that they shall be well treated during the passage. For this purpose he favours a practice which gives to the captains a premium of 1*l.* sterling and the first officer a premium of 5*s.* for each coolie

who shall be disembarked in good condition either at Callao or Havana. But the benevolent efforts of the Portuguese governor, although energetically supported by the Chinese authorities, who put the recruiters to death without mercy, are very often paralysed by the venality of subaltern agents, by the connivance and cupidity of the *brokers* (Spanish or Portuguese), and by the captains themselves, who, after having taken in at Macao their complete cargo of human flesh, huddle together at the bottom of the hold many other poor creatures, who, by the contrivance of the brokers and the Chinese recruiters, have been put on board from some solitary bay or creek on the coast.

Lastly, one must bear in mind the thousand artifices which the recruiting bodies make use of to entrap their victims. Here is one which is most frequently employed: the agent goes from village to village, declaring that he is going to exchange his present miserable condition for the brilliant lot which awaits him in America. They believe him on his word; he makes dupes, leads them to Macao, and goes through all the required formalities. Then comes the moment of definitive engagement. The emigrants go in single file before the notary's table, passing through a narrow, boarded passage like those one sees before our theatres or at railway stations. The recruiter, by an excess of civility, begs his victims to pass on before him. While they are signing their agreements, he takes care to make off and disappear.

To sum up all I have said, I believe the coolie slave

trade to be as bad as that of the negroes. During the passage, which is always horrible, the latter perhaps suffered rather more. But once arrived at their destination, the slaves found, in the very interest of their proprietor, who was anxious to preserve his capital, a guarantee of comparative well-being. The coolies have not even this advantage; and they tell me that their fate is the more lamentable because they belong to a race which is more civilized and more intelligent than the negroes.

At Macao, Camoës composed his poem. In a garden, which is badly kept, but of an indescribable beauty, between natural rocks and fine old trees, they still point out on a hill the poet's grotto. A profound solitude reigns there; the silence is only interrupted by the rustling of the leaves; the eye revels in an enchanting view over the town, the sea, the opposite coast, and the archipelago. Involuntarily it brought back my thoughts to Tasso's oak at St. Onofrio. A last and melancholy analogy between these two great and unhappy contemporaries!

On a stone some verses of the *Lusiades* are inscribed: complaints of royal ingratitude. They might have chosen better. Why remind everyone of this poor gentleman's miseries? Why not rather follow the bard into those ethereal regions of Parnassus, where, surrounded by his peers, he is now celebrating his greatest triumphs? Inspiration, that necessity for singing which belongs to the nightingale, patriotism and devotion to his king, vibrated in the chords of his lyre, and not the hope of obtaining court favours,

a little gold, or a ribbon! At a few steps from the grotto is a cavern, where, according to the legend, Camoës observed the stars through a fent in the rocks. Poor Camoës! thy star was then being eclipsed, but it has reappeared on the horizon, and will shine there to the end of time!

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *HOMEWARD BOUND.—FROM THE 6TH OF DECEMBER TO THE 13TH OF JANUARY.*

Departure from Hong-Kong.—The missionary question.—State of China as regards its relations with European powers.—Arrival at Marseilles.

At twelve o'clock precisely, the *Tigre* of the French Messageries Maritimes left the port of Hong-Kong. With the help of the north-east monsoon, which pushes us on, we may hope to arrive in thirty-eight days at Marseilles.

On leaving the extreme East I feel myself overwhelmed with pleasant recollections—with grateful ones; especially for the cordial welcome which everywhere awaited me. Would you believe it? Saving the first few days at Yokohama, and whilst I was travelling in the interior, where there are no Europeans, I have not slept in an inn one single night since I left America.

In Europe, I prefer an hotel. But here, it is a different thing. Your friends discover your itinerary, and give notice of your approaching arrival to their correspondents in the towns you are about to visit.

The steamer which brings you comes into harbour. A whole fleet of *sampans*, little boats and skiffs of all kinds, surround it immediately. In a gig, rowed by men in livery, you perceive a young gentleman dressed in white from head to foot, with his hand on the rudder and a cheroot in his mouth. He jumps on board, hunts you out, guesses who you are, and carries you off. His "boys" take charge of your luggage. Here you are on shore, installed in a charming room, slightly shaded by a veranda. Your bath is all ready, your toilet made, and dinner announced. You go into the drawing-room, where the mistress of the house, beautifully dressed, welcomes you in the most cordial manner. Generally a charming person herself, she is equally charmed to see you. Everybody is; for you are going to break the monotony—the *ennui*—which is the gnawing worm of colonial life. A European, a fresh arrival, who is come to amuse himself and not to be a rival—this *rara avis* is always welcome. I do not dwell upon material enjoyments, though they are not to be despised; I am only speaking of the intellectual and social advantages which you derive from this generous and often princely hospitality. You become, for the time, one of the family; and at the same moment you find yourself, as it were, in a new world. Every hour is rich with fresh knowledge. Count the many hours lost *vis-à-vis* to one's self in European hotels! Here, from morning till night, you only hear people talk of local affairs. Whilst your host is at his office, you chatter with his wife, you play with the babies, or you take lessons in "pigeon" English from their good Chinese nurse. In

fact, you see and hear of nothing else but China and Japan. At all hours you are in the midst of it.

I am going to take advantage of this leisure time to sum up my impressions. Let us see what it is which at this moment engrosses the attention of all foreigners living in the "ports." Two questions are uppermost in men's minds: that of the missionaries, and the future relations of China with Europe.

In spite of all the efforts which the French governments had made, through the intervention of M. de Lagrenée, to obtain an edict of toleration in favour of the Christians, our religion remained for a long time severely prohibited throughout the Celestial Empire. The missionaries who taught, and the natives who embraced that faith, were exposed to periodical persecutions and continual vexations. Their fate, their property, their very lives, depended on the good pleasure of the mandarin. The utmost and the best thing they could obtain was, that he would deign to ignore their existence.

The treaties of Tien-tsin and the convention of Pekin,[1] concluded by China with England and France, put an end to this state of things.

The eighth article of the English treaty runs as follows:—

"The Christian religion, as it is professed by the

[1] The English treaty was signed at Tien-tsin, on the 26th of June, 1858, and an additional convention at Pekin, on the 24th of October, 1860. The French Treaty of Tien-tsin is dated 27th June, 1858, and the convention, or treaty of peace of Pekin, on the 25th October, 1860.

Protestants and the Roman Catholics, inculcates the practice of virtue, and teaches men that they should treat others as they wish to be treated themselves. In consequence, those who teach this religion will have an equal right to the protection of the Chinese authorities, and may not be pursued or contravened, provided that they keep to their own affairs, and are not guilty of any infraction of the laws."

The thirteenth article of the French treaty, which is much more explicit, is thus conceived :—

"The Christian religion, having for its essential object to bring men to the knowledge and practice of virtue, members of all Christian communions shall enjoy entire security for their persons and their property, and the free exercise of their religious practices; and an efficacious protection shall be given to all missionaries who desire to enter peaceably into the interior of the kingdom, furnished with regular passports. No hindrance shall be placed by the authorities of the Chinese empire to the right, which is recognized in China, of every individual to embrace, if he wishes it, the Christian faith and to follow its practices, and he shall not be subject to any pains or penalties for such an act."

The sixth article of the supplementary convention concluded with France, at Pekin, adds an important clause :—

"The religious and charitable establishments which were confiscated and taken from the Christians during the recent persecutions, shall be restored to their owners, with the cemeteries and all other edifices belonging to them."

The total number of Catholic Chinese Christians is reckoned (though somewhat arbitrarily) at 500,000 by some people; by others, at 1,000,000 or 2,000,000. The largest Christian missions are in the provinces of Sze-chuen, Kiang-su, Ngan-hwei, and Chi-li. In this vast empire, about 500 European missionaries, three parts of whom are French, and from 160 to 200 Chinese priests, divide among one another the cure of souls.

Here is the detail:—

French priests from the Paris "Missions Étrangères," in the provinces of Kwang-tung and Kwang-si (they can hardly yet be said to have a regular footing in Kwang-si), in Sze-chuen, Yu-nan and Kwei-chow; also in Mandjouria, in the Corea (from whence they have lately been expelled), and in Thibet.

The Dominicans (Spanish): in Fuh-kien, Hunan, and the Island of Formosa.

The priests (French) of the congregation of the Lazarist mission: in Che-kiang, Chi-li (the northern part, Pekin), Western Chi-li, and Kiang-si.

The Jesuits (French, and some few Italians), in Kiang-su, Southern Chi-li, and Ngan-hwei.

The Franciscans (Italians) in Shan-si, Shen-si, Kang-su, and Hu-peh.

The priests (Italians) of the Propagation of the Faith at Rome: in Honan, where the hostile spirit of the population is such that they have hardly been able to go into it, in the island of Hong-Kong, and in the district of Se-non (Kwang-tung).

The priests of the Belgian congregation (for the Foreign Missions of China), in Mongolia.

The Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul (Sisters of Charity, French): at Pekin, Ning-po, Shanghai, Hang-chow (Che-kiang), and in the islands of Chusan.

The Carmelites, at Shanghai.

The Sisters "Auxiliatrices des Âmes du Purgatoire," (French), at Sü-kia-wei.

The Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres (French), at Canton, and (since the Tien-tsin massacres of the Sisters of Charity), at Hong-Kong.

The Sisters (Italian) of the Milanese community, called of Canossa, at Hong-Kong.

In each province there is a vicar-general. Sze-chuen and Chi-li reckon three. Each vicariate is subdivided into districts, according to the number of priests and missions in each.

The congregation of the Propagation of the Faith at Rome is the link between the Holy See and the missions. His procurator-general, who is to-day the Very Rev. P. Raimondi, and who resides at Hong-Kong, is his organ and mouthpiece to the various apostolic vicariates. It is he who by circulars makes known to them the Pope's orders and wishes; and this service is so well organized, that the letters of the procurator-general arrive at the most distant vicariates in less than two months and a half.

The Chinese priests all belong to families converted for the last two or three centuries. No recent convert or neophyte is admitted to the priesthood except with a special dispensation, which is rarely asked for, and still more rarely granted. The native priests are firm believers, studious, and zealous; but they are not energetic; they are timid and incapable of direction.

They eagerly seek theological discussions; but more subtle than profound, they rarely go beyond a certain point in science. *Vis-à-vis* European missionaries, they feel and sometimes resent their inferiority; but if treated with gentleness and discernment, they become excellent fellow-labourers. With regard to morals, they leave nothing to be desired. They have never yet been promoted to the higher grades of the hierarchy.

The native Sisters are very holy, and do a great deal of good, but they need constant direction.

To enable a mission really to flourish, the missionaries ought to be able to have frequent and regular communications with each other. But in many of the provinces the enormous distances place an insurmountable obstacle to this continual and personal intercourse, which is nevertheless so desirable among the members of the same mission. But in the creation of fresh ones they always strive so to arrange the stations as that they might touch; and that the priests might be able to see one another once or twice a month. The pioneers of Christianity are the catechumens. Going from village to village, they awaken curiosity, answer all the questions which may be addressed to them, and often leave behind them the seeds of conversion. Then the native priests come; and it is only after the ground has been duly prepared that the European missionaries arrive to complete the work by opening a mission. As regards the women, the first duties of the apostolate are confided to the native Sisters. They proceed like the catechumens, gathering together the women and young girls in some friendly house, ex-

plaining to them the fundamental dogmas of our faith, and awakening in their minds a desire for conversion. That is the moment for the missionary to step in to complete the instruction and confer baptism. The Chinese neophytes are rarely fervent; but they remain faithful, especially as long as they stay in their native villages. Those who travel a great deal, and remain a long time absent from home or settled in pagan towns, lose their faith very often, without, however, publicly apostatizing.

The old Chinese Christians are devoted to their religion. In Sze-chuen, where they are very numerous, they have a sense of their own strength and importance, and defend themselves vigorously, sometimes with arms in their hands, against the persecutions of the "literates."

The inherent dangers of the apostolate in China are well known. The miserable existence of the Sisters and missionaries is less so. The ranks of these noble and devoted men and women are thinned, in consequence, with fearful rapidity. "We left Europe ten years ago," said one missionary to me. "Counting the six Sisters, we were twenty-four in all. With the exception of four, including myself, all the rest have died. The diplomats and consuls," he continued, "bear their residence in China well enough. The great mortality among the missionaries cannot, therefore, be attributed to the climate. It is to be explained by the very hard lives we are compelled to live; especially from the Chinese food, the want of medical help, and the privations of every kind to which we are necessarily exposed."

During my journey in China the question of the missionaries was a constant subject of conversation. The memorandum of Prince Kung [1] and the massacres of Tien-tsin had brought the topic prominently forward. Everyone was discussing the "missionary question." Let us listen to the foreigners established in the ports, to the Chinese government, to the missionaries themselves, and lastly, to the representatives of the Christian powers in China.

I cannot better reproduce the opinion of the trade ports than by borrowing again from the book of the English consul at Shanghai.[2] Mr. Medhurst is both English and Protestant:—

"It is the fashion now," he writes, "to complain of the Protestant missionaries, and to compare them in an unfavourable manner with their Roman colleagues. . . . I shall avoid this kind of parallel, and content myself with considering both one and the other as regards their missionary activity in China. . . . . One sees very little of the Catholic missionaries, although their number, compared to the Protestants, is legion. Their system is, from the first moment of their arrival, to advance as far as possible into the interior, carefully to avoid all contact with European merchants, to disguise themselves as Chinese, and to work in the dark and with indefatigable ardour in the different stations

[1] Annexed to the circular of the Tsungli-yamen, of the 9th February, 1871.

[2] "The Foreigner in Far Cathay." My reader must forgive the anachronism which I am committing by inserting in the text of my journal of 1871 passages from a book only published in 1872.

occupied by their brethren for many years, if not for centuries. Their devotion is remarkable—their success astonishing; and I am among those who think that they have done, and are doing, a great deal of good. They strive to gain proselytes by means of education, a process necessarily slow, but of which the result, as regards the number and the solid nature of the conversions, is all the more satisfactory. In any town or village where there is a Catholic mission one is sure to find a kernel of Christian families, in whom the faith has been transmitted from generation to generation; and I have been often struck by the peace and look of respectability which one sees in these communities, especially when compared with the pagan inhabitants around them; as also at the obedience and attachment which the converts show to their 'spiritual father,' by which name they habitually call the priests."[1]

Mr. Medhurst, however, regrets the clauses which have been inserted in the French treaty. According to his view, the Catholic priests, who had hitherto been obliged to live hidden lives, have been emboldened, in consequence of these concessions, to demand a restitution of their property, which had been confiscated from political motives, and lately to arrogate to themselves a kind of jurisdiction over the native members of their Church, which may infringe on their duties as Chinese subjects. He also thinks that the Catholic and Protestant missionaries commit a fault in erecting

[1] I have not the book in question: so that Mr. Medhurst must excuse the translation if it be not altogether an accurate one. (Note of Translator).

magnificent churches with spires, without the least deference for Chinese prejudices.

Lastly, the author blames the Sisters of Charity for admitting children into their orphanages, thereby, as he imagines, furnishing their enemies with a pretext for spreading calumnious reports.

Others, less moderate than Mr. Medhurst, lift up their voices against missions in general, and dispute their practical utility. Like all the world, however, or, at any rate, like all those who have spoken to me on this matter, they admit the superiority of the Catholic missionaries over the Protestant ones.

The Catholic missions date back 200 or 300 years. The teaching and propagation of the faith have never been interrupted, and among the numerous Christian missions scattered over the surface of this great country, there are some of considerable importance. The Roman Catholic missionaries know China better than anyone; and it is from them that the diplomatic bodies receive the best and most certain information as to what is going on in the most distant, and most inaccessible points of the empire.[1] All this they are willing to allow; but they are afraid that the missionaries may become too exacting, and, by exciting the opposition of the mandarins, thereby hinder their trade.

"What is the use," these men say, "of preaching the Gospel? The Chinese do not understand it.

[1] When transmitting to Lord Granville Prince Kung's proclamation on the massacres of Tien-tsin, Mr. Wade adds:—"We shall learn from the Roman missionaries how far this proclamation will have been spread in the interior." Blue-Book, China, I. p. 222.

They are not yet ripe for the dogmas and truths of Christianity. Allow the action of time, and you will see. Civilize men first before you convert them. Already the great wall which surrounded China may be said to have ceased to exist. Our cannons have made breaches in it, and a new element has been introduced into this country, formerly so hermetically closed, and to-day opening more and more. This new element is ourselves. We bring them new ideas, give them a feeling of security, of cleanliness, of well-cleaned, well-swept, well-lit streets, railroads, and telegraphs. Add to this the influence of those Chinese who return from America, Australia, and the Straits of Malacca. They have adopted, to a certain degree, the tastes, ideas, and habits of Europeans. These are the real missionaries. When the Chinese shall be sufficiently enlightened to laugh at their superstitions, they will perhaps become Christians. If the Catholic priests, instead of preaching, if the English, German, and American parsons, instead of selling bibles, were to spread little pamphlets on useful knowledge, or illustrated newspapers, or popular treatises on physics and mechanics, they would bring about the transformation of this country."

When you answer, "But the emigrants come back from California, Australia, and Singapore, more Chinese and more hostile to foreigners than they were when they went," they only smile and hold their tongues. However, everyone does not share in these illusions :—

"I have constantly found," writes Mr. Medhurst,[1] "that the Chinese do not improve by contact with

[1] "The Foreigner in Far Cathay," p. 176.

foreigners. . . . . The dominant classes tolerate us; but they would welcome the day when they saw the last factory demolished and the last ship leave their shores. The emigrants, when they return, fall instinctively back into their old grooves, and look upon their sojourn among foreigners as a trial which has had to be borne, but which is happily over. Even Chinese of a certain rank, who have lately visited the West with a quasi-diplomatic character, do not appear to have been in the least touched or impressed by what they have seen, and are in no way disposed to second the progress of civilization."

The author cites Chung-how as an example, the commissioner of the three ports at Tien-tsin. He saw him when he embarked for Europe on board a magnificent steamer of the Messageries Françaises, and he visited him in London at the fashionable Grosvenor Hotel. On both these occasions the luxury which surrounded him seemed in no way to awaken the attention of this great personage, or to strike him more than if he had been miserably installed in a junk, or in a dirty Chinese inn. Mr. Medhurst thinks that the spirit of this nation is incapable of ridding itself of its traditional ideas and customs.

Thus the public of the ports wishes for the civilization of China, but doubts the efficacy of any missions. It has a very high opinion of the personal qualities of the Catholic missionaries, but considers them rather as a source of embarrassment. As to the Sisters, they blame what they call their "imprudence," but they speak of them with immense admiration. Such is, in China, saving some rare exceptions, the state of

feeling as regards the Catholic missions in the European factories.

The Protestant missionaries are even less popular than their Catholic brethren. They are accused of being traders; of occupying themselves too much with the goods and affairs of this world, and of their families; and of troubling the consuls incessantly by their reclamations: as, for example, they cite that after the massacres of last year, they insisted not only on indemnities for the reparation of their chapels, but for the profits which they derived from the sale of their bibles, which was necessarily interrupted by the Tien-tsin troubles.

Let us listen again to Mr. Medhurst, who is less prejudiced against them than the greater part of the European residents:—

"The Protestant missionaries are almost all married, settle in the open ports, build for themselves comfortable houses in the European style in the concessions, and live almost entirely in the society of foreigners. Although they profess to abstain from all commercial transactions, the natives think that they take part in them. I have said that they are married. Certainly, I have nothing to say against the conjugal state, and I do not wish to plead that of celibacy; all the less because I know more than one devoted couple whose united efforts have done a great deal of good. Nevertheless, I think that, as regards China, men and women who are unmarried are more able to fulfil the duties of missionaries. Their time and attention should be consecrated to the work of the apostolate; and it would be then far easier for

them to avoid contact with a European *entourage* and to live quietly amidst the native population. They would thus more easily gain the respect and benevolence of the Chinese, who look upon celibacy as the principal element of real self-sacrifice."

The author recognizes the success, which is only relatively important, obtained by the members of the different bible societies. As for me, I have met very few Protestant missionaries. Those I have seen seemed to me to deserve the consideration which they enjoy among their co-religionists. The number of native conversions to Protestantism, however, seems to be infinitesimally small. But, if the English, American, and German missionaries bring but few sheep into the fold, they have, during the last four years, contributed a good deal to spread the knowledge of China in Europe.

I think I have in the preceding pages given an exact, or, at any rate, a conscientious summary of the judgment of the factories on the missions of the different Christian communions. The merchants come here to make their fortunes; the priests and Sisters, to save souls. They live in totally different worlds, and cannot understand each other. That is the simple fact.

Now we come to the complaints of the Chinese government, as they have been drawn up in their famous memorandum.[1]

The result of the treaties as regards trade, they say,

[1] Of the 9th February, 1871. Already on the 26th of June, 1869, the Tsungli-yamen had addressed a note to Sir R. Alcock on the same subject, then English minister at Pekin.

has been very satisfactory. The stipulations regarding the missionaries, on the other hand, have missed their aim, and compromised the good relations with foreigners. The missionaries have conferred baptism on good and bad alike—even on rebels. They support the petitions of bad men. Hence the unpopularity of the Christian religion. The nation makes no distinction between Catholics and Protestants, nor between one foreigner and another. Vainly has the government tried to enlighten the public mind! China is a vast empire.

Already, before the Tien-tsin massacres, the growing animosity against the propagation of the Christian faith had fixed the attention of the government. At the conclusion of those events mandarins have been sent into exile, murderers executed, and indemnities paid. But if explosions of this nature should be repeated, the employment of measures of repression would be more difficult.

In past times, the functionaries of China and the representatives of foreign nations committed the fault of employing palliatives. Foreigners demanded, and China conceded the adoption of, measures intended to smooth down the difficulties of the moment. The exigencies of foreigners are often inadmissible, and seem to be put forward in order to place China in a false position. The Chinese government desires that the missionaries should submit to the same rules as in other countries; that they should observe the laws of the state; and that it should be forbidden them to arrogate to themselves rights and authority which do not belong to them; or to give scandal and surround

their works with mystery—(this is an allusion to the orphanages). In all respects their conduct should be in conformity with their teaching. So far from that, they oppress the non-Christians and exasperate the people by despising Confucius. They encourage the Christians to escape from their obligations as subjects of the empire, and to refuse payment of the taxes; they plead the cause of the refractory before the courts, annul promises of marriage, and consequently provoke dissensions in families. They importune the authorities, demanding in certain cases exorbitant indemnities, and do not hesitate to shelter Christians from the action of justice. Some of them, likewise, in their correspondence, have made use of titles and seals to which they have no right. Lastly, they abuse the sixth article of the convention with France, in demanding the restitution of the property of the Church, without having respect to the sympathies and prejudices of the people, or to the increased value of the ground they claim.

To-day they constitute a distinct power within the state. Seeing with what severity the men implicated in the Tien-tsin massacres were punished, they will become more and more bold. The result will be a rising among the people which the authorities will find themselves powerless to restrain. Grave would be the responsibility of the European governments if they hesitated to take, in concert with China, measures of precaution against such eventualities.

In consequence, the Tsungli-yamen propose:—

1. The entire suppression of the orphanages; or, if that be impossible, the exclusion of all non-Christian

children. In every case a registration to be made of the children, and a free admission for all persons belonging to their families who wish to visit them. The secrecy at present maintained gives rise to suspicions. The poor people are persuaded that the Sisters tear out the eyes and the hearts of the children. Besides, similar institutions abound in China, so that Christian orphanages have no need to exist at all.

2. It should be forbidden to women to frequent the same churches as men. Women cannot be missionaries.

3. The Christians known as bad people should be expelled. It is also required that lists, periodically revised, should be sent in, containing the names of all the members of each Christian community. Likewise new regulations as to the passports of the missionaries.

Finally, the missionaries are accused, especially those living in the interior, of claiming a semi-official position equal to that of the mandarin of the province; of contesting the authority of the latter with regard to the native Christians; of sheltering these from the operations of justice, and consequently attracting evil-livers to their community, and of recruiting children for their orphanages, contrary to the wish of their parents. In this latter accusation the Legations and Consulates of France are indirectly included, as they are suspected of supporting secretly, if not openly, the pretensions of the Catholic priests.

In answer to these accusations, the missionaries do not attempt to deny the popularity they enjoy, nor the moral authority which they exercise in the

Christian districts. The mandarins are few. There are some districts of 2,000,000 of inhabitants administered by only two or three mandarins. These last are very often ignorant of what passes in the bosom of these populations, and care very little. Personally they are not always hostile to Christianity. Some of them throw no obstacle whatever in the way of the propagation of the faith. They administer justice with tolerable impartiality and receive the taxes. There are both good and bad mandarins; but as a rule, people avoid them as much as they can. The governor of the province, the taotai of the district, and the chi-fu, are personages the very sight of whom make the people shudder. The villages have a very free municipal constitution. They govern themselves. Wherever Christianity takes root, the missionaries, whether they will or no, have a great ascendency. The Chinese like to be directed. They love authority, for they feel the want of it; and prefer that of the missionary, who has never done them anything but good, to that of the mandarin, who never shows himself but with followers whose only object is to extort and carry off as much money as possible.

The missionaries deny that they ever excite any subjects to rebellion; but they allow that they encourage them not to take part in pagan ceremonies, and not to contribute to the expenses of such rites.

They own that they often plead with the mandarins the cause of Christians who are being persecuted for their religion; and they declare that they cannot refuse to admit into the bosom of the Church men who

may be considered bad by the mandarins, provided their conversion be sincere; the object of the Christian religion being to save souls, and consequently to correct the bad.

The treaty between France and China having expressly stipulated the restitution of the former property of the Church, the missionaries are only making use of their undoubted right in claiming such restitution through the intervention of the consuls or minister of France. If these latter consider the demand inadmissible or inopportune, they either abandon or adjourn their claim. In all ways, if anyone had a right to complain of their importunity, it would be the diplomatic and consular authorities of France, and not the mandarins.

As to what concerns the fact of having assumed titles and seals to which they had no right, that is simply a question of individual appreciation and obedience to superior authority. The missionary is bound above everything to give an example of humility. But the vicars-apostolic are bishops, princes of the Church, and in making use of their seals as bishops they in no way whatever infringe upon the jurisdiction of the mandarins. In China, a seal is a symbol of official authority exercised by those holding high office in the state. The seal of the vicar-apostolic or bishop constitutes, in the eyes of the native Christians, the proof of his position as chief pastor or bishop. Long before the treaties, even the vicars-general always made use of their seals. Besides which, as the Tsungliyamen is well aware, contests on questions of etiquette or precedence are extremely rare.

As to the orphanages, everyone knows how things really are. On no occasion have either priests or Sisters purchased children. The moment an orphanage is begun, the children flock from all parts. They are brought either by their parents, or by Christian or pagan travellers to whom their parents have intrusted them for this purpose. They never expose male children, unless utter misery or the absolute impossibility of feeding them compels the father to abandon them. The girls, on the other hand, being only considered as a burden, are thrown into the street or into the river, or else buried alive. There are even some people in good circumstances who get rid of their girls in this way. But when they know that there is an orphanage in the neighbourhood the voice of nature makes itself heard, and the parents bring their children to the missionaries. The mortality among the young boys is very great, from the reason that their parents cannot bear to part with them till reduced to the last extremity; the children have then suffered terribly from hunger. When admitted into the orphanages, they get fat and appear to be in good health; but after a few months they fall away suddenly and a very large number of them perish and die. Among the young girls, the mortality, although also very great, is less than with the boys; because they have been exposed or carried to the Sisters immediately or a few days after their birth. They have not had time to contract the diseases which arise from want and privation. It is true that many, even of these children, die; but many, on the other hand, become healthy and strong. All these poor little

abandoned creatures would have perished miserably but for the intervention of the missionaries and the nuns. In the "treaty ports" they accuse the Sisters of imprudence. They say to them: "The number of children whom you save is too few to make up for the harm you do to yourselves and indirectly to us all, by giving rise to suspicions and calumnious rumours against all Europeans." To this reproach we, missionaries and Sisters, answer, That, in the first place, we deny the fact. The Sisters everywhere are surrounded by the affectionate veneration of the people. At Ning-po, for instance, natives of all classes salute them respectfully wherever they appear, and the poor boatmen at the great ferry refuse to accept money from them.[1] We might quote hundreds of such proofs. It is only in these last times that the literates have succeeded in setting the people against us. And do not forget that we are missionaries: that we wish to save not only the lives of these poor little ones, but their souls. As soon as they are brought to us, if they have not attained to the age of reason, we baptize them; those who are above seven years old are first instructed and then baptized. You smile? Very well, everyone from his own point of view. Let each man do his duty according to his conscience. As long as no grave inconvenience results for others, no one has a right to complain of us. You remind us of Tien-tsin. We do not admit that the mortality among our orphans was the cause of the massacres. It was only the pretext and an arm in the hands of

[1] This fact was confirmed to me by a Protestant English resident at Ning-po.

those who provoked, prepared, and directed the movement. The object of these men was and is, the extermination or expulsion not only of the missionaries but of all foreigners.

As to the complaints of the Tsungli-yamen, they are not sincere. They bring them forward only to strive to deprive us of our exterritorial rights; to subject us to the laws of the country, that is, to torture and the bamboo; to come back to the state of things which existed previous to the war and the treaties: and that with the consent of the very powers with whom they concluded them.

A good many of these arguments may be found in the answers which the English and United States ministers made to the circular of the Tsungli-yamen and which have been communicated to the English Parliament. The note of the French *Chargé d'Affaires*, inspired by his government, has not been officially published; but one knows the context of it.

"If the ideas which dictated the memorandum were to prevail," writes M. le Comte de Rochechouart to the Tsungli-yamen,[1] "our relations with the Celestial Empire would be profoundly troubled, if not altogether broken." The eight articles are then repeated one by one in energetic language. "Not one of them," the note says, in conclusion, "is acceptable to the French government, and not one appears to have been seriously proposed. If the French government thinks that the Christians cause any anxiety to the Chinese government, they believe still

[1] Pekin, 14th November, 1871.

more strongly that the Chinese only make use of them as a pretext." It would be superfluous to reproduce the notes of the English and United States ministers. I will allude to only one or two passages. Mr. Wade takes occasion to recommend anew the creation of an international code applicable to *mixed cases*, and to exhort the Chinese government to admit loyally the principle of official relations with foreign powers; in other words, to establish permanent Legations at the different foreign courts. "It is not a panacea for all ills," he says, "but it would be the means of preventing frequent wars, and be the sole efficacious guarantee against a renewal of international differences. In this way they would put an end to those incessant recriminations between the yamen and the Foreign Legations, which makes life at Pekin so hard to diplomatic agents. China ought to make herself heard, and to know what passes beyond her own frontiers."

Mr. Low dwells upon the fact, that almost all the complaints of the Chinese government relate to Christians and priests living in the Sze-chuen and Kwei-chow provinces, that is to say, very far from the spots inhabited by the consuls, merchants, and foreigners in general. Hence the impossibility of obtaining impartial witnesses. The best way to prevent these troubles would be, according to the American representative, to establish consulships in the interior and to open these same provinces to foreign trade.

Lord Granville in his despatch to Mr. Wade, which was an answer to the Chinese memorandum, recom-

mends, like Mr. Low, the opening of the interior of China to foreign commerce.

The real interest of this diplomatic correspondence is centred in the reports sent by Messrs. Wade and Low to their respective governments.

"The Chinese memorandum," writes Mr. Wade, "is badly written. It contains, alongside of some affirmations which are easily refuted, accusations which they know cannot be maintained. But looking at them as a whole, and comparing them with what I have learned in conversation during these last eight years, these articles confirm me in my conviction that, to protect the missionaries against the hostility of the literate classes, we must have one of two things: either the protecting powers must, sword in hand, support the missionaries out and out; or else, the latter must be subject to certain restrictions. These restrictions, on the one hand, should leave to the missionaries all that latitude of action which they can desire, if their object be simply to christianize China; and on the other hand, to furnish the Chinese government with the means of declaring to the native conservatives, who are wounded by the pretensions of the missionaries, that these pretensions are not authorized by the protecting powers. . . .

"It is but just to add, that, according to the unanimous testimony of the Roman missionaries, the government does what it can to prevent collisions with the Christians. Three parts of the Catholic missionaries, in all 400 or 500, are French; and the non-Christian Chinese call the Roman Catholic religion, the 'French religion,' or 'the religion of the Saviour of Heaven.'

I have very often heard them express a dread here on the subject of the ascendency of Romanism.[1] Also, I think, that the fear of seeing the Romanists recruited from among their enemies, and by degrees exceeding in numbers their well-disposed subjects, or of seeing the Christian missions throw themselves completely into the arms of France, this fear, though they would not own it, is, I believe, what really inspired the memorandum."

Mr. Lowe, United States minister, says in his despatch to Mr. Fish:—"I do not believe that the complaints against the Catholic missionaries are either true, reasonable, or just; but I fancy that some few of the complaints against them are not altogether destitute of foundation. And although I am perfectly aware of their difficulties and dangers, candour compels me to say that I do not think the remedy lies in diplomacy, but is beyond its action. A healthy policy, as much as the religious and moral duties of Christian nations, precludes one's retracing one's steps, however great might be the advantage which such a conduct would insure to trade or commerce. Considerations of humanity likewise necessitate the assertion of the right that all foreigners should be governed and punished according to the laws of their respective countries. On the other hand, the governments must watch that their officers, agents, and subjects should not infringe on Chinese rights, and that

[1] Mr. Wade constantly makes use of the words *Romanizing* and *Romanist* in his despatches—words used by English Protestant missionaries in a hostile sense, but not usual in diplomatic correspondence.

the stipulations of the treaties should be equally observed. That a rigorous abstention from all intervention between native Christians and the Chinese authorities would entail sufferings and persecutions on the former is more than probable; but perhaps such conduct would result in helping the cause of the missionaries. . . . The remedy, if remedy there be, France alone is called upon to employ. It is to this power, in her own interest as well as in that of all the foreign residents, that we must look for removing all just cause of complaint from the Chinese government."

To sum up the whole, Mr. Wade and Mr. Low are agreed in their conviction that diplomacy is powerless to solve what is called the "missionary question." Only, they arrive at opposite conclusions. The English minister insinuates, indirectly, that the missionaries should be left to their fate. This advice is not necessarily inspired by a hostile feeling or a want of sympathy for the work of the apostolate. I am far from accusing him of this. A certain number even of fervent Catholics share in Mr. Wade's opinion, and beg for the cessation of the whole protectorate. By and bye I will examine this theory. Mr. Low, on the other hand, with a liberality of spirit and an elevation of feeling which are equally remarkable, claims for the priests the maintenance of all those rights and privileges which the treaties guarantee to all foreign residents in China.

In Europe, the Chinese memorandum gave rise to an exchange of ideas between the great powers.[1] The

[1] In June and July, 1871.

French cabinet had expressed the wish that the answer to the Tsungli-yamen should be a collective one. The British government declined this proposal, basing their refusal on the difference which existed between the French and English treaties relating to the Catholic and Protestant missionaries in China. In consequence, each of the envoys presented his note separately, but each answered in the same sense as to their non-acceptance of the proposed conditions. For the moment things remain as they were.[1]

The tragedy of Tien-tsin and the recent reverses in France for a moment compromised the protectorate exercised by her over the missionaries and the native Christians. Suggestions were made for a new kind of arrangement, which at first sight recommends itself by its simplicity. "The Catholic missionaries," people said, "are simple foreigners, like the merchants residing in the ports. These priests should then be under the protection of the ministers and consuls of their respective nations; the French priests, of the French agents, the Spanish Dominicans, of the Spanish government; the Italians (Franciscans and priests from the Propagation of the Faith at Rome), of the minister and consuls of the king of Italy, and so on; or else, if the Holy See objected to this solution of the difficulty, could not all the missionaries be placed under the collective protectorate of the powers represented at Pekin? A council might be formed,

[1] In November, 1871, the incident of the memorandum was considered at an end. "We made certain proposals to you," said Prince Kung to the ministers; "you don't like them. Well, don't let us speak of them again."

consisting of the Russian, English, German, and Italian ministers, as well as of the representative of Catholic France, and this council should be the judge and the last resort of all questions concerning the missions."

This plan was seriously discussed at Pekin, and communicated confidentially to the Chinese ministers, who entertained it favourably. It was not, however, the same with the missionaries. All—French, Spanish, Italian, and Belgian—unanimously rejected the proposal, and declared that they infinitely preferred to remain under the protectorate of France.[1]

Other voices have been raised in favour of the cessation of all protectorates. The flourishing state of the Church in China under the great emperors of the present dynasty would seem to recommend a return to the old state of things. The protectorate entails endless inconveniences: first (and it is not the least among them), the intermeddling of those who exercise it, in the name of France, in purely ecclesiastical affairs. The envoy at Pekin and the consuls in the ports—obliged to watch over the interests of the Church, responsible, within certain limits, for the safety of the missionaries, and called upon likewise to support their demands—have they not the right to exact in return that their *protégés* should keep them informed of their proceedings? And in those delicate cases where spiritual and temporal interests meet, or in critical

[1] I have learnt, since my return to Europe, that the Holy See had forbidden the Dominicans and Franciscans, under pain of excommunication, to have any relations, whether private or official, with the representatives of the Spanish and Italian governments.

moments, should they not listen to the advice of the official representatives of the protecting powers? Theoretically, this pretention is both logical and just. But in practice it results in grave inconveniences, inextricable difficulties, and a painful clashing of the interests of both parties, which become scandalous if rumoured abroad, and sometimes extremely compromising. Remember the misfortunes of Tien-tsin: a consul who meddles in the affairs of the mission; who will settle everything and direct everything, even to the orphanage of the Sisters; who shuts his doors on the Fathers because they venture to make remonstrances; who, from a spirit of opposition, entirely mistakes the gravity of the situation, and that precisely because the Fathers try to make him understand it. In the time of China's grandeur, the Jesuits protected themselves—that is, they knew how to obtain the sole efficacious protection, that of the emperors. Doubtless bad days are come—the days of trouble and persecution. So much the worse for the missionaries; or rather so much the better. It is an opportunity for them to gain the crown of martyrdom. And after all what was the protection of France worth at Tien-tsin?

This kind of reasoning—which, after all, I have heard from no missionary, but from certain of the laity—seems to me altogether untenable. One cannot compare the China of to-day with the China of Kang-hi. The arrival and establishment of Europeans in the ports and of the Legations at Pekin has entirely changed the face of affairs. The Jesuits of former days knew how to conciliate the favour of the court,

and that during nearly two centuries. Nobody then suspected them of political after-thoughts. To-day every single Catholic missionary passes for being a French agent, and in consequence, is suspected. As to the doctrines professed by the priests and Sisters in their schools and orphanages, the Chinese ministers do not trouble their heads about them. What does displease them, and what irritates public opinion, is the presence of the missionaries in the interior of the empire; their want of respect for Confucius; and the introduction of foreign rites. To this we must add the enormous increase of conversions. Persons whose veracity on this point cannot be questioned have assured me that since 1860 the number of Catholic Christians in China is enormously increased. Hence the increase of hatred and dread on the part of the literates, and the obligation, on the part of the Chinese government, to take restrictive measures, or at least to have the appearance of so doing. Some of the most enlightened members of the Chinese apostolate have said to me: "To withdraw all diplomatic protection from the missionaries would be to annul the benefits of the French treaty; to put them beyond the pale of the law; to give them up to the persecutions and hatred of the mandarins; to compromise, and that gravely, the very existence of the Christian missions. Doubtless, conflicts will sometimes arise between the protectors and the protected. No legislator has yet succeeded in drawing the line of demarcation between the spiritual and temporal power; for the separation of church and state is a chimera, or else it is the divorce between the church and the state; and

in its last stage, the dissolution of Christian society. One must, then, give up the hope of finding a solution as a general rule. But in all the difficulties which may arise, priests and diplomats or consuls ought to try and act together. Besides, when have such conflicts arisen? We do not know a single instance in which the missionaries have not yielded to the opinion or decision of the French minister at Pekin. If our demands seem to him just and not inopportune, he supports them; in a contrary case, he refuses or adjourns his consent, and all is said and done.

"To-day we see, residing in Pekin, the representatives of great countries who are not Catholic—Russia, England, and the United States. We have only to praise their conduct and thank them for their sympathy. But we must have, alongside of these anti-Catholic powers, an advocate who will defend the interests of our holy religion; and who, thanks to the treaties, shall have authority to speak in our favour. Now, such a mission as this, Austria being absent, can only be fulfilled officially by very-Catholic France—at least in China."

What is the interior position of the empire? What happens at the court, in the bosom of the Tsungli-yamen, in the heads and hearts of those innumerable "literates" who exercise so great an influence on the destinies of their country? One can understand how difficult it is, even for diplomats, living at the very seat of the central government, to penetrate through the veil which shrouds all these mysteries. Now the following is what I have been able to gather from different sources on this head:—

Whilst the foreign powers are resolved, I am told, to maintain their acquired positions, to ensure to their fellow-countrymen all the advantages guaranteed to them by the treaties, and to watch that the imperial government should fulfil her engagements to the letter, the Chinese, on the contrary, have but one wish, and that is to withdraw themselves as much as possible from the obligations imposed upon them by the treaties, and to work in the dark so as to bring about, if possible, the expulsion of the foreigners. This vow, or determination, more or less ardent according to individual character, lies deep in the heart of every Chinaman. It is specially the dream of that very influential class of literates or little mandarins. The masses, absorbed by the miseries of daily life, have not the time to occupy themselves with political questions. But antipathies against foreigners do not the less exist in the heart of this people; and the literates take good care to feed it by sinister rumours, carefully-spread calumnies, innumerable libels, and constant prophecies of massacres and pillages.

Now what is the conduct of the central government in the face of these dispositions?

The reigning dynasty is undergoing the fate of those which have preceded it; it is degenerating: a natural consequence of the omnipotence with which the sons of heaven are invested, and of the cloistered life they are compelled to lead. The founder of this dynasty and his immediate successors were men of note—men of action; but hardly had they arrived at the summit of their power than they began to

deteriorate. These races of despots become very quickly enervated and enfeebled. After a childhood surrounded with too much care, a precocious youth, [thanks to the courtesans] *blasé*, before their time, comes the age of manhood which, with them, is the age of decay, of imbecility, and of moral and physical powerlessness. Now the Chinese government is eminently a personal government. All the wheels of the administration revolve round the emperor and are set in motion by him. When this will is wanting or weak, the machinery stops. China, therefore, cannot stand the existence of a slothful or idiotic sovereign. This explains the fall of the dynasty and the precarious state of the reigning royal family.

As to Tung-chi, the present emperor, he has not yet had the opportunity of showing what he can do. All that is known is, that he is impatient to escape from the tutelage and somewhat pedantic authority of the empress-regent, and to seize the reins of government. Also, that he is surrounded by ambitious confidants. These men, who are equally anxious to have their share of the supreme power, hope to arrive at it by hoisting the national flag of hatred against the foreigners.

The most influential personages in this *camarilla* are the empress-mother and the *seventh* prince, the younger brother of Kung, who is the *sixth*. In this coterie they are persuaded, and they try to persuade the emperor, that the defeats suffered by the Chinese had no other cause than the inferiority of the Chinese arms and ammunition; that to-day the imperial troops are equipped and armed in a manner to be able to

repel all aggressors and defeat the enemy; that a word from his majesty would suffice to bring into the field an innumerable and irresistible force. Unfortunately, the members of the present ministry (they add) are incapable cowards; or rather, they are traitors; they are the authors of these humiliating treaties; of the installation of foreigners in the trade ports; of all the evils, in fact, which for the last twelve years have fallen upon China. The attitude of these courtiers, who lean on the authority of the mother of the emperor, on a close alliance with the literates and little mandarins and on the patriotic feelings of the country, fill the Tsungli-yamen with consternation. And this may be easily understood: for in China, statesmen, on losing their places, lose likewise their lives. The conduct of ministers proves their trouble of mind. Instead of accepting the struggle and proving to the young emperor the falsehood of the accusations heaped upon them, the folly of the dreams with which the court is deceived, and the powerlessness of China to come out victoriously from a second war with one or more of the great European powers, Prince Kung, the most enlightened and courageous member of the great council, and his colleagues, fall into the trap prepared for them. They accept the position of accused persons, protest their innocence, and give in to the measures proposed by the war party. Thus they have consented to send away the greater part of the naval instructors and foreign commanders of the Chinese navy; with their knowledge, if not with their concurrence, the troops are systematically excited against foreigners; and

the fortifications and building of men-of-war are vigorously pushed forward. As to the obligations imposed by the treaties, the ministry, in the vain hope of disarming their adversaries and yielding to public opinion, study to restrain as much as possible the application of the stipulations, to throw every difficulty in the way of the just demands of the diplomatic corps, and to make inadmissible proposals to the foreign powers. The famous memorandum on the missionaries (of the 9th February, 1871) had no other object but to try and stop the mouths of the anti-foreign cabal.

The carnage of Tien-tsin and the indignation it roused in the European concessions aggravated the position. The polemic of the English newspapers, published in the ports, and the abuse which they constantly pour on the Chinese government, are no secret to the great mandarins, who see in these articles and pamphlets a determination on the part of the foreign merchants to bring about a fresh war. Thanks to the pamphlets which the English and American missionaries publish in the Chinese language, the camarilla, the Tsungli-yamen, the literates, and the little mandarins have a tolerably correct notion of the state of Europe, of the late French disasters, of the increase of the power of Germany, and of the difficulties of England with America and Russia.

There is consequently a struggle between the two parties in the highest government circles; a dangerous, but explainable, hesitation on the part of the ministry, and throughout the country a deep but silent agitation, the result of the active propaganda carried on

against the foreigners. From north to south, from the borders of the Yellow Sea to the frontiers of Thibet, combustible elements are accumulating with the patient activity which distinguishes the Chinese. The ministers do their best to maintain tranquillity. Instructions in this sense, and an order to stifle difficulties and avoid conflicts with foreigners, have been duly given to the governors of the different provinces; but in the actual state of public opinion a spark would be sufficient to bring about an explosion.

Such is the position of China as regards its interior state and policy. Let us cast a glance on its relations with foreign powers.

All the great powers, in the last eleven years, have concluded treaties with China; but Russia and England alone in this empire have to protect and save the permanent interests of their countrymen; and in that sense, it does not depend on the will of these governments to sacrifice them to other considerations. A grave reverse at Pekin would destroy the *prestige* of Russia in Central Asia; and a similar disaster to England would compromise her dominion in India.

France protects the missionaries and ensures to the native Christians, within the limits of the treaties and of her power, the free exercise of Catholic worship. It is a grand and noble mission which she has undertaken; but were she compelled to give it up—which God forbid!—she might abandon it without losing her position as one of the great powers of Europe. In a commercial point of view, the French govern-

ment asks very little of China. All French articles of consumption for foreigners in the treaty ports, saving silk, enter free of dues. Some of their productions—perfumery, for instance—begin to be highly appreciated by the Chinese, and on this head the importation has greatly increased during the last few years.

The United States draw nearer in proportion as their steam communications with California are multiplied. Nevertheless, the number of American merchants established in China is very small, and some of these employ Chinese capital. Steam navigation, and the interests attached to it, form, then, the only link which unites the Celestial Empire with North America. The principal object of the latter is to discover some coal mines, and to work them for the profit of their steamers. In a military point of view, their basis of operations—their Atlantic arsenals—are further off even than Portsmouth or Cherbourg. It is also well known that her war navy is not in proportion to the vastness of her territory, and that public opinion in the United States is not in favour of distant expeditions. The merchant-ships of Germany, which are always numerous, have rather diminished in the last few years. The vessels bearing the flag of the North German Confederation were, during the war, blockaded in the Chinese and Japanese ports by the ships of the French naval station, which were very strong at that time. But the Chinese, in consequence, acquired the habit of making use of the English and American steamers, which do the coasting trade; and it will be some

time before the German flag will regain the importance it formerly possessed. The merchants of this nation, established in the far East, claim, then, from their government a more efficacious protection: the creation of a navy strong enough to defend them in case of war: and the seizure of a portion of Chinese territory, to which part of the emigration stream from the "Vaterland" might be directed, and which might become a kind of German Australia. They first thought of Formosa, but the unhealthy climate of this island made them give up the idea. During my stay there they were talking of the Corea. Such are the aspirations of the German colony in the trade ports, who are few in number, it is true, but active and enterprising. Austria, at the present moment, has no motive for sending men-of-war to the extreme East. No political or serious commercial interest calls upon her to take such a step. Its flourishing trade, which provides for the wants of the empire, and in certain articles enters into competition with foreign industry in the markets of Europe and the Levant, is not yet in a condition or obliged to seek an outlet in the antipodes. In signing, in concert with all the other great powers, a treaty with China, the Austrian government has assured for herself a place in Asia for any future eventualities. She has established a Consulate in the most important port of the Celestial Empire; and in order to enable her consul to proceed with an exchange of the ratifications of the treaty, she has conferred upon him a diplomatic character. This temporary mission, which has, I think, answered its end, will, I suppose, be suppressed. Complications

on questions foreign to the monarchy may arise on these distant shores. To refuse all concurrence with her allies, as long as she is represented there, would be impossible; to co-operate on a great scale for the defence of interests which are not her own, would appear, from the point of view of a healthy policy, absolutely inadmissible. To limit herself, as Spain does, for instance, to hoisting her flag in the suite of the Anglo-French fleet, would be unworthy of her position as one of the first powers in Europe. The absence of any diplomatic representative would seem then be pointed out to her.

Russia touches the Celestial Empire on points extending over many thousands of miles. All fresh progress made by her towards the centre of this vast continent brings her nearer to China, and indirectly adds to the ascendency she enjoys. Her first relations with the Celestial Empire, of which the motives were mainly based on religious grounds, and consequently were not of a strictly official character, go back to the reign of Peter the Great. Some Russian prisoners, brought to Pekin towards the end of the seventeenth century, had formed a kind of colony there. Although married to Chinese women, they had preserved and transmitted the Christian faith to their children. In virtue of a convention between the two courts, priests of the Greek rite came to settle in Pekin. They were the curates of the Russian colony. This *ecclesiastical mission*, directed by an archimandrite, and renewed every ten years, exists to this day. It has always abstained from attempting any propagation of the faith, and on several important occasions

has acted as interpreter between the two governments. The official relations of the Chinese empire with England and France, which were the consequence of the late disastrous war, only date from the year 1860. The Russian mission, on the other hand, goes back more than two centuries.

The Russian residents are few. Established at Tien-tsin, and near Hankow, on the Yang-tse-kiang, their principal trade is tea. Almost all are from Siberia. The chief among them were born at Kiachta, that is, on the frontiers of China. They learn and speak Chinese. The Tartar blood which flows in their veins establishes a certain affinity between them and the mandarins, who, in China, are the dominant race. They have known one another, therefore, for some time, and understand each other easily. Also, the Chinese people always make a distinction between "Russians" and other "foreigners." Under the latter denomination they include all other nations represented in the open ports.

The position of the Russian minister towards his fellow-countrymen is that of a father of a family. In cases of differences between Russian subjects, or discussions between Russian and Chinese, he succeeds easily in making his counsels followed. He supports their claims, but he chooses his own time; and, if necessary, without any commotion, he subordinates the interests of individuals to the interests of the country he represents. He has not got to deal with the passionate public opinion of the "ports," or with the Shanghai and other factory newspapers, with the pamphlets of the American missionaries, or with the

interpellations of the English parliament and the *Times'* articles. But as all that he does is known to everyone, his conduct is sufficiently controlled; only he is at liberty to act according to the instructions of his court and the dictates of reason and of his own conscience. The result is, that his position is a far less difficult one than that of his principal colleagues; and that his relations with the Chinese government are courteous and almost cordial.

The Russian consular body, which is reduced to what is strictly necessary, is composed of a consul-general, established at Tien-tsin, who holds the *exequatur* for all the Chinese ports; an agent at Shanghai, and another at Hankow, both of whom are merchants. The Chinese are a sceptical race, and only believe what they see; and they see Russia: they see her, because they meet her on their frontiers: to the north, north-east, north-west, they touch her, as it were, with their finger. They believe, then, in Russia. They cannot doubt, either, of the existence of England and France. The painful reminiscences attached to the way in which they first made their acquaintance are too recent to be already or easily effaced. As to other states, they only know them by hearsay. "Austria," I was asked one day by the viceroy of Canton, a great scholar, and one of the most remarkable of Chinese statesmen, "Austria: is it to the north or the south of Russia? England, I know, is to the west." To him also, as one sees, Russia was his point of departure for all knowledge of the globe.

Such are the advantages of this power in China.

They rest mainly on her geographical position, on a certain affinity of race, and on the force of circumstances—that is, on the decrees of Providence, which no statesman, unless he be blind, can do otherwise than admit, even if he should be unable to understand its designs. Russia, I need not say, is closely watched. On both sides of the Pacific, clear-sighted eyes are fixed upon her. As for her steady progress in the interior of this continent, it is she herself who makes it known. The St. Petersburg papers, and the communications of the Russian *savans*, give information from time to time of the march and success of the forces which are operating in the centre of Asia. I do not fancy that the government seeks to withdraw such knowledge from the world. The news arrives late in consequence of the distance and the absence of rapid communications. But, sooner or later, the truth is known. Everyone is aware that, with regard to the territory and ports of the Amour, which are frozen up during six months of the year, Russia entertains no chimerical projects: that she does not dream of establishing a naval antagonism with the other powers. But everyone sees and knows that on the high levels which divide Siberia from India and China from the basin of Aral and the Caspian Sea, Russia is continually marching onwards; obeying, like the English in India, imperious necessities, and fulfilling, like her, a mission which cannot be otherwise than beneficial to a large portion of the human race. I was struck to find in the United States, and in Japan and China, among the English residents, a large number of serious-minded men, who, although foreseeing complications, if the

Russian armies draw too near to the Indies, yet judge that nation with fairness and impartiality.

At Pekin, the task of Russian diplomacy is reduced to watching over the interests which I have just pointed out. Commercially speaking, Russia asks nothing of China. Politically, the frontier question having been settled, all she asks is, that they should not raise difficulties to her occupation of Central Asia.

The position of England is entirely different. Enormous commercial interests claim her care and protection. Her annual exchanges with the Celestial Empire mount up to the prodigious sum of forty-two millions of pounds sterling. They would assume still larger proportions if the whole empire were opened to British manufactures, which are now only admitted at the sixteen ports, and hampered — contrary to the spirit of the treaties, the English say; legally and regularly, according to the Chinese—by transit dues, which are received by the custom-houses of the interior. Thus, the opening of the whole empire to the productions of European industry, the admission of foreign trading-ships into the rivers, the establishment of free and direct communications between the provinces of the west, Sze-chüen, Yûnan, and the Indies (by Irawaddy), the abolition of custom-house duties, or the free transit of European goods: these are the conquests aimed at by England. I say England: Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool,—all those great manufacturing centres of the mother-country, which I distinguish here from her children established at Hong-Kong, Shanghai, and the other open ports of China.

English commerce, then, exacts the opening of the empire, and a free transit for their manufactures; and the Queen's government could not, if it would, refuse to follow any other course. To attain this end, she employs all the means of persuasion at her disposal; and will redouble her efforts on the occasion of the revision of the treaties. But from financial and political considerations, from motives of humanity, and a thousand other reasons, she will draw back as long as possible from employing force. She knows also that, if commercial necessities exacted a second Chinese war, she could hardly reckon on the armed concurrence of the other great powers, looking to the immense disproportion of the interests at stake. And here let me touch, in passing, on a subject which I have frequently heard discussed. It is the question of the solidarity between the powers represented at Pekin, in the event of grave complications arising, which might trouble the relations of one or other of these powers with China. This solidarity, so much wished and hoped for, is the great argument brought to bear against the obstinacy of the Chinese authorities. "You find yourselves," they say, "confronted, not by England alone, nor by Russia, nor by France, nor by the United States, but by us all." It is this argument which Mr. Hart uses several times over in his memorandum. Is it necessary to prove its fallacy? Can one seriously expect that the powers who take little or no interest in the commercial movements of the open ports should draw their swords to support the pretensions of England? That England, on the other hand, should fight for the political interests of

Russia in Central Asia? or for a more efficient protection of the Catholic missionaries? That Russia should break with China to maintain the English *prestige* in India? And yet these illusions exist. So true it is that man is always inclined to believe what he wishes. Without a doubt there is community of interests; and in defence of these interests, it will perhaps be possible to establish an accordance between the powers, and an analagous and even identical language between their representatives at Pekin. But from this *entente cordiale* to a common military action—that is, war—there is a long way. The foreign governments are well aware of this, and so is the Tsungli-yamen. It is only in the foreign concessions that this delusion exists.

I have already spoken of the position, less prosperous than formerly, though still satisfactory, of the European merchants in the trade ports. We have seen that individual profits have diminished, although the importation of English goods has increased. I have given the explanation of this state of things. The result is in the "settlements," or "concessions," I will not say universal discontent, but a moral uneasiness, and, in consequence, a certain agitation, a disposition to criticize the English government and her principal agents in China, a growing animosity against the Tsungli-yamen and the mandarins in general: in a word, the very natural wish to come to a crisis and by that crisis to return to the "good old times" with its great and rapid profits. Two different currents consequently flow through the Legation and Consulates

of her Britannic Majesty: that which comes from the mother country; which wishes for a gradual and peaceful development of her commercial relations with China for the profit of all; and that which emanates from the ports, and which consists of individual complaints, interpretations of the treaty in the sense of each one's pretensions, menaces, acts of reprisal, and, if necessary, cannon-balls. The English government is accused of weakness, the minister at Pekin of yielding to, and almost sympathizing with, the Chinese. The imperial authorities are reproached with falseness and insolence; they demand of the consuls and commanders of the men-of-war the immediate punishment of the offenders. Many examples and good reasons may be alleged in favour of this method recommended by the factories. It is by acting in this way, that is, by his direct and spontaneous consular intervention, supported by a naval force, that Mr. Medhurst, in 1868, squared accounts with the viceroy of Nankin, and Consul Gibson with the mandarins of Formosa. The trade ports were loud in their praises; but a disavowal of this policy came from London. "It does not belong to consuls," wrote the Foreign Office, "to proceed to acts of reprisal, nor to the captains of men-of-war to give them a helping-hand. It is to the central government, through its organ at the Pekin Legation, that complaints and demands must be addressed." The Shanghai consul was blamed, the consul of Formosa was sent away, and the officers severely reprimanded. The English community responded by a fruitless outbreak of anger. On all sides they pro-

tested against what they called an entire abandonment of British interests. A deputation of merchants of the city of London engaged in the China trade waited upon Lord Granville and thus expressed themselves :—

"The anxiety of our friends, which we fully share, has been not a little augmented, we cannot hide it from your Excellency, by the policy of concession and complaisance which her Majesty's government has recently adopted towards the Chinese authorities ; while we, on the contrary, consider it more necessary than ever to insist on the observance of the treaty, and to hold ourselves ready to demand satisfaction in case of injustice and injury. We cannot forget the prompt settlement of the difficulties which arose in the island of Formosa, thanks to the energetic intervention of Consul Gibson. Instead of rewarding and thanking him for the signal service rendered to us on that occasion, this functionary has been severely blamed and deprived of his post. We learn also, to our great regret, that the Admiralty has forbidden the officers at the Chinese naval stations to disembark their men in any case, even if it were a question of protecting and saving the lives of British subjects, &c."

I quote these words of the China merchants in the City because they are the faithful, through temperate, echo of the complaints of their Chinese friends.

The imperial government and its principal mandarins give occasion for other complaints. Mr. Hart has summed them all up in his memorial. Accused

of Chinese sympathies, the inspector-general of the custom-house enjoyed a doubtful popularity in the European community. He atoned for his fault, if fault there were, by laying at the feet of the Chinese emperor a petition, or rather a lecture, drawn up with a sincerity and, seeing the position of the author, who is in the pay of the Chinese government, with a boldness, or I should rather say, a temerity, which is without example. To this courageous act on the part of Mr. Hart, Prince Kung and his colleagues replied by a longanimity or rather, a proud disdain, which was equally remarkable. In Europe, in the freest states, the dismissal of the author would have followed closely on the heels of the presentation of a similar memorandum.

In the Celestial Empire things go on differently. On the receipt of the bitter criticisms which their subordinate addressed to them in the face of China and the whole world, the emperor's ministers quickly passed on to the order of the day. Mr. Hart kept his place and China her abuses. The *statu quo* was maintained. Certainly no European is more capable than Mr. Hart of knowing all the wheels within wheels of the imperial government, its vices and virtues; and on this ground alone, if on no other, the memorandum of this high English functionary in the service of the Celestial Empire would deserve our serious attention.

"In China," he says, "the western races have found an abyss of weakness. What is the use of an admirable code when the laws are not observed? The administration, excellent in principle, is become a

miserable machine. The functionaries retain their places a very short time. The result is the number of agents who act rightly is very limited, and the number of those who have recourse to dishonest practices is legion.

"The war taxes are enormous; but the payments of the troops is always in arrears of several months; sometimes even of more than a year. On paper the soldiers may be reckoned by millions; but in reality the army is a collection of valetudinarians or ignorant fools, who, in time of peace, instead of being drilled, gain their livelihood as coolies. When it comes to fighting a battle, a *razzia* is made on the people who have come to market, and they are armed with spades suddenly transformed into sabres and lances. The Tartar troops that one sees, in times of peace, practising at bows and arrows or slings and stones, only do it for form's sake. They are worthless as troops, and only clever in taming birds. As to the apparition of the rebels, they succeeded happily in avoiding an encounter; but a man will kill himself with his whole family to obtain a claim on imperial compassion. Fancy the two forces in position against each other! If the rebels retire the others will advance in a mass; but if the rebels do not retire at once, the emperor's soldiers will be the first to run away. The officers will naturally represent the whole affair as a victory, and in confirmation of their statement will kill one or two peaceable individuals; or if some wretched villager, who has not had his head shaved, falls into their hands, they will kill him, on the pretext that he is one of the *long-haired* rebels. This will be a

fine opportunity for the officers to ask for a reward of merit.

"The study of books is, in theory, a means of acquiring knowledge, and the literates, nowadays, know how to make verses and to write essays. In this way the door is opened to them for official employments. But of useful or practical knowledge they have not the remotest idea. How is it possible with such administrators to remedy evils, root out abuses, or make regulations which shall inspire respect? The people are only subjected by them to incessant exactions. Thus, laws which are good in themselves, produce incalculable evils and to such a degree that even men, who by nature are submissive and excellent, are driven to desperation, and throw themselves into opposition and every kind of disorder.

"Everything, both in civil and military administration, is founded on a lie. Those whose business it is to see to the execution of the laws only look to their own profit. The guardians of the public purse think of nothing but of making their fortunes, and the men in power make believe to shut their eyes. The real interests and condition of the lower orders cannot therefore come to the knowledge of those in high position; and the orders of the government do not reach the people. How, then, can one answer for the latter? or how prevent their contempt of the governing classes from breaking out some day into open rebellion?"

The author then goes on to speak of foreign affairs. The treaties have settled the frontier question with

Russia, the question of the Catholic missionaries with France, and the questions of foreign trade with all three powers, but especially with England. What would happen if China were to violate her engagements with Russia? Mr. Hart is silent on that point. If China is wanting in her engagements with regard to the missionaries, all the Catholic powers would (according to Mr. Hart) defend this, to them, common cause. If, again, the Chinese government were guilty of an infraction of the privileges granted to commerce, this would be an offence which would implicate her with *all* the foreign powers. If the emperor persists in refusing audiences to foreign ministers, it will not be the cause of immediate war; but it is to be feared that they will pick a quarrel with him on some other pretext. Finally, the author of the memorandum claims the establishment of permanent Legations in Europe; and the permission for foreign merchants to associate with the Chinese for the construction of railroads and steamers, and the laying down of telegraphic wires.

I will sum up the English position in China. The enormous importance of the British trade in this part of the world, and the hope of seeing it attain a still greater development, would not allow the English government, even if it wished it, to abandon its position in the East. But if it be impossible to abandon this position, it is equally difficult to maintain the *status quo*. We have seen why. On the one hand, the residents, dissatisfied with their position, willingly identify their individual interests with the public interests of England, multiply, in consequence,

irritating discussions with the Chinese government, take a high tone, and demand of the mother-country a "firm and energetic policy," which in plain terms means a policy of threats and war. On the other hand, the Queen's government, obeying the inspirations of a healthy policy, and consequently not being willing or able to follow such a line of conduct, has, in hopes of diminishing the danger of unexpected complications, withdrawn from her consuls and officers at the naval stations the power of making reprisals, on their own responsibility, against the local authorities. But in insisting that all demands should be addressed through diplomatic channels to the central governments at Pekin, has she not given herself up to dangerous illusions? Does she not picture to herself (I have heard it said at Tien-tsin, Shanghai, and Canton) an imaginary China—a civilized country, in fact—very different from what exists in reality? In the Celestial Empire all is different to what it is with us—ideas, belief, laws, traditions, usages, and notions of right and wrong, or honour. The relations of China with foreign powers need the common basis of international right. Its interior organization is opposed to that which governs civilized states in Europe: or rather, this organization is entirely wanting. If the European States resemble a human body, each portion of which exercises certain functions, of which the blood circulates according to fixed rules, and the muscles obey the will, China is an immense polypus, or rather, an agglomeration of different bodies having nothing in common between them but the origin of race, the hatred of the foreigner, pride and presumption, those

two fatal enemies of all amelioration, the strength of *inertia* and the arms of cunning and treachery.

How, to give an example, could one ask of the central government the free transit of European goods? as that would suppose the abolition (at least, a partial one) of the lines of custom-houses which surround each province, and the produce of which furnishes in a large measure to the provincial government the means of carrying on the working of it, and of yielding to the imperial treasure the annual tribute, which is the sole moral link existing between the heart and the rest of this polypus. How recommend the creation of an international code—so indispensable in trials between Chinese and foreigners, and for what are called *mixed cases*—when the ideas of justice in China are so different from ours? How delude oneself with the idea that it will be possible to arrive at a *modus vivendi* which shall be, at least, tolerable? It would be wiser, then, to renounce such vain attempts, which only serve to expose our entire powerlessness. Let us have the courage to look at the position as it really is. Let us own frankly that we are placed in this dilemma: either to leave China, or to take a portion of it—other powers can do the same—and govern the country so occupied according to the laws and principles of civilized states. In fact, in a logical point of view, this is the only radical solution possible. Only, politics will not always bear such solutions, and the English government is too enlightened to second such projects.

There is, in the life of individuals as of nations, moments when one must learn to temporize, to live

from day to day, all the while preparing the means of attaining the desired end when the propitious moment shall present itself. This is the case of the foreign governments in China. In the actual state of things it would be better, it seems to me, to give up the hope of settling, by any general principles, the differences which are every day arising. Each case must be judged of, and treated separately, within the limits of what is possible, and according to given circumstances, and to the men with whom one has to deal. If the central government be powerless to impose upon its distant satraps the strict observance of its international engagements, it is evident that foreign powers should take it upon themselves to open the obtuse understandings of these prevaricating functionaries; or should they be wanting in goodwill, to inflict upon them that chastisement which their own government is powerless to apply; only these acts of intervention can only be justified by an imperious necessity; and the diplomatic representative at Pekin should be the judge as to when such intervention is necessary, and not the consular agents of the trade ports. Not that I doubt the least in the world the intelligence of the distinguished and honourable men whose business it is to watch over the commerce, and, in many cases, the lives and properties of British subjects. But every one of us has only the horizon of his own position, and that of the consuls is necessarily more limited than the horizon of the minister at Pekin. It is for him, therefore, in each given case, to weigh the different elements, to decide if coercive measures be necessary, if the political situation in

China and Europe will bear them, and in what measure and at what moment it would be better to proceed to carry out active operations.

This reference to Pekin, considering the great distance, and during winter the extreme difficulty of communication, is, of course, open to grave inconveniences; but for the consuls to act on their own responsibility would be a still more serious matter. It would expose England to see herself suddenly, and, as it were, without her knowledge, plunged into a regular Chinese war. It is probably on this account, and not under the erroneous supposition that China could be treated on the footing of a civilized state, that the late Lord Clarendon withdrew from the consuls and centred in the hands of the Pekin representative the necessary powers to employ, in case of danger, coercive measures. If that be so, all impartial minds must acknowledge the wisdom of this precaution.

A last word on the efforts which are being made or attempted to spread the benefits of civilization in China. It is a grand and noble feeling; and if foreign travellers feel the wish, at their own peril and risk, to preach to the Chinese the gospel of useful knowledge—telegraphs, railroads, and the like—no one can say anything against it. But I would venture to submit that this is neither the task of the diplomats nor the consuls. What Mr. Low said on the subject of the missionaries and the native Christians applies, it appears to me, still more strongly to the propagandism of civilization. This work is placed, to repeat the wise words of the envoy of the United States, beyond the pale or mission of diplomacy. The task of both missionaries

and consuls is to guard the interests of their country, and not to mix themselves up with the interior affairs of the empire in which they have to exercise their functions. The wisest counsels they might offer would be received with distrust if it were thought that they had therein ulterior or interested motives. I have always seen that ambassadors who take too keen an interest in the country where they reside end by coming to grief, and, what is worse, compromise the interests of their own country. Besides, the Chinese are not so obtuse as people choose to imagine. If they will not hear of railroads or telegraphs, it is not that they undervalue the advantage accruing from this conquest over space and time, but probably because, far from wishing to multiply and accelerate their relations with Europe, their intention is, on the contrary, to isolate themselves as far as possible from it, and to render communications difficult, or, better still, impossible. The proof that they appreciate thoroughly the progress made by us in certain sciences (wherever it suits them), is the work going on in their arsenals, which they have reorganized on the European system, the war-steamers they are building in these arsenals, their anxiety for improving their arms and ammunition, and the European forts they are building, not in the interior or on their northern frontiers, but on the Bar of Taku and in the open ports, in front of the European concessions.

To persuade the Chinese to accept our civilization, we must act on their hearts more than on their minds, which are far more open than people generally think. We must know how to influence their wills.

The Chinese are not like the Japanese—those charming children, governed by *enfans terribles.* They are serious-thinking men. They will adopt our civilization when they begin to understand it; but they will not understand it till the day arrives when they choose to do so.

Alas! My dear Journal! I have many things still which I should like to inscribe on your pages; but you would swell to an unreasonable size. Let us be modest and not presume too much on the patience of our readers. Already, will not people say: "How can this tourist dare to lift up his voice on matters which he has not had the time to study thoroughly?" To this we will answer: "The extreme East is still an unknown land. We leave to masters in science the glory of great discoveries; to us, humble workmen, the minor merit of having shared in the work in proportion to our powers."

Happy those, who, in fine weather, have the good luck to take their passage on board the *Tigre,* to have Captain Boilève for a commander and such charming fellow-voyagers as my daily companions at table! These have been really six weeks of *villégiatura.* The monotony of the passage is relieved by those bright pictures which we come across in the ocean: Saïgon, Singapore, Ceylon, the rocks of Scotora, Aden; and further on, or to speak more correctly, nearer to our dear home, the Isthmus of Suez, the summit of Mount Ida covered with snow, Etna, Corsica, and the coasts of Italy!

*January* 13, 1872.—We are before Marseilles. Twilight bathes us in its pale, mysterious light. The land is hidden from our gaze under a white curtain: but its confused noises reach our ears, as in a theatre one sometimes hears the noise of the actors in the scene before the curtain rises. Now the first rays of the sun, the pale sun of winter, rend the mist, and amid a sudden gleam of light, on the peak of her rock, glitters the spire of Notre Dame de la Garde.

# APPENDIX.

# APPENDIX.

*Summary of the events which happened in Japan from the month of September 1871, to the month of September 1872.*

AT the end of September 1871 a plan was put into execution which had been secretly fostered for a number of years by the political reformers. This was the publication of a decree changing the *han* into *ken*. Henceforward the *han* —that is to say, the semi-independent territories under the administration of hereditary governors as were the *daimios*— are incorporated with the *ken*, or imperial domains, the governors of which are nominated by the central government, and chosen from amongst the *samurais*, two-sworded warriors, and from the *kuazokus*, or noblemen.

All the hereditary governors were dismissed the same day. Their subordinates were ordered to fulfil their respective functions as usual until new arrangements concerning them should be made. Another decree commanded the nobles to return to Yedo in the course of the month of October, under the false pretext that they had originally been sent from the capital into the different provinces; — a measure which naturally met with resistance in various parts of the empire. In some of the provinces, the people, urged on by leaders belonging to the two-sworded class of men, who were irritated

at the loss of their own power and importance, rose up on the day fixed for the departure of the *ex-daimios* and proceeded even to threats in order to prevent them from leaving.

The movement was, however, so badly organized that nowhere had it the slightest chance of success. It was soon put down by the troops belonging to the party commissioned to carry out the new reforms.

At the end of December all the *ex-daimios* had returned to Yedo, and since that time they have no longer any political importance.

In consequence of the transformation of the daimiats into imperial domains, the government was necessarily obliged to take upon itself the pecuniary obligations of the princes. The latter were in the habit of circulating great quantities of inconvertible paper-money, only current in their own domains. In several provinces this paper had fallen 9 per cent. To meet this difficulty the government decided that the paper-money of the daimiats should be exchanged according to the rate of August 29th. In addition to this, the princes were in debt to the foreign and native merchants. The latter could be compelled to wait, but amongst the foreign merchants there were some to whom this sudden interruption of mercantile transactions was a serious loss. Demands for redress poured in daily from the various seaports. Attention was paid to most of them, and before the end of the month of January 1872 the imperial treasury had spent more than two millions and a half of dollars in their liquidation. A trifling portion only of these debts had been contracted at Yokohama, the largest open port, and the one where there is the most commercial activity.

This is a curious fact to note, as it proves that the merchants of that town are less disposed than the inhabitants of more recent establishments to abandon the tea and silk and what is called the "importation" trade, to devote themselves to that of guns and steamboats, in the hopes of more rapid gains.

The administrative system has also undergone some important changes. Towards the end of April the office of censorship and that for the infliction of penalties were united in one. At the commencement of September the whole of the interior administration (which until then had been divided between the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Finance) was given over to the latter. It is he alone who has now the management of the receipts and accounts of the State, the encouragement of manufactures, the publication of the acts of the government, the coinage, the posts, and the census of the population. The council of state will henceforth undertake the superintendence of all the affairs formerly under the cognizance of the legislative council and of the eight departments, to be called in future the left and right chambers. The ancient council of state is to bear the name of the principal chamber. The right chamber was to be composed of the ministers; and of the vice-ministers of the eight departments. Its members were to assemble six times a month. Little by little, however, this project was given up; and at present it exists only on paper.

The duties of the legislative council are but slightly defined; but this is, in point of fact, in perfect accordance with the turn of mind of its members, who are, for the most part, political theorists. It is said to be charged with the preparation of legislative measures; but it can neither vote nor promulgate them; this being the office of the principal chamber, composed of the first minister and of the four councillors of state. The latter are chosen out of the powerful clans of Satsuma, Chôshiu, Hizen, and Tosa. In the budget, the nomination of one or two under-secretaries of state is moreover provided for. This is what would be called in Europe the government of H.M. the Mikado. Of all absolute sovereigns he possesses the least authority. Hence the origin of the report that the time may perhaps not be far distant, when he will find himself compelled to abdicate in order to give place to the president of a republic. At all events, he has

been more and more despoiled of his pretended divine claims. The first step in this downward course was the decree of the 27th September, 1871, enjoining the functionaries no longer to appear before his Majesty in the national court costume, except on occasions of grand official solemnities. This costume was finally abolished in the month of February 1872, to be replaced by a European dress according to individual taste. Now as the Japanese tailors, shoemakers, and hatters are incapable of manufacturing clothes bearing the remotest resemblance to our own, the only habiliments to be seen are such as would put a Sandwich Islander to the blush.

On the 1st October, 1871, another decree announced that in future the Mikado would go out frequently, either in a carriage or on horseback; and that the public must, on these occasions, abstain from the demonstrations of respect which had hitherto prevailed (!). Accordingly, the following day, the Mikado proceeded to the private residences of the prime minister and the minister of foreign affairs, Iwâkura, and gave a breakfast in the palace of Hamagotén, to all the great officers of state.

On the 1st of January, 1872, he went to inspect the arsenal at Yokosuka, some miles from Yokohama. It is related by eyewitnesses that his suite wore European costumes of the most extraordinary description, and that the people were allowed to approach his Majesty during the whole course of the visit. Hitherto, in writing, when certain Chinese signs were used which express a portion of the names of the Mikado, or of his father and grandfather, it had been obligatory, as a mark of respect, to omit one of these signs; but this usage was abolished by a declaration of the month of March 1872. It deserves to be made mention of here, inasmuch as it shows the political tone of the men who are actually in power. The Mikado was also taken to visit the offices of the different departments and the civil and naval schools, under the pretext of making him acquainted with the working of the administration and with the means em-

ployed for the intellectual development of his people. At the end of June 1872, he left Yedo to make a cruise along the western coast of Japan. The squadron was composed of eight men-of-war. He returned the beginning of July. During the whole voyage he wore a European costume made by a native tailor of Yedo. The coat was so overloaded with gold and embroidery that the cloth could hardly be seen. The grotesque appearance which this garb gave to his Majesty was no doubt the cause of the remonstrances of Shimadzu Saburô at Kagoshima, against the rapid progress of *denaturalisation.*

But it is not the sovereign alone who has suffered from the levelling spirit which animates his ministers. The two-sworded warriors have been authorized or rather ordered to give up the wearing of arms. Happily, they take advantage of this permission—which is a great gain for the public safety. As a compensation, they have been deprived of the right of passing the toll-bars without paying! In future, the *samûrais* are to abstain from murdering persons belonging to inferior classes, unless there be some serious provocation; hitherto they might indulge in similar feats without undergoing the smallest punishment. Henceforth marriages are permitted between the three classes, *i.e.* of the nobles, the *samurais,* and the people. The latter may, in future, wear trousers and cloaks, a privilege hitherto confined to the *samurais*—they may also ride on horseback. In order to destroy all distinction of class, a semi-official journal published, in May last, the project of a decree abolishing nobles and gentlemen! Let us complete this picture by adding that beggars and workers in leather, who, from time immemorial, were *pariahs,* were last year enfranchised from every civil disability and put on an equality with the people. It will, however, be difficult to do away with the prejudices existing against them.

In addition to the administrative changes mentioned above, there were also others during the past year (1871). The

department charged with the propagation of the state religion, called Shintô, formerly held the same rank as the state council, and a superior rank to all the other departments of the administration. By a decree of the month of September it was assimilated with the others. From the nature of its functions it was especially calculated to aid the attacks recently made on Buddhism, which were considered necessary to secure the stability of the Mikado's authority. These measures gave great dissatisfaction.

Early in the morning of the 26th March, 1872, ten Buddhist fanatics tried to force their way into the palace, with the intention—such is the official version—of laying a petition at the feet of the Mikado. They were all massacred on the spot. If these unhappy people had really no other design than that of presenting a request, the manner of rejecting it might be considered somewhat severe. But possibly they came with other intentions known to the government, but of which its organs do not choose to inform us. However this may be, shortly afterwards, in order to conciliate the feelings of the Buddhists, the Shintô office was abolished, and in its place a department of religious instruction was instituted, charged equally with the interests of Shintô and of Buddhism. New grades and new titles were created and conferred indiscriminately on priests of every creed—the greater portion of them even falling to the share of the Buddhists. Great attention is paid to religious questions. Many of the Japanese are of opinion that their only possible solution is in the liberty of all religions, including the Christian. At the end of last year a remarkable pamphlet appeared in this sense. It was written in Chinese, and endeavoured to prove that the civilization of the West—the one thing coveted by the whole of Japan—was everywhere the result of the Christian religion; and that consequently it was egregious folly to admire the fruit and condemn the tree.

The author had even the boldness to advise the Mikado

to be baptized and to place himself at the head of the Church of Japan. Christianity becoming thus, if one may so say, the director of Japanese progress, Japan might, under its shield, become by degrees a little Europe in Asia. The effect which this pamphlet is likely to produce on native statesmen is difficult to foresee; but it must at any rate be better than the cowardly invectives put forth in the anti-Christian pamphlet published four or five years ago. The whole nation appears to have become more tolerant, and one has a right to hope that the time of persecution is at an end (?).

In October, 1871, the division of the country into prefectures of equal dimensions was begun. The difference in extent of the districts governed by the *daimios* varied to any amount. The largest had a hundred times more cultivated and taxed land than the smaller, whilst each district had an equal number of officials; besides which several of the *daimios* were in possession of estates lying out of their provinces and far distant from their seat of government. Four or five months were spent in completing this new organization. An official list was then published containing the names of the new prefectures, the towns, the taxed estates, the provinces and the departments, as well as those of the former daimiats and of the imperial domains recently amalgamated. There are three towns: Tókai (Yedo), Kiyôto, and Ôsaka. There are seventy-two prefectures, each of which is in proportion rather smaller than a province.

The principal island called by the Europeans Niphon, Kiushiu, and Shikoku, contains sixty-eight. The island of Yezo being called a colony, is not comprised in the new administrative circonscription; but the name of Hokkaidô has been given to it. It is important to observe that hardly any change has been made in the districts formerly governed by the independent *daimios* (*kokushi*), even when it was in opposition to the newly-established principle, *i.e.* that a prefecture shall not extend beyond the limits of a province.

The most difficult problem for the government to solve at the present moment is the question as to the extent to which (without danger) the *samurais* may be deprived of the hereditary pension they have enjoyed for nearly three centuries. From a European point of view, they have as much right to retain these pensions as a merchant has to keep a fortune made in commerce. But in a country where the word "right" does not even exist, everything is decided by the law of the greatest strength, "le droit du plus fort." The *samurais* are descendants of peasants who more than eight hundred years ago were taken from the plough in order to form a distinct class. The lands which had hitherto been cultivated by them were given up to men who were less robust and who from that time had to do double work and pay double taxes. The *samurais*, the greater number of them, at least, are indolent; but at the same time they are the most intelligent class in the country, and if they be deprived of their hereditary pensions, it is thought that by means of commerce and agriculture they will be able to keep themselves in the same position; on the other hand, not having been brought up to trade, it is probable that many of these men will fall into misery. To meet this difficulty various projects have been suggested and partly carried out. One is, that the state should pay down out of its funds a round sum, equivalent to five years' income, to all who ask permission to return to the merchant and farmer class. The government has not succeeded in inducing the body of *samurais* to agree to this arrangement, and probably the want of funds prevented its being made compulsory. It is believed that the recent mission of the assistant vice-minister of finance to Europe had for its aim the effecting of a loan for this purpose, and that the project will shortly be put into execution. It is difficult to understand the benefit which the nation will derive from it; for there is no question of diminishing the burdens of the peasants, although the hereditary pensions, now to be abolished, were

the original cause of the over-taxation with which they are oppressed.

But the government spends a great deal and its wants are many. This is also the cause of the enormous and hitherto unlimited issue of non-convertible bank-notes. Without mentioning the facility of imitating bank-notes printed in Japan, there are numbers in circulation which were manufactured at Frankfort, and latterly fresh orders have been issued there. The mint has been in great requisition since the month of April 1871; but coin is, at present, only to be seen within the precincts of the exchange.

The government is much occupied with foreign politics. Last year a mission was sent to Pekin to negotiate a treaty with China after the model of those which the Celestial Empire concluded with the Western Powers. The Chinese government, although apparently indifferent to these overtures, did not reject them; and succeeded, by means of a clever change in the wording, in essentially modifying the sense of an article on mediation, in order that this article should be identical with a clause inserted in the treaty with China and the United States. No sooner did the cabinet of the Mikado hear of this, than a messenger was despatched in all haste to Tien-tsin to desire the Japanese envoy to return at once. The order arrived too late. The treaty had just been signed. On his return to Yedo, the negotiator was disgraced, and the Chinese government indignant at such proceedings, showed its displeasure by refusing to resume the negotiations.

The Japanese government was not happier in its negotiations with the Corea. It despatched thither letters and messengers extolling the advantages of European civilization; but without ever receiving any answer. More recently, a clerk from the Foreign Office was sent in a man-of-war to make a last attempt; but the success of his mission appears to be very doubtful. Corea seems in short resolved to retain her ancient institutions.

All the treaties of Japan with foreign countries contain a clause by virtue of which these treaties can be revised, on the demand made by one of the contracting parties to this effect, a year in advance, dating from July 1st, 1872. And the near approach of this date was indeed a subject of great anxiety to the Japanese government. Their fear was, that liberty of religious worship should be demanded, in favour of Europeans, as well as the permission of travelling over the whole extent of the empire. It was under the influence of this fear that the idea was conceived of sending an embassy to all the courts of Europe which had treaties with Japan.

This embassy composed of Iwâkura, vice-minister of state, Kidô, counsellor of state; Okubô, minister of finance; Itô, vice-minister of public works, and Yamaguchi, assistant vice-minister of foreign affairs, embarked at the end of December 1871, on board an American packet-boat bound for San Francisco. It was at Washington that Iwâkura formed the project of revising the treaties in Europe; whereas the revision was not to have taken place until after the return of the embassy to Japan.

Consequently three of the ambassadors remained in the United States, whilst Okubô and Itô were sent to Yedo to ask for plenary powers. The request did not, however, meet with the approbation of the minister and vice-minister of foreign affairs. Both of them opposed it, hoping themselves to negotiate the revision after the return of the ambassadors, and having no desire to give up to others the rewards which they expected to obtain from it. The minister even went so far as to send in his resignation; but as the vice-minister did not follow his example he soon recalled it. The post of resident minister in London was then offered to the latter, and he was given to understand that if the treaties were revised in Europe he would be appointed one of the ministers plenipotentiary. Upon this, plenary powers

were granted; and at the end of June, Okubô and Itô started again for Washington.

The telegraphic line from Nagasaki to Yedo is finished, and the positive opening of the railway from Yedo to Yokohama is announced for the 11th October.

The greater part of this line had been open for traffic, or at least for the transport of travellers, at the beginning of June. In the month of August the average number of passengers was at the rate of 2,300 a day. This number will probably be doubled when the whole line is finished, and when the more timid portion of the population have become accustomed to this new mode of locomotion. Besides this line, another one is actually in construction between Kiyôto and Ôsaka. Other railways are also projected: one is to go from Ôsaka by Kiyôto and Tsûruga, along the western coast; a second from Kiyôto to Yedo interlaced with a branch for Nügata by Shinano; another again from Yedo to the straits of Tsuguru, opposite the port of Hakodaté. It will, of course, be years before this network of railways can be completed, as European engineers and workmen have to be engaged at an enormous expense, to say nothing of the rolling stock which cannot be manufactured in the country.

*Extract from a Letter from Yokohama, dated April 29, 1872.*

"If you were here I do not think that the actual state of affairs would give you much hope for the future of this country. Those who are in power seem but to have one aim: to *denationalize* Japan as quickly as possible and make it like a European state. They press forward matters too much, and it is impossible to foresee what will be the result. The first probable consequence of such a policy will be the ruin of the public funds. The inevitable impoverishment of the country will bring on a reaction. The great panacea of those

in power is the confiscation of estates; thus they have taken possession of all the estates belonging to the religious establishments of the Buddhists and the Shintôites, and recently compelled all the landowners of Yedo to buy title-deeds to their estates, thus paying over again the price of their own property.

"The rations of rice allowed to the two-sworded warriors have been reduced to a mere nothing, without, however, the taxes of the peasants being lightened. The *samurais* have been forced to give up their swords, and the last project of the most advanced among the reformers is that of abolishing entirely the class of nobles. They pretend that all these things are done for the benefit of the Mikado, but his whole establishment is as insignificant as ever. There are still to be found some good old Japanese; but I must confess that the more I see of this nation the less I like it. Notwithstanding their mania for imitating the Europeans and the ostentation with which they seek for information of every kind, I am convinced that, in reality, they look upon us with the same contempt and insolence as they ever did. The soldiers, for instance, although dressed and exercised like the French, have no greater pleasure than that of insulting foreigners. It is the same with the sailors, who affect to be turned out after the English fashion. Those who are foremost in the government seem even to think themselves strong and wise enough to set on one side the principle of *exterritoriality* (*exterritorialité*), and I should not be surprised if, when the treaties come to be revised, they were to propose to us to put Europeans under their jurisdiction, offering us in exchange permission to travel in the interior of the country.

"This idea is entertained also by some Europeans in the Japanese service, and by a petty little newspaper edited by a European lawyer. Who will undertake to bring these presumptuous reformers to reason?"

*Extract of a Letter from Yokohama, dated October 3, 1872.*

"There is no important news to send you, except a slight revolt at Kiushiu, situated at about a hundred English miles from Yedo. It was caused by a decree of the finance department raising the measure (which had been in use for three centuries) by which the taxes on rice were calculated. It is said that the *samurais*, driven to desperation by the loss of their hereditary pensions, have joined the insurgents."

THE END.

LONDON: R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

00060226

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018